THE TISCH LIBRARY
AT TUFTS UNIVERSITY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/chamberssmiscell05cham

Thomas Whittemore

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

EDITED BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOL. V.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
59 WASHINGTON STREET.

Gift of
Hon. Thos. Whittemore,
March, 1877.

AC
5
.C44

CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

No

Life of Henry IV., King of France, - - - - 78

A Story of the Factories, by Camilla Toulmin, - 79

Anecdotes of Serpents, - - - - - - - 80

Adventures of Robert Drury, - - - - - 81

Natural Magic, - - - - - - - - - 82

Scottish Traditionary Stories, - - - - - 83

Grizel Cochrane — Bruntfield — King Robert's Bowl — The "Bonnie Earl of Moray" — An Incident in the Queensberry Family — Story of Sir Robert Innes.

Story of Catherine of Russia, - - - - - - 84

Wood Engraving — Illustrated, - - - - - 85

Its History — Process — Tools — Drawing — Taking Proofs — Outline Figures — Its Profession.

Poems by George Crabbe, - - - - - - 86

The Village — The Library — Phœbe Dawson — Dream of the Condemned Felon — Trades.

Life of Oberlin, - - - - - - - - 87

Anecdotes of Ants, - - - - - - - 88

Story of Silvio Pellico, - - - - - - 89

Traditionary Stories of Tweeddale, - - - - 90

The Maid of Neidpath — Burnet of Castlehill — Helen Symington — Neil Maclaren — The first Earl of Traquair — Allan Scott — The Border Widow.

Madame Roland and the Girondins, - - - - 91

Shipwreck of the Medusa, - - - - - - 92

Voluntary Distortions — Tight Lacing, &c. - - - 93

The Sculptor of the Black Forest, - - - - 94

Select Poetical Pieces of Sir Walter Scott, - - · 95

HENRY IV., a monarch whose memory is cherished by the French with greater affection and enthusiasm than that of any other of their kings, and the history of whose reign connects itself in an intimate manner with that of Europe, was born at Pau, in the province of Bearn, in the south of France (now the department of the Lower Pyrenees), on the 13th of December 1553. With regard to his parentage, and the prospects with which he was born, it is necessary to be somewhat particular.

In the year 1512, the ancient little kingdom of Navarre, situated on the south-eastern corner of the Bay of Biscay, between France and Spain, was divided into two parts by the fraud and violence of the Spanish king, Ferdinand. The largest portion of it, that lying south of the Pyrenees, and which alone, at the present day, retains the name of Navarre, he annexed to Spain, leaving the smaller portion lying north of the Pyrenees to the legitimate sovereign, Catherine de Foix, the wife of Jean d'Albret, a French noble. The kingdom of Navarre thus reduced, was inherited by her son, Henry d'Albret, who formed a matrimonial alliance with Margaret, the favourite sister of Francis I., king of France. The only issue of this marriage was a daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, a lady of great beauty, and possessed of extraordinary spirit and strength of character. When of age, the heiress of Navarre married Antony de Bourbon, a relation of the royal family of France, a frank and courageous soldier, but not distinguished by any uncommon abilities. The old king of Navarre, Henry d'Albret, looked anxiously for the fruit of this union, praying that God would send him a grandson to inherit his honours, and to avenge the family wrongs upon Spain. It appeared as if he would be disappointed, for two sons, to whom his daughter gave birth successively, died in infancy. At length, however, the long-desired grandson came into the world in our hero, Henry IV.

Some curious particulars are related respecting Henry's birth. The old king being desirous that the heir of Navarre should be born within the dominions to which he was to succeed, his daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, in compliance with his wishes, traversed the whole of France, and arrived at Pau only a few days before her son was born. As the time approached, her father made her promise that, in the hour of trial, she would sing him a song, in order, as he said, that the child she was to bring him might neither weep nor make wry faces. The princess had fortitude enough, in the midst of her pains, to keep her word, and sang a song in Bearnois, her own country language. As soon as Henry entered the chamber, the child came into the world without crying; and his grandfather immediately carried him to his own apartment, and there rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlic, and made him suck some wine out of a gold cup, with the notion that it would make his constitution strong and vigorous.

By his grandfather's directions the young prince was removed to the castle of Coarasse, situated among rocks and mountains, that he might be brought up in the same hardy manner as the children of the peasants of Bearn. He was accustomed to run bare-headed and bare-footed among the hills, to climb up and down the rocks, to wrestle and run with the boys of his own age, and to live on the common fare of the peasants—brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic—such being his grandfather's notion of the proper physical education for a prince who had to reconquer the kingdom of his ancestors. Before Henry was two years old, however, his grandfather died, and Antony de Bourbon, in the right of his wife, Jeanne d'Albret, succeeded to the title of king of Navarre.

While Henry was still a boy, acquiring a robust constitution among the mountains of Bearn, some important movements took place in France, which greatly affected his future life. At this period—the latter part of the sixteenth century—almost every country in Europe was less or more agitated by religious distractions. The doctrines of the Reformation propagated by Luther, Calvin, and others, between the years 1520 and 1530, had already overthrown the ancient religious institutions of England and Scotland, and things seemed to have a similar tendency in France. In this latter country, the Protestants, locally known by the name of Huguenots, were very numerous; they had at their head many noble families, including the Prince of Condé, Admiral de Coligny, and the house of Navarre; and aspired to effect changes in the religion of the state similar to those which had been successfully achieved in the British islands. Against this reforming party the influence of the church, the royal family, and the most powerful nobles, among whom the house of Guise stood conspicuous, was brought to bear. It is exceedingly difficult for us in the present age of mutual forbearance and toleration, to estimate the precise temper and tendencies of the parties to which we refer. On the one side there seems to have been a disposition to maintain and enforce the continuance of the ancient form of faith, to the extent of a universal uniformity, at whatever sacrifice of life. On the other, there appears to have been an equally resolute determination not only to hold by the modes of faith newly adopted, but to propagate them unreservedly, although perishing in the struggle. As calm reason was not a feature of the age, and as mutual concessions would have been considered temporising and sinful, the whole question resolved itself into one of *force*—the law of the strongest over the weakest—a curious and melancholy instance of the manner in which the religion of peace and good-will may be perverted to purposes of aggression and bloodshed.

The mutual animosity of the contending parties was precipitated into an open war by the death of Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots) in December 1560. The crown was now assumed by Charles IX., the brother of Francis; but as Charles was only a boy of twelve years of age, the government was in reality conducted by his mother, Catherine of Medicis, a crafty and unscrupulous bigot. Aided and counselled by the Duke of Guise, Marshal Saint André, and, strange to say, the king of Navarre, who deserted his cause on the occasion, Catherine now commenced a war of extermination of the Protestants. Battles were fought, towns besieged, and scenes of cruelty and bloodshed occurred such as are never heard of except in those wars in which religious bigotry plays a principal part. One of the towns possessed by the Huguenots was Rouen, in Normandy. It was besieged by a Catholic army commanded by the king of Navarre: the town was taken, but at the expense of the king of Navarre's life. Having received a musket-ball in the shoulder, he desired to be removed to St Maur, near Paris; but died on the way, on the 17th of November 1562. His death was speedily followed by that of Marshal Saint André, who was killed at the battle of Dreux on the 19th of December 1562; and the Duke of Guise, who was shot by an assassin while commanding at the siege of Orleans in February 1563. The loss of these three leaders, the last in particular, was a heavy blow to the Catholic party; and the queen-regent was glad to come to terms with the Huguenots. The result was the edict of Amboise, dated 19th March 1563, by which, with certain restrictions, which gave great dissatisfaction to Calvin, Beza, and other eminent reformed ministers, the free exercise of their religion was secured to the Protestants. Thus, for a time at least, peace was restored to the country.

Meanwhile the young Prince of Navarre and his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, were residing in Bearn, where the latter fully carried out the intentions of her deceased father with regard to the education of his grandson. Delighting to see him excel the young Basque peasants in their exercises of strength and agility, she employed herself in adding to those bodily accomplishments such mental training as his years fitted him to receive. Professing her attachment to Protestantism even more openly now in her widowhood, than when her husband was alive, she endeavoured to fill the mind of the young prince with her own religious ideas and feelings. She had secured as his preceptor La Gaucherie, a learned man, and a strict Protestant. This judicious person made it his aim to instruct his pupil not so much by the ordinary methods of grammar, as by hints and conversations. It was his practice also to make the boy commit to memory any fine passage which inculcated a noble or kingly sentiment; such, for instance, as the following:—

Over their subjects princes bear the rule;
But God, more mighty, governs kings themselves.

After a few years' attendance on the young prince, La Gaucherie died, and was succeeded as tutor by Florent Chretien, a man of distinguished abilities, and an equally zealous Protestant as his predecessor. Henry's studies under this master were of a kind suitable to his years and prospects. He wrote a translation, we are told, of the Commentaries of Cæsar, and read with avidity the Lives of Plutarch, a book which is celebrated as having kindled the enthusiasm of many heroic minds.

As was foreseen, the war between the Catholics and the Huguenots again broke out. It began in September 1567, and continued till March 1568, when a treaty was agreed to, somewhat favourable to the Protestants. Again cause for dissension was unhappily found, and a still more fierce war broke out in the winter of 1568-9. The town of Rochelle, on the west coast of France, was chosen as the head-quarters of the Protestants. Hither most of the leading Huguenots came, bringing supplies of men and money; among others the queen of Navarre, who offered her son, now arrived at an age when he was capable of bearing arms, as a gift to the Protestant cause. Condé and Coligny immediately acknowledged the prince as the natural chief of the Huguenots; but as he was too young to assume the command, they continued to act as generals-in-chief.

In this horrible civil war the Prince of Condé was killed in a desperate battle, in which the Protestants were defeated. Coligny, with the remains of the army, retreated to Cognac. In order to prevent the murmurs which might arise among the Huguenot chiefs if he assumed the place of commander-in-chief, he resolved that the Prince of Navarre should be formally proclaimed leader of the Protestants. By his desire the queen of Navarre left Rochelle, and appearing before the assembled army, accompanied by her son, then in his sixteenth year, and his cousin Henry, son of the deceased Condé, she delivered a touching address to the soldiers, and concluded by asking them to accept as their future leaders the two young princes. Amid the acclamations of the whole army, the officers, with Coligny at their head, swore to be faithful to the Prince of Bearn, who, on the other hand, took an oath of fidelity to the Protestant cause. In the meantime, however, the real direction of affairs remained in the hands of the great Coligny, whose responsibilities were increased by the death of his brother and adviser, D'Andelot.

A second battle which Coligny hazarded at Montcontour, in Poitou, was equally unfortunate for the Protestants as that already fought. During this battle, Henry of Navarre, and his cousin, the young Prince of Condé, were stationed on an eminence, under the protection of Louis of Nassau, with four thousand men, the admiral being fearful of exposing them to the enemy. At one point of the battle, when the Protestants were giving way, the prince, whose impetuosity could hardly be restrained, was eager that they should leave their post, and advance to assist their friends. The movement would probably have saved the day; but Louis of Nassau would not disobey the orders which he had received from the admiral. "We lose our advantage, then," said the prince, "and the battle in consequence."

The fortunes of the Protestants were now at their lowest ebb; and had the Catholic generals vigorously pursued their advantage, their triumph might have been complete. As it was, nothing effectual was done on either side, and on the 15th of August 1570, a peace was concluded at St Germain-en-Laye, the terms of which were, amnesty to the Protestants for past offences, liberty of worship in two towns of every province in France, the restoration of all confiscated property, and admissibility to the principal offices of state.

The long-harassed Huguenots were now, to all appearance, in a position which promised undisturbed tranquillity. Appearances, however, were deceitful; and from the dreadful event which ensued, there is every reason to believe that the peace of St Germain-en-Laye was concluded with the treacherous purpose of throwing the Protestants off their guard, in order to procure their extermination by a way much shorter and more effectual than that of open battle. At all events, it was not long after the peace was concluded, before the diabolical scheme of exterminating the Protestants of France by a general massacre, was agreed upon between the king, the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, and a few of the more bigoted Catholics about the court. With whom this horrible plot originated, cannot now be ascertained, but it appears probable that it was with Catherine de Medicis.

The confederates in this dreadful scheme kept it a profound secret, doing their best to ripen matters for its full execution. For this purpose, the king and queen-mother behaved with the utmost appearance of cordiality to the Protestant leaders, as if differences of religion were completely forgotten. And in order, as it were, to betoken the friendly union of the two parties, a matrimonial alliance was proposed between Henry of Navarre and the king's sister Margaret. Deceived by the duplicity of the queen-mother, the Protestant leaders consented to the marriage, and flocked to Paris from all parts of the country to witness its celebration. The marriage was delayed by the death of Jeanne d'Albret, the bridegroom's mother, but took place on the 18th of August 1572—the ceremony being performed publicly in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame.

For four days after the marriage, all Paris was occupied with festivities and amusements; and it appears to have been during these that the precise method of putting the long-projected massacre in execution was resolved upon. The plan was as follows: The Admiral de Coligny was to be first assassinated—the assassination being so conducted that the Guises should appear to be the guilty parties; in this case the Huguenots would seek to take revenge, the city would be in an uproar, the Parisians would take part with the Guises, and, with the help of troops, it would be easy to manage the turmoil so as to secure the deaths of all such persons as it was desirable should not survive. "I consent," said the king, "to the admiral's death; but let there not remain one Huguenot to reproach me with it afterwards."

On Friday the 22d of August 1572, the Admiral de Coligny, returning from the Louvre, was attacked and wounded, but not mortally. No time was now to be lost, as the alarmed Protestants were beginning to quit Paris. Accordingly, while pretending the utmost horror at the crime which had been committed, and their resolution to punish it, the king and the queen-mother were consulting what ought to be done. The following was the plan resolved upon on Saturday evening: To-morrow, Sunday, the 24th of August, was the feast of St Bartholomew, and with the earliest dawn of that day was to be commenced a general massacre of the Protestants, with the exception of the king of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, and one or two others; the first victim to be Admiral de Coligny. The signal was to be the ringing of the great bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois. No sooner was the massacre resolved upon, than all the necessary arrangements were made for carrying it into effect.

On Sunday morning, as early as two o'clock, the appointed signal was made, and the massacre commenced. As had been agreed on, Admiral de Coligny, already wounded, was the first person attacked. The Duke of Guise, with a number of attendants, rushed to his house; the doors were broken open, and two men entering the chamber of the admiral, who had been awakened by the noise, despatched him with many wounds. His body was thrown out at the window, that Guise and his companions might be convinced that the work was done. The duke wiped the blood from the dead man's face, the better to recognise him, and then ordered his head to be cut off. Meanwhile, in all parts of the city the work of blood was proceeding. The bells of all the churches were ringing in answer to that of St Germain l'Auxerrois, and the whole population was aroused. Musket and pistol-shots were heard in every direction; sometimes in continuous discharges, as if companies of soldiers were firing upon a crowd. Lights were placed in the windows of the houses in which Catholics resided; and these so illumined the streets, that the fugitive Huguenots had no chance of escaping. Bands of murderers paraded the streets, with their right sleeves tucked up, and white crosses in their hats, butchering such Huguenots as they met, and breaking into every house in which a Huguenot was known or suspected to lodge. Priests carrying crucifixes were seen among the assassins, urging them on with fanatical exclamations, while Guise and other leaders rode along the streets, superintending the massacre, and ordering the mob not to spare their blows. The city resounded with howlings and cries, heard through the rattle of the firearms and the yellings of the populace, now drunk with blood. When daylight came, awful sights presented themselves—streets strewed with corpses, which men were busy dragging away to the river, walls and doors all besprent with blood, headless bodies hanging out at windows, and crowds of wretches swaggering along the streets on the hunt for Huguenots.

For a whole week the massacre was continued, slackening, however, after the first three days—partly because most of the Huguenots had by that time been killed, partly because an order was then issued to desist. By the most moderate computation, upwards of sixty thousand persons were butchered, including those who were put to death in the provinces to which the massacre extended; and among those sixty thousand were upwards of seven hundred of rank and distinction among the Huguenots. Some remarkable escapes were made during the massacre; and one of these we must relate, for the purpose of introducing to our readers a man whose name it is impossible to separate from that of Henry IV. One of the Protestant lords who had looked with most suspicion on the pretended reconciliation of the king and his mother with the Huguenot party, after the peace of St Germain-en-Laye, was Francis de Bethune, Baron de Rosny, a man of sagacity and influence. When the queen of Navarre, the admiral, and the rest of the Huguenots went to court at the solicitations of the king, the Baron de Rosny, although disapproving of the step, accompanied them, and took with him his second son, Maximilian, for the purpose of presenting him to Henry of Navarre, in whose service, as the chief of the reformed party, he wished him to spend his life. The boy was about eleven years of age, having been born on the 13th of December 1560, exactly seven years after the prince whose friend and counsellor he was to be. While the preparations for Henry's marriage were in progress, young Maximilian de Bethune was employed in prosecuting his studies under the best masters in Paris, occasionally mingling in the society of the court, where, as an intelligent boy, he was taken favourable notice of by the warm-hearted prince. His father, in the meantime, was becoming more and more dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs; he frequently said, that if the nuptials of the prince were celebrated in Paris, "the bridal favours would be crimson." His warnings were disregarded; and, unwilling to seem more timid than the rest, he remained in Paris until the attempt was made to assassinate the admiral, when, with several others, he retired to the country. His son Maximilian was left in town, lodging with his tutor and a *valet-de-chambre* in a quarter remote from the court, and near the colleges. He thus describes what happened to him on the night of St Bartholomew:—"I was in bed, and awakened from sleep three hours after midnight by the sound of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My tutor, St Julian, with my valet-de-chambre, went hastily out to know the cause; and I never afterwards heard of these two men, who without doubt were amongst the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter pale, and in the utmost agitation; he was of the reformed religion, and having learned what the matter was, had consented to go to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied, though the great distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill, kill; massacre the Huguenots!' The blood which I saw shed before my eyes doubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book which I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good fortune. At length I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a still greater danger awaited me. The porter twice refused me admission, and I continued standing in the middle of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, when it came into my head to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard talk of the Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny, and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time and brought me food." At the end of three days the poor boy, known afterwards as the famous Duke of Sully, minister and bosom friend of Henry IV., was released.

Henry of Navarre and his cousin the Prince of Condé were sleeping at the Louvre on the night of the massacre. They were awakened by a number of soldiers about two hours before day, and conveyed into the king's presence, passing over the dead bodies of many of their friends. "The king," says Sully, "received them with a countenance and eyes in which fury was visibly painted; he ordered them with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar to him, to quit a religion which had been only taken up, he said, to serve as a cloak to their rebellion. He told them, in a fierce and angry tone, 'that he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his subjects; that they, by their example, should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and cease to be enemies to the image of his mother.' He ended by declaring that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals guilty of treason against divine and human majesty. The manner in which these words were pronounced not suffering the princes to doubt their sincerity, they yielded to necessity, and performed what was required of them. Henry was even obliged to send an edict into his dominions, by which the exercise of any religion except that of Rome was forbidden."

Such was the massacre of St Bartholomew, a deed which has been execrated, we believe, by every historian, whether Catholic or Protestant, and which men of all religious persuasions cannot fail to look back upon with loathing and detestation.

REIGN OF HENRY III.—CIVIL WARS IN FRANCE—ACCESSION OF HENRY IV.

After the massacre of St Bartholomew, our hero was detained a prisoner at the court of France, along with his cousin the Prince of Condé. The French court was at this period the most profligate in Europe; all kinds of criminality were openly practised, under the name of pleasure; and it was part of the horrible policy of the queen-mother to maintain her power by surrounding those whose rivalry she feared by temptations likely to enervate and demoralise them. From this ordeal our hero did not escape altogether uninjured; many of the blemishes and calamities of his after-life are to be traced to faults contracted at this period; but, upon the whole, he passed the trial with honour, for his mind was too noble and masculine to be affected otherwise than with disgust by the fetid atmosphere which it breathed.

In the meantime the court was following up the massacre of St Bartholomew, by laying siege to such towns as were still in the hands of the Huguenots, and repressing every Huguenot symptom in the rest of the kingdom. These measures were interrupted by the death of Charles IX. on the 30th of May 1574, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was succeeded by his brother Henry, Duke of Anjou, who had gone to Poland several months before to assume the crown of that country, which had been voted him by the diet; but on receiving the news of his brother's death he hastened to France, and was proclaimed king, with the title of Henry III. One of his first acts was to set the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé at liberty. The latter immediately placed himself at the head of an army raised in Germany for the Huguenots, and which acted in co-operation with a force under Marshal Damville, second son of the late constable, who had assumed arms not on account of religion, for he was a Catholic, but for political purposes. The king of Navarre still remained at court, but watching for a fit opportunity to make his escape, and begin the career to which duty called him.

The court of Henry III. was a scene of perpetual strife and discord. In the king himself, now become a luxurious and effeminate weakling, no one could recognise the once promising Duke of Anjou, the leader of the Catholic armies, and the conqueror of the Huguenots. Between him and his brother, the Duke of Alençon, now known by the title of *Monsieur*, there existed a profound antipathy, fostered by their mother Catherine for reasons of her own. This antipathy afforded to our hero an opportunity of showing the generosity of his character. The king falling ill, and conceiving that he was poisoned by his brother, gave orders to the king of Navarre to procure his assassination; but although the death of *Monsieur* would have made him next heir to the crown, Henry exhibited the utmost horror at the proposal, and prevailed on the king to abandon it. The mutual jealousy of the two brothers, however, still continued, and, afraid of the king's vengeance, the Duke of Alençon made his escape from court, and joined the mixed party of the Huguenots and Catholics, who had taken arms against the government. Extraordinary precautions were now used by the court for securing the king of Navarre; but at length, early in the year 1576, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the spies who surrounded him, and proceeding to Tours, he publicly renounced the Catholic religion, declared his adherence to it during the last four years to have been compulsory, and announced himself once more the lawful chief of the Huguenots. The opposition to the court having now become formidable, and the king finding himself unable to carry on the war, a treaty was concluded in May 1576, containing numerous concessions to the reformed party.

Thus ended the fifth of the civil wars in which religious differences had involved France. Every one foresaw that the peace would be transient; the spirit of contention was too bitter to allow its long continuance. Scarcely was the treaty concluded, when the Protestants had reason to complain of the violation of its provisions. The Catholics, on their side, were eager for a renewal of the war; and it was about this time that the famous Catholic association, known in history by the name of *the League*, took its rise. The idea of a general association among the Catholic nobles for the thorough extirpation of the Protestants, had been several times entertained already; but the present seemed a more fit occasion than any that had yet occurred. The king, dividing his time between devotion and sensuality, half-priest and half-coquette in his manners, sleeping, as we are told, with gloves made of a peculiar kind of skin on his hands, to keep them white, and wearing cosmetic paste on his face, was not a man to put down such an association, although, with the instinct of a monarch, he might dislike it. Accordingly, the League was formed; its original members being the Duke of Guise, his brothers the Duke of Mayenne and the Cardinal of Guise, and his cousins the Duc d'Aumale and the Marquis d'Elbœuf. They were soon joined by other Catholics of influence, and the party became powerful. The objects they had in view, and the manner in which they hoped to accomplish them, are thus stated in a paper which was to be submitted to the pope for his approbation. "The Protestants having demanded the assembling of the states, let them be convoked at Blois, a town quite open. The chief of our party will take care to effect the election of deputies inviolably attached to the ancient religion and to the sovereign pontiff. Should any one oppose the resolutions which we shall cause to be taken in the states, if a prince of the blood, he shall be declared incapable of succeeding to the crown; if of any other quality, he shall be punished with death; or, if he cannot be laid hold of, a price shall be set on his head. The states will make a general profession of faith; order the publication of the decrees of the council of Trent; place France under the immediate authority of the pope; confirm the ordinances made for the destruction of heresy; and revoke all contrary edicts. A time will be allowed for the Calvinists to return to the church, and during that interval preparations can be made for destroying the more obstinate." Such were the purposes of the League; and accordingly, in the assembly of states held at Blois in December 1576, they carried all before them. It was resolved to renew the war against the Huguenots; and the king, to preserve the appearance of being such, was forced to declare himself chief of the League. An unsuccessful attempt was also made to detach the king of Navarre from the Protestant party, and bring him back to the bosom of the Catholic church.

We must hurry over the following eight years, the events of which it would be tiresome to narrate; nor are they of much consequence in the history of our hero. The war against the Huguenots resolved upon by the League was continued, with occasional intervals of tranquillity, to the year 1580, when a circumstance occurred which brought it to a conclusion. This was the offer of the sovereignty of the Netherlands to *Monsieur*, the French king's brother, who had been selected by the Dutch as a prince of powerful connexions, and likely, therefore, to assist them in their struggle against Philip II. of Spain, whose authority they had thrown off. The proposal being agreeable to the French court, was accepted; the war in Flanders became the engrossing topic of interest; and as it was desirable to enlist Protestants as well as Catholics in the expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands, a peace, which promised to be more lasting than former ones, was agreed to between the court and the Huguenots. "This peace," says Perefixe, "caused almost as much mischief to the state as all the preceding wars. The two courts of the two kings, and the two kings themselves, rioted in pleasures; with this difference always, that our Henry slept not so soundly in his pleasures, but that he paid some attention to business, being roused by the rebukes of the ministers of religion, and the reproaches of the old Huguenot captains, who used great liberties with him; while, on the other hand, Henry III. sank more and more in indolence and effeminacy, so that his subjects only knew of his being still in the world by the perpetual imposition of new taxes to replenish the purses of his favourites."

The expedition of Monsieur to the Netherlands was a failure. Returning in disgrace to France, after having betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Dutch, he died at the Chateau-

Thierry on the 10th of June 1584. This was an event of considerable importance to France and to our hero. The king was childless; and, by Monsieur's death, the king of Navarre became next heir in blood to the French throne. He had a formidable competitor, however, in the person of the Duke of Guise, a man of bold and enterprising views. Urged by some of his friends to begin a movement in France during the absence of Monsieur in the Netherlands, "No, no," replied the duke, "I will do nothing openly so long as the king has a brother; but if ever I see the last of the Valois on the throne, I intend to go to work so vigorously, that if I do not get all the cake, I shall at least get a good piece of it." Now that the last of the Valois was upon the throne, he redeemed his promise, and began to plot and intrigue for the succession. The claims of the king of Navarre occasioned him little fear. It was not likely, he thought, that a man whose title in blood was so remote, whose means were so insignificant, and who professed the Protestant religion, would be able to obtain the throne when opposed by the head of the Guises, the champion of the League, and the hope of all the Catholics of France. The king of Navarre, on his part, was not idle; residing at Guienne himself, he had trusty friends in Paris, from whom he received intelligence of what was passing there. His wife Margaret, for whom he had never entertained any affection, treating her always, as one of his biographers says, rather as the king's sister than as his own wife, and whom he permitted to live where and how she chose, was so far his friend, that it is probable she would have acquainted him with any movement hostile to his interests which might come to her knowledge. But the friend on whose services he especially relied was young Bethune—now, by the death of his father, Baron de Rosny—who, at the prince's request, had gone to reside in Paris, to watch and report the motions of the court party—a duty which his marriage with a young wife did not prevent him from discharging with success and punctuality.

In the year 1585 the League burst forth, if we may use that expression, with a more threatening aspect than it had yet been able to assume. The Duke of Guise, concealing his own ambitious views, had gained round the king of Navarre's uncle, the cardinal de Bourbon, a man of sixty years of age, by holding out hopes of the succession to *him;* and the cardinal had in consequence become the head of the League. Henry III., whose own inclinations were in favour of the succession of the king of Navarre, had made an attempt to persuade him to abandon the Protestant faith, and so remove the principal obstacle in the way; and as a report of the conference held with the king of Navarre for this purpose had been published by the Protestants, exhibiting the prince's firmness, the result had been to strengthen the influence of the League still more. Priests went about the country, inflaming the people with descriptions of the awful consequences which would arise if the king of Navarre were to occupy the throne of France. An immense increase of force was also given to the League by a treaty which was concluded between Philip II. of Spain and the cardinal de Bourbon; the Spanish monarch agreeing to supply the League with money; and the cardinal, on the other hand, promising, when he should be king, the enforcement of the decrees of the council of Trent in France, and the expulsion of all heretics from the kingdom. And, as if nothing were to be wanting to complete the triumph of the League, Pope Gregory XIII., who had all along refused to give his sanction to the association, died on the 10th of April 1585; and his successor, Sixtus V., fully made up for his indifference. Besides ratifying the League, and giving it his papal blessing, the new pontiff assisted it by fulminating terrible bulls of excommunication against the king of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, declaring them heretics and apostates, and absolving their subjects from all obedience to them.

Entangled in the meshes of so many parties and intrigues, the poor king of France knew not what to do. Although personally inclined to the king of Navarre, in preference to the Duke of Guise, he had felt himself compelled by his mother and the Guises, in whose hands he was a mere puppet, to consent to an edict by which all the Huguenots were required either to go to mass, or to leave the kingdom within six months. When the news of this famous edict, known by the name of the Edict of July, was brought to the king of Navarre, it is said that he fell into a profound reverie, with his chin leaning on his hand, and that, when he removed his hand, his mustaches and beard on that side had grown white. Shortly after the passing of this edict, however, Henry III., ashamed of his weakness, made an attempt to throw off the influence of the Guises, and act for himself; but in this he signally failed.

Never had our hero greater need of that strength of mind with which he was gifted than at the present conjuncture. To the delight of his friends, he rose with the crisis, as if every new difficulty in his circumstances called forth a corresponding faculty in his nature. He brought into play those higher forces of genius which so frequently upset the calculations of what appears to be common sense. Two proceedings of his at this period were the astonishment of Europe. The first was the publication of an apology or declaration, drawn up at his instance by a gentleman named Plessis-Mornay, wherein he replied to the calumnies of the League, explained those points of his conduct which had been the subjects of attack, and challenged the Duke of Guise, as chief of the League, to decide their quarrel by private combat, one to one, two to two, ten to ten, or as the king might appoint. This challenge, appealing as it did to the chivalrous spirit of the age, produced a wonderful effect, although, as might have been anticipated, it was not accepted. The other proceeding referred to was of an equally uncommon character. Through certain friends in Rome, bold enough to incur risks in his behalf, he caused placards to be posted up in the streets of this papal city, and at the very gates of the papal palace, in which he and the Prince of Condé appealed the pope's sentence of excommunication to the Court of Peers of France; gave the lie to all who charged them with heresy, and offered to prove the contrary in a general council; and finally threatened the pope with bad consequences to himself and his successors, should he persist in meddling with their affairs. This action, which to some might have appeared a mere piece of theatrical daring, had an evident effect on Sixtus V.—himself a man of ability and resolute purpose—and he was heard to declare, that of all the monarchs in Christendom, there were only two to whom he would communicate the grand schemes he was revolving in his mind—Henry, king of Navarre, and Elizabeth, queen of England; but that, unfortunately, they were heretics.

The war between the Huguenots on the one side, and the League, in alliance with the French king, on the other, was carried on, with several intermissions, to the conclusion of the year 1587. It was with extreme reluctance, however, that Henry III. engaged in it; every day he saw the power of the League increasing, and his own authority diminishing. There had sprung up in Paris a faction called the *Sixteen*, because its affairs were managed by sixteen members, one for each division of Paris—a faction which pushed the doctrines of the League to an extreme length, and was ready to have recourse to the most desperate measures for preserving the supremacy of the Catholic religion. This formidable society had long wrought in secret, but it had become now incorporated with the League, whose counsels it directed. Gladly would the French monarch have formed an alliance with his cousin of Navarre, for the purpose of crushing these enemies to his person and government; but the refusal of the king of Navarre to change his religion, was an insuperable obstacle. In the winter of 1586–7, the queen-mother held many conferences with Henry, in which every means was tried to detach him from his party, and induce him to turn Catholic; but all without success. Henry mingled in the fêtes and balls which accompanied the queen-mother wherever she went, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures of her court as much as she desired; but whenever she attempted to extort a compromise from him, he was on his guard. Once, when she complained of his obstinacy, and said she sighed for nothing so much as peace—"Madame," he replied, "I am not the cause of it; it is not I who hinders you from sleeping in your bed, it is you that prevents me from resting in mine. The trouble you give yourself pleases and nourishes you: quiet is the greatest enemy of your life." To the Duke de Nevers, who taunted him with the small authority he possessed over his party, saying that he could not even lay a tax on Rochelle if he wanted money—"Monsieur," he said, "I can do what I please at Rochelle, because I never please to do but what I ought."

All negotiations having failed, hostilities recommenced, and after some months occupied in various military enterprises on both sides, the king's army, under Joyeuse, met that of the Huguenots at Coutras, in Perigord, on the 20th of October 1587, when our hero obtained a great victory, and earned golden opinions by his skill, his generosity, and his personal courage. In this battle, the loss of the Catholics amounted to 3000 men, including many persons of distinction, among whom was Joyeuse himself; the loss of the Huguenots, on the other hand, was trifling, and their booty great. This advantage, however, was counterbalanced by the total defeat of a German army of 40,000 men, which had entered France to assist the Protestants. Thus, at the beginning of the year 1588, the prospects of our hero were, if brighter than they had been two years before, still far from encouraging. Dim and vague forebodings attended the opening of this year in France. Astrologers had already named it the "year of marvels;" foreseeing, they said, that such a number of astonishing events would happen in it, such confusion both in the elements of nature and in human society, that, if not the end of the world, it would certainly be its climacteric. These predictions were so far verified; indeed it did not require astrology to make them. The first event of note, in connexion with our history, was the death of the Prince of Condé on the 5th of March, under strong suspicion of having been poisoned by his wife. The death of this prince was deeply bewailed by the Protestants: when the event was announced to Henry, he gave expression to his grief in loud cries, and exclaimed that he had lost his right arm. The loss, however, which the Protestants sustained by the death of the Prince of Condé, was to be more than compensated by what befell their opponents.

The king had become a mere cipher in Paris: the League, the Guises, and the Sixteen, were all powerful. The Duke of Guise was the idol of the populace; wherever he appeared, he was received with cheers and acclamations; while the poor monarch was the subject of lampoons and jests. It was privately debated, among the most ardent members of the League, whether he ought not to be dethroned; and a scheme was formed by the Guises for seizing his person. Henry, being informed of his danger, resolved to be beforehand with his enemies; and ordering about six thousand troops, for the most part Swiss mercenaries, to enter Paris, he distributed them through the various quarters of the city, so as to overawe the League. The consequence was a terrible riot. The Parisians, instigated by the leaders of the Sixteen, rose in a mass, barricaded the streets, attacked and defeated the soldiers, murdered a number of the Swiss, and prepared to storm the Louvre. Henry, thus besieged in his own palace, fled to Chartres, leaving the League masters of Paris. A negotiation ensued between the monarch and his subjects, which terminated in an accommodation; Henry agreeing to overlook the past, to convene the States-General, in order to secure the succession of a Catholic prince to the throne, and to adopt measures for the extermination of the Protestants. The appearance of reconciliation, however, was hollow; the insults which he had suffered at the hands of the Guises and the League rankled in the heart of the king; and enraged beyond endurance by the haughty conduct of the Duke of Guise and his brother the cardinal at the States-General, which, in conformity with his promise, he had convened at Blois in the month of October, he caused them both to be assassinated, being unable, he said, to deal with such powerful criminals by the ordinary modes of justice. This event, which happened in the end of December 1588, produced a terrible sensation among the Catholics of France, who adored the Guises, and regarded them as the champions of the true faith. When the Duke of Parma heard of it, he said, "Guise made a show of doing too much, while in reality he did too little; he ought to have remembered, that whoever draws his sword against his prince, ought that instant to throw away the scabbard." Even the Huguenots, who benefited by the event, were shocked by it, saying that it too much resembled a St Bartholomew. The king of Navarre expressed his admiration of the great talents of his deceased rivals, and his horror at the mode of their punishment; though at the same time he could not but confess that their deaths had removed a formidable obstacle from his path.

The assassination of the Guises might have proved a deathblow to the League, had the king been possessed of sufficient audacity to follow it up by a course of vengeance against his other enemies. But Henry was overwhelmed by the consequences of his own act, and occupied himself not in following it up, but in defending it. The difficulty of his position was increased by the death of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, which happened on the 5th of January 1589, not many days after the assassination of the Guises. Had she survived, her spirit might have carried her son through the crisis; but, left to his own resources, he was helpless as a child. The League, awestruck at first by the loss of their leaders, began now to display their fury in the most violent manner. The name of Henry III. was publicly execrated in the streets—his arms were pulled down from the faces of buildings and broken in pieces, his statues shattered, his portraits spit upon and torn. Young women and children marched in processions through the streets, carrying lighted tapers, which they suddenly extinguished, to denote that the race of the Valois should in like manner become extinct. Confessors would not grant absolution, unless the penitent renounced Henry as their sovereign; and the duty of assassinating bad kings was inculcated from almost every pulpit. The Duke of Mayenne, brother of the murdered Guises, was called to Paris, and formally invested with the dignity of "Lieutenant-general of the state and crown of France"—a title the conferring of which on a subject was equivalent to declaring the throne vacant. It was left to be determined afterwards whether the Duke of Mayenne should assume the title of king. And, as if all these insults and misfortunes were not enough, the unhappy monarch learned that he had been excommunicated by Pope Sixtus V. for the murder of the Guises.

Rejected by the great majority of his subjects, without strength, without wisdom, without hope, Henry III. had no alternative but to throw himself into the arms of the king of Navarre, and implore his protection and assistance. A treaty was accordingly agreed to between the two princes, in which it was arranged that the Huguenots should act in concert with the king against the League, in return for which the king of Navarre was to be acknowledged the lawful heir to the crown. Shortly after the conclusion of this treaty, the king of Navarre set out for the town of Plessis les Tours, to have an interview with his royal ally. "Still assailed," says Sully, "by some remains of distrust, which he could not repress, he stopped near a mill about two leagues from the castle, and would know the opinion of each of the gentlemen that composed his train upon the step he was going to take. Turning to me, the king said, 'What are your thoughts of the matter?' I answered, in few words, that it was true the step he was taking was not without danger, because the troops of the king of France were superior to his, but that I looked upon the present as one of those conjunctures in which something ought to be left to chance. 'Let us go on,' said the prince, after pausing a few moments; 'my resolution is fixed.'"

The alliance with the king against the League proved fortunate for our hero. After many interviews, during which the king of Navarre's frankness and confidence gained the affection of the French monarch, as much as his courage and wisdom elevated his hopes, it was resolved that the allied Huguenot and royalist armies should lay siege to Paris, and, by gaining possession of it, crush, as a historian expresses it, the principal head of the hydra. Operations had already commenced; the king of France was in quarters at St Cloud, the king of Navarre at Meudon, and the League was beginning to tremble for the result of so powerful a conjunction of forces, when an event occurred which completely altered the state of affairs. This was the death of Henry III. by the hand of James Clement, a fanatical Dominican monk, who had been stirred up, by means of pretended revelations from Heaven, to commit the crime. After communicating his design to the Duke of Mayenne, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duchess de Montpensier, and others of the Sixteen, he procured access to his victim at St Cloud, and stabbed him with a knife in the belly. The assassin was immediately cut down by the gentlemen present, and the king conveyed to bed, where he died on the following morning, the 2d of August 1589, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The king of Navarre had hurried to St Cloud on receiving the information of Clement's attempt, and the dying monarch had embraced him, declared him his successor, and urged him to become a Catholic, without which, he said, he would never be able to reign over the kingdom of France.

The present was a critical moment in the life of our hero, and much depended on how he should improve it. "It was not," says Sully, "the event of a paltry negotiation, the success of a battle, or the possession of a small kingdom such as Navarre, that employed his thoughts, but the greatest monarchy in Europe. But how many obstacles had he to surmount, how many labours to endure, ere he could hope to obtain it! All that he had hitherto done, was nothing in comparison to what remained to do. How crush a party so powerful, and in such high credit, that it had given fears to a prince established on the throne, and almost obliged him to descend from it? The king of Navarre was convinced that this was one of those moments on the good or bad use of which his destiny depended. Without suffering himself to be dazzled with the view of a throne, or oppressed by difficulties and useless grief, he calmly began to give orders for keeping every one at his duty, and preventing mutinies. After adopting precautions, so as to secure the troops in his favour, he applied himself to gain all the foreign powers on whose assistance he thought he might depend, and wrote or sent deputies to Germany, England, Flanders, Switzerland, and the republic of Venice, to inform them of the new event, and the claim which it gave him to the crown of France."

These efforts were so far successful. Of the support of the Huguenots, Henry was of course secure; he had long been the hope of their party, and the prospect of his being king was to them peculiarly gratifying. Being, however, a minority of the nation, they would have been too weak alone to plant him on the throne; it was therefore with particular pleasure that Henry learnt that the late king's army, consisting almost entirely of Catholics, was willing to acknowledge him as their sovereign. There remained, however, the Catholic nobility, and the mass of the French people. Of the former there were a number in the camp, who, being determined enemies to the League, were willing to accept Henry as their king if he would abandon his Protestant opinions, and become Catholic. They represented to him that if he were to take this step, it was absolutely certain that all the Catholics of France, except a few attached to the League by personal considerations, would declare themselves on his side; while the Huguenots, though they might complain, would be obliged to submit. In short, let him but proclaim himself a Catholic, and the crown of France would be his, with hardly a struggle to obtain it. Henry saw the force of this reasoning; indeed many of the Huguenots themselves were persuaded that it was impossible for any but a Catholic to be king of France under the existing circumstances, and contented themselves with the hope that, even under such a prince, supposing him not to be a bigot, Protestantism would be tolerated. It was contrary, however, to Henry's disposition to purchase an advantage by such a meanness as that which was proposed to him. All that he could promise was, that he would respect to the utmost the established rights of the Catholic faith in France, and that he would take the subject of his own change of creed into his earnest consideration. Some of the Catholic nobles, not satisfied with these concessions, withdrew; the majority, however, influenced probably by hatred to the League, and by the example of the Catholic soldiers, took the oath of allegiance to him on the 4th of August 1589. From that period he is known in history by the name of *Henri Quatre*—Henry the Fourth—of France.

We have thus traced the history of our hero from his birth, till, at the age of thirty-six years, he found himself, by an extraordinary series of events, called to a throne to which, according to the natural course of things, he could hardly have hoped to succeed. His life subsequently to this period divides itself into two parts. The first, extending from 1589 to 1598, is a period of struggle, during which all his energies were occupied in maintaining himself in the throne, and resisting and crushing those who sought to hurl him from it. The narrative of these eight or nine years consists of a series of battles and sieges undertaken against the League, interspersed with negotiations with foreign powers, and declarations of war against them. The second, extending from 1598 to Henry's death in 1610, is the period of his reign over France, properly so called—the period during which, all his enemies being conquered, and peace restored, he employed himself in the true work of government, and developed his great ideas for the glory of France, and the good of Europe in general.

THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION—HENRY ABJURES PROTESTANTISM.

The death of Henry III. had caused the most lively demonstrations of joy in Paris. It was proposed by some of the chiefs of the League to proclaim the Duke of Mayenne his successor; but as public opinion seemed to be scarcely ripe for such a proposition, the old cardinal de Bourbon, then a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, was declared king of France, under the designation of Charles X.—an appointment which, while it left all the real authority in the hands of the Duke of Mayenne, would not prevent him from assuming the royal title also, when the proper time for doing so arrived. The two parties, therefore, who were now contending for the mastery of France, were the League, consisting of all the most resolute Catholics of France, whether nobles or commons, with the Duke of Mayenne at their head; and a mixed party of Huguenots, and what may be termed moderate Catholics, with the king of Navarre, now Henry IV., at their head. There could not be a greater contrast between any two men than there was between the leaders of these two parties. Not to speak of the inherent powers of their minds, the appearance and personal habits of the two men were strikingly different. The Duke of Mayenne was a large, corpulent, and clumsy man, of dignified demeanour, but slow in all his movements, and requiring an immense quantity both of food and sleep. The king of Navarre, again, was all vivacity and activity: during a campaign, or when pressed by business, he allowed himself no more than a quarter of an hour at table, and two or three hours of sleep were sufficient to re-invigorate him after the greatest fatigues. It was a prognostication of the shrewd and candid Pope Sixtus V., that the Bearnese, as he called Henry, was sure to win, seeing that the time he lay in bed was not longer than that occupied by the Duke of Mayenne in taking his dinner.

As Paris was the stronghold of the League, Henry resolved to attack it; and after several months spent in preparations and military operations in other parts of the kingdom, especially in Normandy, he commenced his march to the capital. The Duke of Mayenne had gone out to oppose him, and after several preliminary engagements, the two armies met and fought a great battle on the plain of Ivry, on the 14th of March 1590. Writers have vied with each other in the description of this celebrated battle, and the bravery and generosity which our hero displayed in it; but no description equals that given by Mr Macaulay, in those spirit-stirring verses in which he supposes a Huguenot soldier to pour out his feelings:—

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the king!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah! the foes are coming. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!"

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van;
"Remember St Bartholomew," was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

The battle of Ivry was followed up by the siege of Paris, which was commanded by the Duke de Nemours, Mayenne having gone to join his forces with those of the Duke of Parma, who had orders from his sovereign, the king of Spain, to co-operate with the League against Henry. The siege was conducted in the most horrible of all forms, that of blockade. Commenced in May, it lasted four months, during which the citizens endured the most dreadful sufferings from famine. Horses, dogs, asses, cats, birds, and even rats, were ravenously eaten. The Duchess of Montpensier refused gold and jewellery to the value of 2000 crowns for a favourite dog, saying she would reserve it for herself when her stores were exhausted. Upwards of 13,000 persons are calculated to have died of hunger during the blockade; and the numbers would have been greater but for the generosity of Henry, who, with a tenderness of heart unusual in great military heroes, and even hostile to his own interests at the time, permitted provisions to be smuggled into the city, and opened a free passage for such of the starving inhabitants as chose to depart. "I am their father and their king," he said, "and I cannot bear the thought of their sufferings." At length, just as the garrison was on the point of surrendering, Henry was compelled to raise the siege by a clever manœuvre of the Duke of Parma, who, hearing of the distress of the Parisians, had come to their assistance. This took place in September 1590.

For three years the war continued, and France was desolated by the sword of civil and religious strife. In vain was battle after battle fought, town after town besieged, truce after truce concluded. The radical impediment to a lasting peace still remained—the king of France professed a form of faith differing from that of the great majority of his subjects. So long as this was the case, there was no hope of a reconciliation; Henry must either become a Catholic, or relinquish his struggle for the crown. Ever since the death of Henry III., he had been meditating on this subject; he had listened to theological arguments and controversies, permitted himself to be instructed by

Catholic priests, and weighed all that was said on both sides; but he had shown a decided reluctance to come to a final declaration. At length, however, in July 1593, he announced his intention of making a public profession of the Catholic faith. Accordingly, on the 25th of that month, he entered the church of St Dennis, where Renauld de Jamblançai, archbishop of Bourges, and a number of the Catholic clergy, were assembled. "Who are you?" asked the archbishop. "I am the king," was the reply. "What is your request?" "To be received into the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church." "Do you desire this?" said the prelate. "I do," replied the king. Then kneeling down, he pronounced these words, "I protest and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to live and die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; to protect and defend it against all its enemies at the hazard of my blood and life, renouncing all heresies contrary to it." He then placed a copy of the same confession in writing into the archbishop's hands, who gave him absolution, while a *Te Deum* was sung.

This act of Henry's life has naturally become the subject of much discussion among historians, some giving it their approval, and others their condemnation. The following are Sully's remarks on the king's abjuration:—"I should betray the cause of truth, if I suffered it even to be suspected that policy, the threats of the Catholics, the fatigue of labour, the desire of rest, and of freeing himself from the tyranny of foreigners, or even the good of the people, had entirely influenced the king's resolution. As far as I am able to judge of the heart of this prince, which I believe I know better than any other person, it was indeed these considerations which first hinted to him the necessity of his conversion; but in the end, he became convinced in his own mind that the Catholic religion was the safest." By whatever casuistry Henry attained this conviction, we can have no hesitation in saying that his abjuration of Protestantism has all the appearance of having been done for the sake of being made undisputed king of France. Now, as there was no absolute necessity for his attaining this honour, as he might have enjoyed all reasonable happiness as sovereign of his small kingdom of Navarre, we can by no means approve of what was so clearly a sacrifice of conscience to worldly distinction.

The only vestige of excuse for his abjuration, was the hope which he perhaps entertained of securing the Protestants generally from oppression; and if this were the case, it must be allowed his aim was accomplished. The announcement of his change of religion almost immediately put an end to the civil war; all parties seemed less or more pleased; and his coronation was formally celebrated at Chartres on the 27th of February 1594. By this event Navarre became attached to the French monarchy, from which it has never since been dissevered. The house of Valois had also terminated, and been succeeded by that of Bourbon. Before the end of 1595, Henry was acknowledged by the pope and every other power as the lawful sovereign of France.

Still, Henry's anxieties were not yet over. Since his profession of the Catholic faith, two unsuccessful attempts had been made upon his life, one by a waterman named Barriere, the other by John Chatel, a student in the college of the Jesuits; both of whom had paid the penalty of their crime. In consequence of these attempts, it was judged expedient to expel the Jesuits from the kingdom, their hostility to Henry's government being so well known, that it was deemed unsafe to have them for subjects, and their number not yet being so great as to render their expulsion impossible. All that remained to be done, was to inflict such chastisement upon Spain as would put a stop to her interference. Before the end of the year 1597, this also was effectually accomplished; and the beginning of the following year witnessed the ratification of two treaties memorable in the history of France. The one was the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which ample liberty of conscience, the privilege, with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the Protestants; the other the Peace of Vervins, dated the 2d of May 1598, by which the war with Spain was very advantageously concluded.

FRANCE UNDER HENRY IV.—HIS GREAT POLITICAL DESIGNS.

Enjoying now a profound peace both internally and externally, France called upon her sovereign to display his genius, not for war, but for the grander occupation of government. Trained from his boyhood in the camp, the hero of more than a hundred fights and two hundred sieges, how would he act in the cabinet, how would he fulfil the duties of a statesman? As we have already said, Henry, in this new capacity, more than answered the highest expectations that could have been formed of him; and the history of the last twelve years of his life, during which he was employed almost exclusively in the affairs of government, entitles him to be regarded as one of the greatest sovereigns that ever sat upon a throne.

In the first place, Henry was possessed of that indispensable qualification of a great statesman, a generous heart—an earnest and yearning desire for the good of his species. His philanthropy was almost chivalrous; and, like his temperament, it was hopeful and sanguine. His love of France was no mere pretence or delusion; it was an intense glowing passion. Witness his memorable prayer before beginning a great battle:—"O Lord; if this day thou meanest to punish me for my sins, I bow my head to the stroke of thy justice; spare not the guilty; but, Lord, by thy holy mercy, have pity on this poor realm, and strike not the flock for the faults of the shepherd." Every one has heard of his famous saying, that if God granted him the ordinary term of human life, he hoped to see France in such a condition that "every peasant in it should be able to have a fowl in the pot upon Sundays."

These philanthropic aspirations were resolutely followed up by a course of laborious efforts to realise them. Immediately after the peace of Vervins, Henry disbanded a great part of his forces, and strove, by introducing a strict system of economy into the administration of the revenues, as well as by setting an example of frugality to his subjects, especially the proprietors of land, to remedy the evils which war had produced, alleviate the distress of the people, and give an impulse to commerce and manufactures. Surrounding himself with the ablest men in the kingdom, both Catholics and Protestants, he was continually occupied with some scheme or other for the advantage of the country. Eventually, however, the Baron de Rosny, better known by the title of Duke of Sully, which he conferred on him, became his sole confidant; and with him all his designs were discussed and matured. Without Sully for a minister, Henry would have been a grand but visionary genius; without Henry for a master, Sully's sagacity would have never been employed on such high objects. Henry inspired Sully, and Sully instructed Henry.

The great object of Sully and Henry's joint efforts was a thorough reform in the revenue. Henry on his accession to the throne found the finances in a deplorable state—the people groaning under a load of taxes, and yet the royal exchequer almost empty. How was he to proceed? The state debts were so large (amounting to 330 millions of livres), and there were so many demands for outlay, that it seemed necessary to impose new taxes, while at the same time the country had been so impoverished by the war, that the people were unable to pay the taxes already imposed. Sully devoted his best energies to the settlement of this question. In the first place, with a noble pity for the wretchedness of the people, he remitted above twenty millions of livres which they still owed the king: the loss was serious; but, by submitting to it, the king gave his subjects time to breathe again. After this he made a laborious and searching investigation, in order to discover where the cause of the national misery lay. The amount of revenue annually paid into the royal treasury was thirty millions; but "I was strongly persuaded," he says, that "it could not be the raising of this sum from so rich and large a kingdom as France which reduced it to the condition I saw it in; and that the sums made up of extortions and false expenses must certainly infinitely exceed those which were brought into his majesty's coffers. I took the pen, and resolved to make this immense calculation. I found with horror, that for these thirty millions that were given to his majesty, there were drawn from the purses of the subjects, I almost blush to say it, 150 millions.

After this I was no longer ignorant whence the misery of the people proceeded. I then applied my cares to the authors of this oppression, who were the governors and other officers of the army, as well as the civil magistrates and officers of the revenue; who all, even to the meanest, abused in an enormous manner the authority their employments gave them over the people; and I caused an *arrêt* of council to be drawn up, by which they were forbidden, under great penalties, to exact anything from the people, under any title whatever, without a warrant in form, beyond what they were obliged to on account of their share of the tallies and other subsidies settled by the king."

This vigorous measure drew down upon Sully a storm of abuse from all those who were engaged in the collection of the revenues; but perseverance, and the co-operation of the king in his views, accomplished his object. The hungry courtiers, cut out by this and other economical reforms of Sully from their usual sources of income, fell upon methods to make up for the loss. One of these was to prevail upon the king to grant them monopolies in particular departments of trade. "When this trick was once found out," says Sully, "there was nothing that promised profit which did not get into the brain of one or other of those who thought they had a right to some favour from the king: interest gave every man invention, and the kingdom began to swarm with petty monopolies, which, though singly of little consequence, yet all together were very detrimental to the public." Sully's earnest and frequent representations to the king put a stop to this vicious practice. The following is an account of what occurred in one instance in which the king had granted such a monopoly. The Count de Soissons petitioned the king for a grant of fifteenpence, as duty on every bale of goods exported—a toll which he assured the king would not amount to more than 30,000 livres a-year. The king, in Sully's absence, granted it; but, entertaining doubts of the propriety of what he had done, wrote to ask Sully's advice. Sully, on calculating, found that the toll given to the count would amount to no less than 300,000 crowns; besides which he was convinced it would be the ruin of the hemp and linen trade in Brittany, Normandy, and Picardy. The difficulty now was, how to recall the grant; but Sully's ingenuity suggested a way to effect it without compromising the king. This gave mortal offence to De Soissons, who not only abused Sully himself, but sent the Marchioness de Verneuil, who had also petitioned for a similar monopoly, to abuse him too. "Truly," said the Marchioness to Sully, "the king will be a fool to take your advice and offend so many great people. On whom, pray, would you have the king to confer favours, if not on his cousins and his friends?" "What you say," replied Sully, "would be reasonable enough if his majesty took the money all out of his own purse; but to make a new levy on the merchants, artisans, labourers, and country people, will never do; it is by them that the king and all of us are supported, and it is enough that they provide for a master, without having to maintain his cousins and his friends."

By methods like these, the efficacy of which did not suffer much from one or two more questionable measures which the false political economy of Sully's time did not permit him to see the folly of—by methods like these, persevered in for a number of years, prosperity was restored to France. "Both foreign and domestic payments were regularly made," says Sully, "without any hardship to the people, though the king still continued to lay out very large sums in rebuilding, furnishing, and adorning his palaces; repairing the old fortifications and raising new ones; and erecting many other public works." The following account of the mode by which Henry digested and arranged the huge mass of miscellaneous business which occupied him, will give an idea of the extent and variety of his schemes for the improvement of France, as well as of the zeal with which he prosecuted them.

When Sully became his minister, he made him procure "a great desk or cabinet, contrived full of drawers and holes, each with a lock and key, and all lined with crimson satin." In this cabinet were to be deposited all kinds of views, memorials, charts, and papers having "any relation, either near or distant, to the revenue, to war, to artillery, to the navy, to commerce, to diplomacy, to money, to mines, to the church;" in short, to any department of state affairs. A separate compartment in the great cabinet was to be allotted to each subject; and the arrangement was to be such, that all the contents of a compartment could be seen at a single glance. In the finance compartment "was a collection of regulations, memorials of operations, accounts of changes made or to be made, of sums to be received or paid; a quantity almost incalculable of views, memoirs, abstracts, and summaries more or less compendious." In the military compartment, "besides the accounts, lists, and memoirs, which were to show the present state of the forces, there were all the regulations and papers of state, books treating of the arrangement of armies, plans, charts, geographical and hydrographical, both of France and of different parts of the world." (An extension of this military compartment, to contain articles too bulky to be placed in the cabinet, suggested the idea of a museum of "models of whatever was most curious in machinery relating to war, arts, trades, and all sorts of occupations—a silent school, in which all who aspired to perfection in such occupations might improve themselves without trouble.") Among the papers in the ecclesiastical compartment, "the most curious were a list of all the benefices in the kingdom, with the qualifications which they required; and a view of all the ecclesiastical orders, secular and regular, from the highest prelate to the lowest clergyman, with the distinction of natives and foreigners, of both religions. This work was to be imitated in another relating to the temporal order, in which the king was to see, to a single man, the number of gentlemen throughout the kingdom, divided into classes, and specified according to the differences of title and estate." A large part of the cabinet was set aside expressly to contain projects and schemes of all sorts. In the schemes for the discipline of the army, methods were laid down suitable not only for times of war, but also for times of peace, and calculated to "preserve the persons of the trader, manufacturer, shepherd, and husbandman from the violence of the soldiers. These four professions, by which the state may truly be said to be supported, were to be completely secured, by another regulation, from all the outrages of the nobility." The general scope of the propositions with regard to the clergy, was to "engage all of them to make such use as the canons require of revenues which, properly speaking, are not their own; to forbid them to hold joint livings of the yearly value of six hundred livres, or to hold any single one producing more than ten thousand livres; and, upon the whole, to acquit themselves worthily of their employments, and to consider it as their first duty to set a good example."

We need not proceed farther in the detail of Henry's plans of internal reform. Suffice it to say, that although the actual execution fell far short of the grandeur of the intentions, partly because they may have been too sanguine, partly because their author was cut off in the midst of his labours, yet the reforms which he effected in the condition of France were such as to entitle him to the fond veneration with which Frenchmen have ever regarded him.

The grandest of Henry's schemes was his proposal to unite all the states of Europe into one vast Christian republic. The following is an outline of this extraordinary scheme.

Struck with the deplorable condition of Europe, divided into a number of nations, all selfishly occupied with their own interests, and incessantly carrying on wars with each other for the slightest reasons and the meanest purposes, thus retarding the progress of general civilisation, Henry's design was to procure the erection of one immense European commonwealth, to consist of fifteen states, some of which, according to circumstances, were to be monarchical, and others republican. The size of the different states was to be rendered as uniform as possible, and each was to send representatives to a general congress. While the local affairs of each state were to be administered by its own government, all questions of intercommunication, commerce, and mutual wrong, were to be referred to the central representative body. So far, Henry's plan was little else than a foreshadowing, on a grander scale, of the constitution which now binds the various free and independent states of North America in a harmonious union. What follows is interestingly characteristic of the barbarous policy of the period. To put down all quarrels about religion, Henry proposed that in every state where circumstances had conclusively established one form of faith as the national one, that form and no other should be tolerated. In Roman Catholic countries, there were to be none but Catholics; in Protestant countries, none but Protestants. The minority, however, were not to be exterminated, but only sent out of the country into a state where their form of religion was generally professed. Finally, all pagans and Mahommedans were to be driven out of Europe into Asia.

To carry this vast project into execution, Henry of course proposed to employ force. The force necessary was to be contributed by the various states, and to amount to 270,000 infantry, 50,000 cavalry, 200 cannons, and 120 ships of war, manned and equipped. It was about the year 1601 that the scheme assumed a distinct shape in Henry's mind; and the first person to whom he communicated it was Sully; and even from him he had concealed it long, from feelings of shame, lest it should seem ridiculous. Sully paid no attention to it at first, treating the idea of a "system by which all Europe might be regulated and governed as one great family" as a mere conversational flourish. The king dropped the subject at that time; but, renewing it shortly after, Sully perceived that he was in earnest. Conceiving the scheme to be chimerical, he stated as strongly as possible the objections to it, but was surprised to hear them all discussed and answered by the king in a manner which showed that he had anticipated them. The result was, that, after studying the subject in all its bearings, Sully became convinced that the scheme was no mere confused aspiration, but a solid and feasible project; for that, "however disproportionate the means might appear to the effect, a course of years, during which everything should as much as possible be made subservient to the great object in view, would surmount many difficulties." The first step was to secure the co-operation of one or two of the most powerful princes of Europe; the agreement of one or two such would be equivalent almost to success. The sovereigns whose co-operation Henry principally desired were those of England, Sweden, and Denmark; it does not appear, however, that he ever broached the subject distinctly, except to Elizabeth of England and her successor James. From the latter, to whom the scheme was expounded by Sully in a personal interview in 1603, he exacted an oath that he would not divulge it. After hearing the scheme described, James protested that he would not for any consideration have remained ignorant of it, and was eager to proceed immediately to put it into execution. It was proposed to break the matter by degrees to the rest of Europe, as opinion ripened, and the progress of affairs rendered the favourable reception of the scheme more likely; and as a specific course of action, leading directly to the point aimed at, the powers of Europe were in the meantime to be cunningly inveigled into a conjunct war upon Austria. The house of Austria once humbled, and its territories dismembered, the plan might be safely published to the world, and little would remain to be done. It is almost needless pronouncing any opinion on this design of Henry IV. It was the dream of a great, benevolently-disposed, but ill-instructed mind. The mutual jealousies and respective selfishnesses of the existing states were far too uncompromising to admit of so easy a mode of union. Even in the present advanced age, the project would be hopeless; certainly any proposal to render religious belief uniform by compulsion, would be as mad as it would be useless. And yet the idea of a European international confederacy to settle differences, is one of the things that we can venture to say is not altogether chimerical, and may at some future period of greater enlightenment be carried into effect. Perfect freedom in commercial and personal intercourse among nations seems to all appearance to be the means, under Providence, by which this great object is to be satisfactorily accomplished.

DEATH OF HENRY IV.—HIS CHARACTER.

The history of Henry IV. during the twelve years in which he was maturing the scheme which we have just described, contains few incidents deserving special notice. In the year 1600 he was divorced from his wife Margaret, and contracted a second marriage with Mary de Medicis, daughter of the late Grand-duke of Tuscany, by whom he had a son (Louis XIII.), who succeeded him on the throne.

In the year 1610, Henry was full of enthusiasm regarding his great political scheme, the time for developing which had now, he thought, almost arrived. Extensive military preparations were in progress, which Sully imagined had reference to it. In the midst of these, however, Henry was cut off by the hand of an assassin. The occasion selected for striking the blow was the coronation of the queen—a ceremony which had been long delayed, but which was at length fixed for the 13th of May 1610. The king, according to Sully, had a presentiment that the ceremony would be fatal to him, founded on an astrological prediction that he should die in a coach during some great festivity. He often exclaimed, "O that detestable coronation; it will be the cause of my death," and even endeavoured to obtain the queen's consent to have it postponed. The queen, however, refused, saying it was very hard that she should be the only queen of France who had never been crowned. The ceremony was therefore performed on the day appointed: the festivities were to last for several days. Next day, the 14th of May 1610, the king set out from the Louvre about four o'clock in the afternoon, to visit Sully, who was lying at the arsenal indisposed. He was seated in the back part of the coach, and, as the day was fine, the curtains were drawn up, that he might see the preparations making in the city for the queen's public entry, which was to take place on the 16th. The Duke of Epernon sat on his right; the Duke of Montbazon and the Marquis de la Force on his left; and there were several other gentlemen in other parts of the coach. He was attended by a smaller body of guards than usual. When the coach was turning out of the Rue Saint Honoré into the Rue Feronnerie, the entrance to which was very narrow, owing to a number of small shops being erected against the wall of the churchyard of St Innocent, it was stopped by two carts, one loaded with wine, the other with hay, which were blocking up the street. While the coach stopped, the attendants, with the exception of two, went on before; one of these two advanced to clear the way, the other stooped to fasten his garter. At that instant a wild-faced red-haired man in a cloak, who had followed the coach from the Louvre, approached the side where the king sat, as if endeavouring to push his way, like other passengers, between the coach and the shops. Suddenly putting one foot on a spoke of the wheel, he drew a knife, and struck the king, who was reading a letter, between the second and third rib, a little above the heart. "I am wounded," cried the king, as the assassin, perceiving that the stroke had not been effectual, repeated it. The second blow went directly to the heart; the blood gushed from the wound and from his mouth, and death was almost instantaneous. A third blow which the assassin aimed at his victim was received by the Duke of Epernon in the sleeve.

The assassin's name was Francis Ravaillac, a native of Angoumois,who had been a solicitor in the courts of law. Whether the crime was prompted solely by his own imagination, or whether he was the instrument of any deep-laid conspiracy, was never clearly ascertained, though the latter was the general supposition. His punishment was that accorded by the savage spirit of the times to regicides. After undergoing the most horrible tortures, during which he confessed nothing of importance, he was taken in a tumbril to the Place de Greve on the 27th of May, and there, in the terms of his sentence, the flesh was torn with red-hot pincers from his breasts, arms, thighs, and the calves of his legs; his right hand, holding the knife with which he committed the crime, was scorched and burnt with flaming brimstone; on the places where the flesh had been torn by the pincers, were poured melted lead, boiling oil, scalding pitch with wax and brimstone melted together; after which he was torn in pieces by four horses, and his limbs burnt to ashes. The performance of that part of his sentence which consisted in his being torn by the horses occupied an hour, and was only ended by the mob rushing up and cutting the body with knives.

Henry IV. was of middling stature, well-formed, and of a strong constitution. The surgeons who examined his body believed that he might have lived, in the natural course of things, for thirty years longer. His forehead was broad, his eyes quick and animated, his nose aquiline, his complexion ruddy, and his expression sweet and majestic. His hair, which was short, thick, and of a light-brown shade, had begun to grizzle when he was thirty-five years of age: "it was," he said, "the wind of adversity constantly blowing in his face that had done it." He was remarkable for the keenness of his sight and hearing. His character, with which our readers must be already somewhat familiar, we shall sum up in the words of Sully. "He loved all his subjects as a father, and the whole state as the head of a family. There were no conditions, employments, or professions, to which his reflections did not extend, and that with such clearness and penetration, that the changes he projected could not be overthrown by the death of their author. His was a mind in which the ideas of what is great, uncommon, and beautiful, seemed to rise of themselves; hence it was that he looked upon adversity as a transitory evil, and prosperity as his natural state." His great fault, says the same authority, was his propensity to all kinds of pleasure. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of his character was his Fatalism, his belief in Destiny—a peculiarity in which he resembles Napoleon. In conversation he had no rival; and of his *bons-mots*, his jests, and his profound sayings on all subjects, there is a sufficient number still extant to form a volume. Once, on being solicited to do something which he thought unjust, "I have," he said, "but two eyes and two feet; in what respect, then, should I be different from the rest of my subjects, if I wanted strength and justice in my disposition?" To a person asking him to pardon his nephew, who had committed an assassination, "I am sorry," he replied, "that I cannot grant your request; it becomes you well to act the uncle, and it becomes me well to act the king. I excuse your petition; do you excuse my refusal." "If faith," he said, "were lost in all the world besides, it should still be found in the mouths of kings." When pressed by public affairs, and forced to absent himself from public worship, he excused his absence by saying, "When I labour for the public good, it seems to me that it is only to forsake God for the sake of God." An eminent physician having changed his religion, and become a Catholic, the king said jestingly to Sully, with whom he often argued on the subject, but without any effect on his calm and strong mind, "Don't you see how ill your religion is; the doctors have given it over?" To ability of all sorts, military, civil, or literary, he was a zealous patron. In speaking of his enemies he was candid and generous, and of libels against himself, he was sufficiently magnanimous never to take any notice.

Such was *Henri Quatre*, a name which one never hears mentioned in France without respect, and whose remembrance is preserved by numerous pictures, dramas, and public monuments; and one can only lament that a man so universally beloved, and whose life promised so many benefits to his country, should have perished ingloriously by the mean blow of an assassin.

A STORY OF THE FACTORIES.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I.

ARRIVAL IN MANCHESTER.

IT was on a fine summer morning in the year 1841, that three young persons, the children of an agricultural labourer, presented themselves at a certain railway station, and, after obtaining third class tickets, might have been seen waiting for the arrival of the train. They consisted of a girl about sixteen years of age, and her two brothers, one a year older than herself, and one a year younger, who had the previous day left their native county, Dorsetshire, by a cross-country stage, and were now, fatigued with the journey, about to proceed by railway to Manchester. The excursion was somewhat sorrowful. Within the last fortnight the young Butlers had laid their father in the grave, and, though in extreme poverty, they had contrived to procure decent mourning; partly, it must be owned, from the gift of a kind neighbour, and partly from the sale of their humble cottage furniture. It was a satisfaction to at least two of the orphans to be able to show this outward token of respect to the dead, for they had been dutiful and affectionate children both to the mother, who had been taken from them three years before, and to the father, whom they had comforted through many sorrows, and worked for and nursed through a long and painful illness.

"Sit down, Lucy," said David, her younger brother, lowering to the ground a deal box, which, by means of a strap, the boys had carried alternately on their backs, and which, with the exception of a bundle that James had now in his hand, contained everything the three possessed. "Sit down till the train comes up; for you were stirring yesterday before daylight, washing the things we wore the day before, that we might take all our clothes clean, and I am sure you must be tired, let alone the three miles' walk we have had in the sun."

Lucy was indeed glad to sit down; for though naturally a robust and healthy girl, she had toiled for some months beyond her strength and her years, suffering at the same time many hardships and privations, and combating with cares, and feeling a sense of responsibility, which, though they not unfrequently fall upon youth, and, it may be, strengthen and improve the character, seem nevertheless a burden unfit for it to bear.

"I wonder if we shall ever see Blandford again!" said Lucy after a short pause.

"I wonder how big a place Manchester really is!" exclaimed the younger boy. "I wonder how much bigger than Blandford!"

"Why, I have heard say," replied James, who probably thought himself better informed on such subjects than his brother and sister—"I have heard that it is so much bigger, that if you were to take away as many houses, and churches, and fine buildings as there are in Blandford altogether, they wouldn't so much as be missed! And Blandford a market-town too. It may be so, to be sure, but it is very hard to believe and understand."

"I wonder what a cotton mill is like," continued David, whose mind was evidently busy with the future.

"Like half-a-dozen rows of houses put one upon another, as I have heard," replied his brother; "with smoke enough for half a dozen towns pouring out of a tall chimney."

"Lucy, let us read uncle's letter again; the train will not be up for these ten minutes," interposed the other; and the girl drew from her pocket an epistle, creased and soiled, perhaps from much handling and frequent perusals; ill written and ill spelled it was; but, notwithstanding those disadvantages (so easily removed, or made-allowance for), it revealed a warm and kindly heart, and must have been no small comfort to the desolate orphans. The letter ran thus:—

"My dear Nephews and Niece—I am hoping you do not think we have forgotten you, or that your letter missed, because two days are gone before I answer it. My dear children, I had no time to write till now, to-night, and did not get yours till after-hours yesterday. Our opinion is, you had better all come here as soon as possible. Times are not good, is very true, and wages are low; but bad as things are with us, if all accounts be right, they are worse with you. Proof of that, the lots of people who do come from the country seeking work, to be sure. Howsoever, *steady* hands are not so plentiful, but mostly there's room for them, as our foreman himself says. And this morning, by good luck, young Mr Charlton came through our room, and I made bold to speak to him about you, lads, and you, Lucy, and he said to me, 'William Morris, you have been an honest and industrious workman to my father for nearly twenty years; I am sure some employment can be found in the mill for your relations on your recommendation.' And I made bold to say I could speak for you, for certain sure I am the children of my sister Betsy are no disgrace to her or to me. Of course you'll have a deal to learn, and are over old to begin; but then you ought to be the quicker for your years; and from all I have heard, you are hearty and strong, which is a great thing. Now do come to Manchester as soon as ever you can. I send you a post-office order for enough money, I think, to bring you here (wishing, my dear children, I could send more). Our lodger has got notice to leave, so we can make room for you. Lucy can have the little room that used to be our boy's. Another year gone, and no tidings of *him;* and he has got changed out of the regiment into which he 'listed, so no use looking after him. Well, my wife thinks, by the blessing of Providence, you three are to be a comfort to us in our old age, so come without delay to your affectionate uncle, WILLIAM MORRIS."

"How was it cousin Charles came to enlist, do you know?" asked James Butler of his sister.

"I remember poor mother telling me of it at the time, but I was a little girl then—it must be seven years ago—and I didn't understand the rights of it. Only it almost broke his mother and father's hearts."

Further time was not allowed for conversation; the railway bell was suddenly heard ringing, and the train, with the velocity of a hurricane, drove up to the station. There was an instantaneous hurry and scramble, a pause of but a few minutes, and again it rolled on its course, bearing away its living freight, and, among hundreds of anxious or eager hearts, our young adventurers, to new friends, a new home, and a new course of life.

There are several districts in the outskirts of Manchester almost exclusively occupied by the workpeople connected with the factories. Indeed it is but a natural consequence that these enormous establishments, some of them employing from a thousand to fifteen hundred "hands," should assemble, each in its neighbourhood, a sort of colony, in a manner not altogether unlike the old feudal system, where the baron in his castle drew retainers and followers about him, till by degrees a town grew up. Not *altogether* unlike, though so far different and superior, that if the Free Labourer had but discretion to perceive the noble advantages he possesses, and to make a wise and manly use of them, he would never sigh for what are falsely called the "good" old times. It was in a sort of suburb, that had grown up near Mr Charlton's factory, that William Morris resided. He rented a small house in a long row, which had been built by some speculator expressly for the workmen of that establishment. It consisted of four rooms, two on the ground-floor, and two above; and for this abode he paid three shillings and sixpence per week, a heavy proportion for rent out of eighteen shillings, which, as a spinner, was what he received. Nevertheless he contrived to live in comfort and respectability, although for some years his wife had withdrawn from the mill; having found that more true economy was to be exercised, and more real comfort enjoyed—when she superintended the domestic arrangements of *home*, even though she thereby sacrificed a large portion of her earnings—than when she paid a high rate for such necessary services, to be performed, after all, indifferently. This was the home to which the young Butlers were kindly and warmly welcomed.

"Remember, you must be up pretty early," observed Morris, as he parted with them for the night; "we begin work at six o'clock, and are fined if we are too late."

"Oh, that's quite late," replied David cheerfully; "I was up at five all through the winter, for I had three miles to walk to my work; now here you are close and handy."

"I shall be sure to wake," said Lucy; "I always get up early."

"Then we are to begin to-morrow?" said James, half inquiringly.

"No; to-morrow is Saturday. But I have got leave to take you with me, that you may see what is going on. And now, while I think of it, let me give you a bit of advice. Of course, among such a number of hands, there must be some of bad character and bad habits. Of all things, my dear boys, and you too, Lucy, *be careful what acquaintances you make.* I have known a world of misery come to young folks from bad example and bad associates. And when you know people intimately, and get friendly-like with them, it's not an easy matter to break off with them, even if they do things that you are ashamed of; and I don't know how it is, but evil communications *do* corrupt, and the very best of us are too much inclined to look carelessly on, and to get used by degrees to the wrong which we see done constantly before us."

"How kind uncle is to us," said the younger boy, when the brothers were left alone.

"Yes," replied James peevishly; "but it is work—work—work everywhere for the poor. I am sure I don't know that we've bettered ourselves so much after all. But good-night; I am very tired and sleepy."

In this short speech we are afforded an insight into the character and habits of James Butler. Giving himself up to mean pleasures, and meaner companions, in his native place, he had, since the death of his mother, and more especially during the long illness of his father, undermined the integrity of his character, and, like hundreds of young men who arrive in Manchester from the rural districts, was ill prepared to encounter the temptations of a large town, or to endure the steady discipline of factory life. It is not unlikely that exaggerated reports which had reached him of the higher rate of remuneration received in the manufacturing districts, and the freedom which the youth enjoyed, might have induced him readily and eagerly to embrace the opportunity afforded him by his kind relative. There is very little probability that he was at all aware of the workings of his own mind; yet in the phrase, "I don't know that we have bettered ourselves so much after all," was betrayed an irritability of temper (that often proceeds from a conscious, though but half-confessed dissatisfaction with our own actions), and a discontent that he was not to enjoy a single holiday.

Little David was of an opposite character. With a frank and open nature, and a cheerful hopeful spirit, he seemed to have acquired the wise habit of throwing off all light sorrows. Real sorrows he felt deeply; for he had a remarkably affectionate heart, and the thoughts of his lost parents would ever bring the tear to his eye; but he had a sweet temper, that taught him to look at the bright side of things, and be thankful for the good he had, instead of sighing for that which was out of his reach. His mind, too, was of a kind that thirsted after knowledge; and thus he ever found an interest in seeking information, and remarking what was going on around him. He was delighted that he should so soon witness the operations of which he had heard so much; and indeed the wonderful workings of such an establishment as that of Mr Charlton, with its beautiful machinery, and the order and regularity of the operatives, was a sight to interest the most exalted and intelligent in the land.

The sun shone brightly, though its slanting rays still cast tall shadows of the houses they passed, and apparently interminable ones of the high and circular red brick chimneys, which already poured forth their sooty volumes, when the young Butlers stood with their uncle, the next morning, awaiting the opening of the great gates that led to the scene of their future employment. They found themselves in a crowd of tolerably well-conducted persons, men and women, boys and girls. That indescribable hum and buzz of voices which always arises when a large body of individuals—mostly known to each other—assemble, without any controlling authority, or other inducement to silence, almost startled Lucy, so new a thing was it to the country girl. Instinctively she clung the closer to her uncle's arm, with a mingled feeling of loneliness and terror. Yet presently after he had named her and her brothers to two or three of his companions, who spoke kindly and encouragingly to her, she was able to look about her, and notice the marked differences there were among her associates.

Those whose apparel was the neatest and cleanest, were invariably the quietest in their deportment; and not a few of the youths had books in their hands, with which to beguile the five or ten minutes that were at their disposal. Other groups there were from which loud discordant voices arose, which, though occasionally interrupted by a forced and noisy laugh, very often swelled into the tones of quarrel and dissension. Presently the clocks from two or three neighbouring churches chimed six o'clock—a bell was immediately heard ringing—the great gates swung inwards, and the young strangers, moving on with the living mass, beheld more closely the exterior of the building into which they were about to enter. The gates were perhaps a hundred yards from the entrance-door, leaving between a commodious sort of courtyard, with out-houses on each side. The factory itself was a huge square pile, not less than seven storeys high, something wider and deeper than its height, and with rows of windows on every side.

"I will take you over the mill, and explain things to you as well as I can," said Morris to his young relatives. "It adds very much to the interest of your work to know something of what is going on. Mr Charlton says the most ignorant are always the dullest and slowest workmen, and that it puts a spirit into people to know and understand what they are about."

It would be out of place here to attempt a minute description of the little world of an establishment like this, or of the various departments which exist, and the division and subdivision of labour that are chiefly conducive to that method and regularity, without which it would be impossible to conduct anything of the sort. For those who seek this kind of information, abundant channels are open; and yet I believe that more is to be learned in one day from *seeing* things as they work, than from a month's reading about them.

A large room on the ground-floor was the first which the young Butlers entered. Here a number of women were employed in picking the raw cotton, and so preparing it to pass through a mill, which still further cleansed it. Afterwards they passed through the carding-rooms, where, from thick and irregular masses, the fibres of the cotton are drawn out, by a most beautiful process, into a film so fine, that though it may be remembered with wonder and admiration, it can scarcely be imagined. Rapidly and regularly these almost impalpable fibres are drawn together into an even and soft band. Then were seen the thousands of spindles which, by a system great in its beautiful simplicity, draw out the threads of cotton into the desired fineness, according to the rapidity of their evolutions; some of them turning round four thousand times in a minute! appearing to the eye of course quite stationary. After the spinning, they were shown the weaving by power-looms, that mighty advance on the old hand-loom process, which has at once brought Britain so much wealth, and wrought so much impoverishment. Lastly, they saw the cloth, now finished, in the course of being packed in bales for distant countries; and, overcome with the grandeur of the whole establishment, they felt a degree of pride in thinking that they were to form a part of so vast and so apparently flourishing a concern.

II.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

The Butlers were now members of this extensive establishment, and soon fell into the current of ordinary factory life. To James the regularity of attendance was irksome, but to the others it had nothing unpleasant. They were informed of their hours and their duties, and assured that, so long as they attended to both, they had not only nothing to fear, but would be encouraged. If there was regularity of work, there was also regularity and certainty of payment. Accustomed to the poor wages and poor living of an agricultural district, they were as much surprised as delighted with the terms of their engagement, and the fare daily set before them.

"Well, sister, don't you think we are very fortunate?" said David one day to Lucy. "They told us in Dorsetshire that we were going to be white slaves; but what field labourer lives as uncle does here? I am very glad I came to Manchester, and am resolved to do my best to work my way."

Lucy assented to her brother's ideas of their new life, and had her own sources of interest and self-satisfaction. She had formed an acquaintance with another female worker in the factory, who had shown her some attentions, for which she felt grateful. This friendship, however, was not altogether pleasing to her uncle. "She belongs to a bad set," said Morris one evening to his niece, in a tone something like that of warning.

"I can never forget her kindness to me," exclaimed Lucy, "the first day I went to work at the mill. When some of the girls were laughing at my awkwardness, and the others too busy to teach me anything, she alone came forward and told me, in her gentle voice, how I should most easily learn. And then the industry with which she works, and for others too, and her patient disposition under all her sufferings, I wonder anybody can help loving her."

"True," replied Morris; "still I say she belongs to a bad set."

"Surely, uncle, it is not her fault that her sister married such a bad young man, or that——"

"That her father is an idle, drunken vagabond, you would say?" continued Morris. "No, certainly not; and yet, Lucy, I don't much like your going among them. I have told you already that much depends on the acquaintances to which young factory girls attach themselves. There may be said to be two sets: one steady, good-principled, and desirous of preserving a character for great respectability; and this they can surely do if they like: the other, destitute of all wish to rise, and thinking only of the present moment, are quite opposite in character; and from them you must keep yourself aloof, as if from a pestilence. All I ask of you in the meantime is to be cautious."

Lucy Butler assented to the propriety of these admonitions, and did not become more intimate with her new acquaintance till all her uncle's scruples had been removed, and his sympathy engaged in favour of the poor girl. The more he saw of Margaret Brown, the more did he esteem her character. In fact, Margaret Brown, the pale, hunchbacked factory girl, was one of those heroines of private life whose noiseless actions and passive endurance of suffering are more truly worthy to be held up for admiration and example, than many of those who shine out, familiar names, on the pages of history and biography. But it is thus with many things: the gentle stream, or the soft and genial rain that fertilises the earth, and is a parent of manifold blessings, is little heeded, while the torrent and the hurricane, and the ruinous storm, find ready tongues to keep alive the memory of their doings; or it is of the death-dealing conflagration that we talk, not of the pleasant fire that warms and cheers us.

Margaret had the misfortune to lose her mother when an infant, and bad nursing, or none at all, and neglect of all sorts, had weakened her constitution, and laid the foundation of that deformity with which she was afterwards afflicted. Her sister, who was five years older, had escaped such dangers, and grew up a healthy and beautiful child. When Margaret was about six years old, her father chose a second wife. The bestowal of a stepmother is commonly thought to be an injury inflicted on children; yet it ought to be the very reverse. Among the rich, no servant can have such opportunities for watchful care and wise direction as she who fills the mother's place; and among the poor, it seems to me the advantage might be still greater. And yet statistics, the provers of stern facts, declare that a large amount of misery and destitution among the children of the working-classes may be traced as the consequences of second marriages. Is it that human hearts are so selfish and callous, that they cheat the helpless of rights as strong as their own—rights earlier established too? It is a fact that is humiliating to every generous mind, and at any rate should make people pause in their selection, and be sure they choose wisely the stepmother or father they give to their orphaned children.

To Margaret and her sister, their father's second marriage had indeed been a misfortune. The wife proved selfish, extravagant, and every way unprincipled. She ruined her husband, who was a small tradesman, and drove his children, at a tender age, to work for their subsistence. This was little injury to Charlotte, the elder; but to poor Margaret, infirm of health, and so much younger, the consequences were disastrous. From the toil and confinement, beyond her strength, her deformity became incurable, and her constitution yet further impaired. And so had years rolled away, for Margaret was now seventeen; but not a murmur or complaint had passed her lips. Her sister, less patient and more arrogant, had long since rebelled against all authority, and, when little more than a child, had married a youth of worse than doubtful character. Lucy Butler said but the truth when she spoke of her friend working for others. The poor girl's slender earnings contributed but in a very small degree to her own comfort. Freely were they shared, either with the sister whose increased necessities were ill supplied, or in the home where dissensions were rife, and where she met with few thanks and little kindness.

Such was the friend whom Lucy Butler seemed to have selected, and with whom much of her leisure was spent. As the winter came on, with its long evenings, Margaret often returned with Lucy to pass an hour or two in her peaceful home, so much pleasanter for both than the ill-regulated dwelling of the other; and so winning was her disposition, that, notwithstanding what Morris called her "bad set," she became a favourite with him and his wife, and was always welcomed warmly by them. Another discovery was made, creditable to her, and which helped to make her yet more interesting. The sickly child, debarred by her infirmity from the plays and amusements of childhood, and saved from many temptations to which her sister had been exposed, had found her chief pleasure in reading. All things are valued by comparison; and though, by the side of those who had profited by the advantages of a careful education, the factory girl's pretensions would have been humble, her mind seemed something superior in the society of her equals in station. She knew enough to look up with respect and admiration to those who were better informed than herself, and was keenly alive to the resource and pleasure which a taste for study placed constantly in her power. Her greatest difficulty was to obtain books; but there is an old and true proverb which teaches us that "where there is a will," there is often found "a way." Certainly the friendship of the humble Margaret was an advantage to Lucy in many respects, and her intimacy might even be said to have an influence in the house she visited. Morris and his wife took pleasure in talking with her, and David made himself happier at home than when led away by his brother; for James had already picked up many acquaintances, and was frequently absent.

Changes, however, were at hand, and events coming on, which were felt, as by an electric chain, through all classes connected with manufactures. And thus it ever is, that the success and prosperity of the employed must depend on the condition of the employer. A glut of the market not only deteriorates the value of a commodity, but, by hoarding his goods even at their reduced price, the capitalist is deprived of the interest which is his income—the means by which he calculates to carry on his business. With more goods on hand than he can sell, it would be madness to go on increasing his stock at the old ratio. Accordingly, he discharges some of his workpeople, and a fall of wages is the inevitable result: for, on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread," the unemployed of course offer themselves for a lower recompense. To keep their situations, the employed must at all events come down to the same rate. Nor should the employer be unjustly blamed for this, as by the thoughtless he too often is. He is subjected to a precisely similar competition in the market, and must use means to produce his goods at the market price, if he would sell at all, or maintain the reputation of his house.

It is a melancholy reflection that in this wide and fertile earth any human beings able and willing to work should want food, and seek in vain for employment. To fancy's eye a beckoning finger is seen from the lands beyond the ocean, and to fancy's ear a voice is heard inviting thither the suffering poor—telling how the earth is rich and generous, and the skies even more kindly than those which stretch over our British soil. But to obey this voice, and remove to new and seemingly more attractive scenes, is at all times difficult; new branches of industry have generally to be learned, and the means of removal are seldom ready at hand. Besides, there is that clinging love of home and country which, though not without many elements of selfishness, is a matter of feeling not to be argued with. It is strongest in those who have moved but little from the place of their birth or long residence. The traveller knows that nature has winning charms everywhere, and that it is a happier, higher feeling to be in heart a citizen of the world, than only the citizen of a mighty empire; and to how much below even this are the sympathies of many narrowed! Such a one knows also that it is not place which can fling a halo round domestic life, but the presence of beloved ones, the consciousness of right-doing, and the tangible results of honest industry, which may build up the poor man's *home*, and give it a glory which kings cannot outrival, and not unfrequently might envy.

May it be some comfort for the suffering, struggling poor, to know that their cause is near to the hearts of the wisest and best in the land, and that there is a spirit of humanity, enlightenment, and investigation abroad, which, if they will but help themselves, must, by the blessing of Providence, bring about changes conducive to their happiness and prosperity.

This is somewhat of a digression, yet not altogether so. Causes such as those I have glanced at convulsed Mr Charlton's affairs during the winter of 1841–2, and his death, in the midst of these disasters, served apparently to increase them. He had been a just, honourable, and clear-headed man of business; and perhaps in no instance of his life did he evince more sound discretion than in leaving his wife sole executrix to his will, and sole inheritress of his property. It was a step which astonished the world; for scarcely those who knew Mrs Charlton most intimately, were prepared to find the quiet, ladylike, and still youthful-looking woman, show herself endowed with excellent judgment, a knowledge of business, and most admirable firmness of character. Mr Charlton had been the architect of his own fortunes. He had earned the wealth of middle-age by a youth of labour, self-denial, and discretion, and by a whole life of active exertion. He did not marry till he was nearly forty, and his wife was so much his junior, that she was something less than that age at the period of her bereavement. Her eldest son—the youth alluded to in the letter of William Morris to his young relations—was about nineteen—too young to share her responsibilities, but not too young to be an efficient assistant on many occasions.

III.

CHANGES—MRS CHARLTON'S PROTEGE.

At the time she became a widow, Mrs Charlton was personally known to but a few of the factory people. It is true that such of them as frequented the Collegiate Church knew in which direction of that fine old edifice to look for Mr Charlton's crimson-curtained pew, and sometimes from behind its shelter, or after service, they might have looked with interest upon the graceful and elegantly-attired personage whom they knew to be their employer's wife. But though, in cases of sickness or suffering, she had often come forward to visit and relieve the afflicted, she had never been in the habit of appearing at the mill. When, therefore, she first came into the rooms, attired in the widow's sombre garb of mourning, many an eye was for a moment distracted from its work to look upon her. Sometimes she paused to question the workpeople; and not a few were surprised to find her familiar with their names, and the circumstances of their lives. When, however, it was found that her visits were repeated, the novelty wore off, and she was little regarded.

The truth was, Mrs Charlton was making herself acquainted with the whole routine of her vast establishment; and, for reasons which will presently be developed, desired to include in her plan a knowledge of all those operatives who were distinguished for probity of conduct, and skilfulness in their separate departments. And one there was, by whom she was now often accompanied, who was very well able to give her the sort of information she required, at the same time that he was gratefully delighted to be of service to his benefactress. This was a young Scotchman, named Allan Douglas, who, an orphan at six years old, had soon afterwards obtained employment at the factory, in one of those departments to which, requiring little strength and little ability, it was then considered young children were competent. Allan Douglas, however, was not destined to remain a "factory boy" more than a few months. At that period the machinery of such establishments was much more exposed than it is at present, and little Allan was one of the victims whose sufferings, it may be, have taught prudence and caution for the future. Too young to understand the fearful power with which he was dealing, his right hand became in some way entangled in the machinery, and before the poor child could be rescued, it was so terribly injured that amputation became necessary.

The loss of the right hand!—a dreadful affliction to any human being, but most so of all to one who depends on his daily labour for his daily bread. Mr Charlton was much distressed at the accident, and his wife was so much touched by it, and by beholding the anguish of the poor child, whom she visited daily in the hospital, that she determined to educate him out of her own purse, and thus, by affording him the means of earning his subsistence by his mind, to make amends for the loss of his hand. Allan was not only docile and attentive, but he proved himself to be possessed of more than ordinary abilities. Practice enabled him to use his left hand with great facility, and even to write with it with neatness and rapidity; and strange as seemed the idea of an active accountant maimed as he was, he became most efficient in that capacity before he was twenty. Allan, however, concerned himself with many things besides figures. It was a matter of interest to his inquiring mind to observe the workings of a system, on the large scale, which was presented to his view; and from the habit of doing this, joined to the fact of his having been brought up on the spot, he knew something of every man, woman, and child on the establishment. A short time previously to the commencement of our story, by the death of the superintendent of the establishment, Allan had been requested to act in that capacity for at least some time, and gladly, though diffident of his own abilities, had he accepted the trust reposed in him. Independently of all mercenary considerations, a feeling of gratitude to his benefactress, and an affectionate respect and veneration for her, which had moulded together into a deep sentiment, influenced his conduct on this occasion; and, understanding all this, we can readily conceive that Mrs Charlton could scarcely have found a more faithful, if humble friend, and certainly none more able to inform her of those particulars she was anxious to learn.

"And this is a list of those you consider the most steady, skilful, and everyway deserving?" said Mrs Charlton one morning to Allan Douglas, whom she had sent for to the private room or counting-house, which she had caused to be fitted up for her own use at the factory.

"It is, madam," he replied. "I have made it out to the best of my belief and ability."

"William Morris has two nephews, has he not?" continued Mrs Charlton. "I perceive you have only named one here."

"Nor could I honestly do more. I am sorry to say the elder one has got among a set of bad associates, and is very frequently behind time, and of course fined."

"What wage has he been earning lately?"

"He seldom gets more than eight-and-sixpence a-week; for he is constantly fined for being some minutes after his time: last week I had to stop eighteenpence from his pay."

"Why, what makes him so irregular?"

"I can scarcely tell, though no doubt bad companions are the principal cause. I am told he stays out late at night from his lodgings at private theatricals, clubs, and other follies; and therefore can scarcely be expected to attend his labours during the day."

"Perhaps if you were to speak to him seriously, Mr Douglas, he would mend."

"I am sorry to say, madam, that I have done so a dozen times, and so have his relatives. It seems, however, all of no use. He is clever, and might do well; but he seems set on going to wreck; and I may fairly say that nothing short of some terrible lesson will be able to save him."

"How shocking it is," exclaimed the lady in a tone which implied that she felt warmly on the subject, "that when these people have fair wages, out of which they might procure every necessary comfort, and even save for the future, they will become idle and extravagant, losing not only time but money and character. I am sorry for this lad James Butler; yet his constant irregularity exhausts all patience. If every one in my employment were to attend, as he does, at pleasure, the whole concern would get into confusion, and I should be involved in losses and crosses that no person could endure. He must be one of the first we discharge: so take down his name. . . . No; stop a little. . . . Let me see. . . . I declare I am distracted between my duty and my feelings. I am sorry for the young man. . . . No, not him; it is his uncle I am sorry for. He is an old and valued workman, and I am afraid the turning away of his nephew will be a grief to him. I think, Mr Douglas, I should like to see Morris myself, and tell him of the steps I am about to take; it may break the blow to him a little."

"I am sure, ma'am, he will think it very kind and condescending of you."

"I perceive," continued Mrs Charlton, "there is another family you propose separating; only here, instead of retaining three members and discharging one, you have placed marks against three names, suffering only the youngest of the family—a young girl—to remain with unimpeachable character?"

"Poor Margaret Brown! indeed I should be sorry if she were to suffer for the faults of her family: I would even take the liberty of recommending her to you, ma'am, as particularly deserving, good tempered, intelligent, and industrious."

"I will remember, Mr Douglas, what you say. But are her relations quite incorrigible?"

"Indeed I fear so. In fact the sister's husband, though not a convicted thief, is a reputed one: it was more by accident than merit that he got off at the last assizes. And they are such a contemptible set—idling half their time away, spending what they do earn in vice and folly, and then falling back upon a sickly girl to make up for their waste." Certainly one may understand that, to a generous nature like Allan's, the last did not appear their smallest fault.

After satisfying her mind respecting some other families, and several individuals, in her employment, Mrs Charlton sent for William Morris, and explained to him that the present depressed state of her affairs rendered considerable retrenchment in her establishment necessary: that, accordingly, she had made herself acquainted with the habits of those she employed, and that she was about adopting what she considered the most humane and just plan, in the circumstances—namely, to retain the most worthy, and discharge the least so. It was a great shock when he heard that his nephew James was included under the latter class.

"I assure you I am very sorry too," replied Mrs Charlton, "and I feel for you very much."

Encouraged by Mrs Charlton's kindness, Morris even ventured to intercede for the youth, remarking that, though the eldest of the three, he was still very young, and hinting that there was little chance of his procuring employment elsewhere, at a time when everybody was retrenching.

"I wish I thought we might venture to try him," said the lady, musing upon what had passed.

His hopes rose high at such words, and, out of the depth of very grateful feelings, he stammered something about "knowing that he had no right, no claim to ask such a favour."

"I don't know that, Morris," replied Mrs Charlton. "I think people often talk very foolishly of what they are pleased to call favouritism. I think it would be much more unjust to place strangers, and old acquaintances who have served us faithfully, on an equality, than to give an old and tried servant, like yourself, some little preference in a matter of this sort. Well, I will give him one more trial; but let him understand it is on your account; to spare you the chance of having to support him. It may afford one opportunity of showing him that character has some weight beyond that of a name."

It is not difficult to imagine the hum and murmur of discontent that prevailed among the unemployed poor of Manchester and its neighbourhood—a body which was every day becoming more and more numerous, since nearly all the manufacturers found it expedient to discharge a number of their workpeople. Although perhaps few employers took so much pains as Mrs Charlton had done to separate the well-disposed from the worthless, it is of course only natural that where retrenchment is necessary, the superior class should be retained; yet a fatal consequence of this very proper proceeding is, that the already depressed and discontented community of the unemployed is constantly reinforced by such as are only too likely and willing to foster and sympathise with the violent feelings arising from want and envy, already sufficiently rife. It was many weeks, however, before the wretchedness of these unfortunates was felt in all its extremity. Some had saved a trifle of money; others had a little furniture, which they contrived to convert into yet more absolute necessaries; and few were so miserable as not to have some friend or relation able to help them, however slightly, in this hour of tribulation. But these resources were soon exhausted, and all the unspeakable horrors and temptations of want were closing, like a contracting circle, round the unhappy victims.

Some emigrated—whole families daring possible risks and hardships, and taking willing hearts and ready hands to a new and more open field of action, in preference to awaiting the probable misery and destitution consequent on the over-supply of operatives. Some strove to break the bonds of long habit in another manner, and were willing to turn their hands to any employment which might offer, however different from that to which they were accustomed. All shifts only modified the evil. The interests of the country so hang together, communities are so interlaced, that it is seldom indeed that one class can suffer without others participating; and the poor unemployed of Lancashire seemed like the rejected of the world.

Changes were of course perpetually taking place. Sometimes individuals obtained temporary employment, sometimes even permanent situations, to raise them from their abject condition; but the very eagerness with which *all* sought to procure *any* employment, had in itself the strongest tendency to reduce the rate of wages. The murmur of discontent was no longer to be confined to the unemployed; the time was coming when want was to press upon those who toiled at reduced wages through the lengthening spring days; and in this form was it beginning to press upon honest Morris, and those who were dear to him.

IV.

FRESH TROUBLES—A DISCOVERY.

The scene is again William Morris's humble home; clean and neat is it as ever; and three or four pots of stock, mignionette, and geraniums, seemed to declare that the occupiers of that small dwelling sought all the grace and refinement of life that were in their power. It is midsummer time, and, by the long twilight, Morris and his wife, with Lucy and David Butler, are taking a frugal supper. Bread and cheese are on the table, but no intoxicating beverage.

"It is surprising how soon we have learned to do without beer," said Mrs Morris, pouring out a glass of water for her husband.

"Ah," replied he, "it was the right thing to leave off when wages came down, and luckily we had not been used to the gin. I think when people are downhearted, it is the very time of all others they should most shun the drink, they are so likely to be tempted to take too much, with the notion of raising their spirits."

"I never will believe," said David, "that James would have left work as he did, when the wages were altered, if he had not been half-tipsy."

"Let us be thankful he has got work at last," exclaimed Lucy, "though we see him so seldom."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and the next, Margaret Brown entered. She was without a bonnet, and her dark hair streamed in disorder over her shoulders. There was a cut upon her cheek, from which the blood was flowing; and when her hands were seen—muffled at first in the shawl which she had thrown hastily round her—the deep wounds they bore proclaimed how desperate had been the blows from which she had saved her face. "Oh, save me, save me!" she exclaimed; "they will kill me;" and in broken sentences the poor girl explained the dreadful treatment she had received. Her friends had long known how cruelly she had suffered, ever since her worthless family had been discharged by Mrs Charlton. It seemed that the most diabolical hatred, the hatred of the bad for the good, had possessed them, and a malignant envy, that, not content with wringing her earnings from her, sought to drag her down to their own miserable condition. Her present wretchedness was the consequence of a quarrel begun in a fit of intemperance between her father and stepmother: when they had exhausted all invectives against each other, they turned on her, taunted her with bringing home so little, and finally proceeded to search her pockets, refusing to believe her true and solemn assertion that she had no money. Poor Margaret had a reason

—innocent and harmless, yet to her dear and sacred—why her pockets should not be searched; and the injuries she received were the result of her opposition.

"Stay here, Margaret—you shall stay as long as you like," was the exclamation of Morris and his wife almost simultaneously; while Lucy offered most heartily the half of her bed, and proceeded to bathe the poor girl's wounds, and bandage her hands.

It was while thus employed, and while all the little party were striving to cheer and comfort the still weeping Margaret, that Allan Douglas entered the house. The door, which opened from the street to the room in which they were assembled, had not been fastened since Margaret's admission, and it would seem that Allan's knock was not heard by any of them; accordingly, he had lifted the latch, and so admitted himself. Margaret's face was from the door; it was impossible she could see who entered; and yet, before he spoke, recognising his step, it may be, the word "Allan!" broke faintly from her lips; and Lucy long afterwards remembered that her hand trembled. He was soon made acquainted with all that had happened, and warmly he sympathised with poor Margaret's wrongs.

"If your friends here will really give you a home, by all means accept it," he exclaimed; "and if I can assist you in the way of securing your wages, or protecting you from annoyance while at the factory, rely on me to do so with the greatest pleasure."

Margaret looked up with an expression of beaming gratitude, that for the moment made her homely, sickly features almost handsome. "Thank you, thank you, Mr Douglas," she replied; "you have always been so very kind to me: but I do wish father to have some of my wages. Only settle what I shall cost my good, kind friends, if I live with them here, and let him have all the rest. It cannot be much, I know, for I only get seven shillings a-week now."

"Only seven? why, Lucy has nine still, bad as times are," exclaimed Morris.

"Ah, Lucy is more clever than I am;" and this was true, though said without a particle of envy. Lucy, indeed, had made great progress in many respects during the twelvemonth she had spent in Manchester. A year ago, no one would have noticed her as anything but a good-tempered, rosy-cheeked country girl; she had now sprung up into a tall, well-proportioned young woman, possessing more grace of manner and deportment than commonly belongs to her class. And yet the secret of this superiority was a very simple one—it consisted in the total absence of all affectation. The trials she had encountered during her father's lingering illness, had taught her to appreciate the comparative ease she had more recently enjoyed: she was therefore contented with her lot; and, from the circumstance of never striving to appear of more consequence than she was, she actually acquired so easy and pleasing a manner, that she appeared superior to her station. The winter, too, had not been idly spent. Margaret Brown's companionship had first tended to elevate her mind, which judicious reading had improved, till now perhaps she was as much in advance of poor Margaret as Margaret had formerly been of her.

For years Allan Douglas had been a kind friend of the pale deformed factory girl, obtaining for her any little indulgence that he found it possible to grant; lending her books, and, what perhaps the desolate child had valued more than all, addressing her always in a tone of most considerate kindness. Is there much wonder that her lonely heart—lonely, indeed, until she knew Lucy—looked up to him with a veneration and respect amounting to adoration, and clung to him with a fondness and devotion, of the real nature of which she was as yet unconscious? She was aware that Allan Douglas had called and spent an hour or two at William Morris's on two or three evenings lately, and she had felt a vague sort of disappointment that it had chanced on these occasions that she was absent. She little guessed the knowledge of her own heart that she would acquire from this the first such meeting.

As it was nine o'clock when Allan came in, his visit was not a very long one. He had brought some books he had promised Lucy, and this led to a conversation on those she had been lately reading. They were new ones, which as yet Margaret had not seen, and she did not attempt to join in the discourse; but she listened eagerly to every word that dropped from his lips.

"I am sure you will be delighted to hear," said Allan, "that Mrs Charlton is thinking of establishing a library for the use of all the workpeople. She says that, in the late troubles, they have conducted themselves so admirably, that she wishes to do this as a mark of her approbation. Indeed she has given orders that henceforth all the fines shall be put away to be devoted to this purpose."

"How kind, how good she is!" said David, who revelled in the very idea.

Abruptly at last—for he had made two or three attempts to take leave, and had sank back again in his chair—Allan rose to depart. Even now he paused before the row of flowers in their bright-red pots placed just within the window. These were Lucy's especial pride and care. "How beautifully the geranium you gave me has grown!" she exclaimed, drawing his attention to it.

"I think you should give me a flower from it," he said almost in a whisper; but Margaret heard the words as distinctly as she for whom they were intended. She was not conscious that she played the spy; and yet she did not fail to notice that Lucy blushed as she cut the fullest and most beautiful flower from its stem.

Now, Allan's one hand held his hat, and, not attempting to support it in the other arm, as he could have done, had he chosen—for he was anything but awkward, maimed though he was—he said, "Make your present doubly welcome, Lucy; lend a hand to a poor helpless fellow; put the flower in my button-hole for me." Without an atom of coquetry, or the hesitation which, under the circumstances, would have been ridiculous, and yet with trembling fingers, Lucy obeyed. And timidly, and but for a moment, she raised her eyes to Allan's face: his were bent upon her with a look of affection and admiration she could not mistake. The blush on her cheek deepened, though, in a rush of new and delightful sensations, the words of adieu clove to her tongue.

Another had interpreted that glance yet more certainly and distinctly. To her heart too the blood had rushed, bearing thither a new sensation—the terrible one of jealousy! And yet the beautiful soul which dwelt in that frail deformed body was too pure, too humble, too unselfish, to harbour such a malignant guest. In a brief interval, less than a minute, all the realities of her life passed in rapid review before her, and she summoned the energies of her mind to dispel the dream which had been, unconsciously to herself, "a thing of beauty" to her life.

When Lucy returned to her side, after closing the door by which Allan Douglas had departed, Margaret was leaning back in her chair. A deathly paleness overspread her countenance, and from her closed eyes a bead-like tear was rolling down each cheek—those single silent tears which are wrung from an agony even more intense than the grief which lies too deep for weeping. But Lucy had not that bitter knowledge which might have taught her to read such signs of suffering. There was neither sigh nor sob, and she attributed all to her friend's bodily sufferings. "Come, dear Margaret," she said, taking her by the hand, "let us to bed." And so, after a kindly "good night" to the rest, Lucy showed her the way, and assisted her up the narrow stairs which led to the little chamber which henceforth they would share. Side by side they lay down; but Lucy slept not very soon, and Margaret not at all.

Early as it was necessary for the factory girls to rise, there was long daylight before Lucy Butler awoke. But her companion was stirring—noiselessly, however—before four o'clock. Perhaps she was weary of the bed on which she could gain no repose; perhaps a restlessness of mind possessed her, and prompted her to rise. She was only partially dressed, when, drawing her shawl around her—for the morning was chilly—Margaret seated herself on the foot of the bed, and gazed intently on her sleeping friend. What a contrast did they afford to each other! The one, sleeping a calm, sweet sleep, radiant in health, and in all the freshness of youthful beauty; the other, haggard, deformed, wo-wearied, and bearing on her pale face the expression of some indescribable agony. Again the large tears rolled silently down her cheeks; but still she gazed on. Presently she turned to a small looking-glass which hung against the wall, and a smile of bitterness passed across her features. "And yet," she murmured, "I love him as well as she can do." Once more she seated herself, and gazed on Lucy; and then she drew forth and pressed to her lips that relic which, after all, had not been disturbed in her rifled pocket. Preserved in a little case was a torn and soiled morsel of paper, on which, by his own hand, the words "Allan Douglas" were written. The truth was, that the fly-leaf of one of the books he had lent her was loose; the temptation to possess herself of this memento had been too strong for resistance, and Allan never had observed the pardonable theft.

Henceforth the two girls dwelt together, and shared the same couch. Lucy never suspected the deep secret which had been the inner life of the other, although, in a few brief weeks, it was her own lot to give a low-whispered confidence to that dear friend on a subject that seemed too great for her young simple heart to retain. But, through all, the only observable difference in Margaret's behaviour was, that she grew, if possible, more devoted and affectionate to Lucy.

Absorbed in our own egotism, our hopes and fears, our affections and pursuits, the best of us are fearfully callous to the emotions of our fellows. Not all who hurry over some large establishment, where hundreds of men and women toil, pause to think each heart has its own mighty world of feelings, its struggles, passions, and temptations—that each has a separate soul, an individual existence, the one priceless, peerless "talent" of A LIFE to improve!

V.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

It was to society of a very different kind from that of his relations that James Butler resorted. It is true he had obtained employment, though at a lower scale of remuneration than that which he had rejected when Mrs Charlton found it necessary to reduce the wages throughout her establishment. But then it was such a fine thing to have thrown up his situation—it had shown so much spirit!—at least so his companions told him.

On the evening when Margaret Brown sought refuge from violence under her friend's roof, a party was assembled, which included her sister and brother-in-law, as well as James Butler. The scene was a good-sized, though low-roofed and dingy-looking room, belonging to a public-house, and which was hired by a body of youthful operatives for the purpose of holding certain weekly meetings. It did not seem by any means a "temperance" party, for even the women had glasses of spirits and water before them. Not that there were many women present, and the few who had assembled, seemed, from their flaunty dress and bold deportment, anything but respectable. Sometimes there was a confused noise from their all speaking together; but tolerable attention was observed when there was either a speech or a song to be listened to.

"If we could but get the old people to show a little spirit, the thing would be done," exclaimed James Butler, addressing a youth who appeared an attentive and interested spectator of what was going on, although he had spoken but little; "but they are so stupid and so frightened, it's hard to do anything with them."

"As for that matter," interrupted Charlotte Jones, "some of the young ones are frightened and stupid too. There's my sister Margaret and those Butlers would bear anything. I don't believe they'd join in a strike, no, not if they were brought down to a shilling a-week. Why, they have not even the spirit to set up for themselves, and live independent. Now *I* left home and took a lodging when I was fifteen; I was not going to be kept in leading-strings, not I—though, to be sure, I married a year afterwards."

As the party chiefly consisted of boys and girls who had thrown off all friendly or parental control, and had "set up for themselves," the sentiments Margaret's sister expressed were received with entire approbation. Perhaps there is no branch of the factory system so much really to be regretted as that which, rendering mere children independent, tempts them to fling off all authority at an age when they are generally unfit, even in favourable circumstances, to guide themselves, and are often peculiarly exposed to temptation; for it is a melancholy truth, that the beacon-light of another's experience seldom serves us. Great, however, as this evil is, it is one which must not be touched even by legislation, which would produce only evils of another kind; and give a terrible power to vicious parents. On the other hand, to the honour of humanity, it is found in these districts that the children brought up with kindness and affection, and to whom the word "home" has been a sound expressive of peace and rest, are seldom indeed inclined to assert an independence which presents no charms to them. Alas for those who, like our poor Margaret, associated the word only with scenes of quarrelling and intemperance, of suffering and sorrow!

"But are you sure that a strike would bring about all you wish?" said the youth who had hitherto been silent, addressing James Butler.

"Why, of course," he replied with an air of positive conviction; "they must come into our terms if we all hold out."

"You forget, I think, the thousands of operatives there are out of employment, who would be eager and glad to accept your present wages, low as they are. Not to mention that the employment of the greater number of you is of so simple a nature, that new 'hands' might be taught their duties in a very few hours."

"Oh, but we would not let them work."

"What! resort to violence to your fellow-sufferers?" exclaimed the stranger; "certainly every one has a right to refuse work for himself, if the terms on which he might take it do not suit him; but he can have no right to control others."

"Oh, I see who you are," observed another of the company. "You are leagued with the mill-owners; you are one of our oppressors."

"I am certainly connected with the mill-owners; and I assure you that they at least do not wish to be your enemies. I do not say that the working-classes may not have causes of complaint; but I am convinced that the employers as a body are not to blame. They are men very much in the hands of circumstances, as you are, and have little power to help themselves. For my own part, I feel deeply that there should be any necessity for reducing wages; but——"

"Don't let us listen to his harangue," cried one of the party, interrupting him. "If he had heard what our public speakers had said on the question, he would not have uttered such stuff."

"I *have* heard them," continued the stranger, rising to depart, "and regret that well-meaning and high-minded men should take so shallow a view of this great question. It is not by any violent convulsion that the working-classes can be benefited. If they would but endeavour to elevate themselves, a thousand events might arise to help them in their progress."

"Fine talking," exclaimed one, "while we are all starving."

"Nay," resumed the young stranger, "you cannot be starving while you have to spare for the liquor now before you. But the time may come, when I tremble to think how many must starve if these desperate measures are taken."

"Oh, we have thousands of pounds in a bank—every man has put in his share for months past."

"And for this you could save!" exclaimed the stranger, "though never to form a fund against sickness or old age—for the widow or the orphan! But if you have these thousands of pounds," he continued, "there are tens of thousands of you to feed. When all is exhausted, what then?"

"Oh, by that time we shall have brought the masters to their senses."

"You may have brought them to ruin," said the stranger, "as well as yourselves. Ah, when will you learn that your prosperity depends on theirs infinitely more than they depend on you?"

"It is!—yes, it is young Charlton himself!" exclaimed Jones;

and as the word went round the room, two or three sturdy arms were pushed forward to prevent his exit.

"Yes, I am Francis Charlton," he replied with perfect coolness and self-possession; "what of it?"

A hiss arose from one quarter, and from another cries of "Lock him up; he shan't betray us!"

"How can I betray you?" he cried, and they were silent, to listen to his words. "I have heard nothing to-night which I, as well as all employers, did not know before. I entered here because a slanderer told me that some of *our* people were among you. I did not believe him; but I rejoice that I came, to prove I was right. Let me pass."

The English are not naturally rude, and admire courage even in a supposed enemy. The party assembled, though in a bad humour, did not dislike young Charlton's firmness, and quietly allowed him to depart.

It was a great satisfaction to Mrs Charlton to find, from her son's report, that their own workpeople were not among the disaffected; and yet she was well aware that in any convulsion or stoppage of work, partial though it might be, all would more or less suffer. Probably, however, the other influential employers of the neighbourhood felt, like herself, that it was not in their power to prevent the coming evil; and if they hoped at all that it would be averted, they looked rather to the chances of some reaction among the operatives themselves, than to any other quarter. June and July passed away in a sort of sullen quiet. It had been the finest summer known for many years, and the prospect of a good harvest was cheering the hearts of thousands.

VI.

THE STRIKE.

It was in the second week in August that the outbreak, disastrous in its consequences, and now become a matter of history, took place. From eight to ten thousand people belonging to the cotton factories voluntarily threw up their employment, resolving to meet all dangers and hardships rather than yield to anything less than what they called "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." At first they were peaceable, contenting themselves with parading the streets, and showing off their imposing numbers. Most probably nearly all of them *intended* to refrain from any act of violence; but they were unprepared for the excitement and frenzied state of feeling which would arise out of the present movement. By degrees the idle and discontented of all denominations — sawyers, joiners, and even shoemakers — threw up their work to join the spinners and weavers. They visited several establishments where the people had commenced work for the day, and persuaded the disaffected, or frightened the timid, into joining their ranks. Then rose the shouts of triumph and congratulation on the air, and soon the public-houses were filled with the noisy crew, who as yet had money to spend.

The authority of the civil magistrates was treated with contempt, and the police were maltreated and abused wherever they showed themselves. Some natural reluctance had been felt to call in the military until the last extremity; for of all the sad uses to which the soldier is put, that of opposing his own countrymen always seems the most dreadful. But now the safety of all peaceable citizens depended upon active measures, and a large reinforcement was already on the road from the metropolis.

"We will pull up the rails," shouted some; "they shan't come." An insane threat, which, had it been carried into execution, could but have slightly delayed, not prevented their arrival.

"Let them come," cried another; "they are brothers—they will join us." An equally insane thought; for of all creatures who have ever been drilled by a system into obedience, the soldier yields up most completely all freedom of action. Moreover, from circumstances, he belongs so entirely to a separate class, and lives in a world so distinct from his fellows, that, generally speaking, his sympathies are by no means enlarged. With him there is no road to promotion but strict attention to his duties, and an unquestioning obedience in the fulfilment of them. The very same piece of misguided selfish human nature which in the one case "stood out for its rights" in a manner contrary to wise authority, might, under the different training, have proved a soldier like the one who unhesitatingly opposed him. Thus far were they certainly brothers—but parted like streams that never more should meet.

It was the third day of the disturbances that the mob approached Mrs Charlton's factory. She had almost hoped that her peaceable workpeople would have remained undisturbed; nevertheless, due precautions had been taken, and the place barricaded to the best of their ability. The number of the rioters had now more than tripled; and so insufficient had the funds of which they boasted proved, that already they might be seen entering the bakers' shops, begging for bread in terms which savoured very much of threats. Shops were closed, and business stopped; and every quietly-disposed individual, who was not called abroad by some urgent business, remained in-doors. And yet a large proportion of this alarming mob was formed of mere youths! A vast number of women, too, were among them.

Their first proceeding was to demand admittance into the courtyard, which being refused them, they called loudly on their fellow-operatives to leave work and come over to them, threatening, if they did not do so, to break in and destroy the machinery. Mrs Charlton had wished to be among those who had served her so faithfully on this trying occasion; but a rumour had reached her that the mob intended setting fire to her private residence, and, though the bolder line of conduct, she had been persuaded to remain there, her friends believing that, in any emergency, her presence of mind would hit on some plan to awe the populace. The rumour, however, was most likely unfounded; for though her house was scarcely capable of any defence, she remained unmolested in it. Meanwhile her eldest son continued at the factory; and he it was who, accompanied by Allan Douglas and William Morris, climbed on to the outer wall, and attempted to hold a parley with the rioters. They would not listen to one who was not of "their order;" and, to escape the dangerous missiles which they began to fling at him, Frank Charlton was obliged to retreat. Allan then strove to make himself heard, but failed equally to command attention. They were half inclined to listen to Morris, whom they considered more one of themselves than Allan; but he was unskilled in all those *arts* by which a practised orator knows how to appeal to the passions of those he is addressing; and his honest blunt sincerity showed him so soon and so evidently to be on the side of good order, that a tempest of hisses arose, and he gave up the attempt in despair.

Scarcely had the three retreated within the walls of the factory, when a loud booming noise proclaimed that they were attempting to force the gate. In a few moments it gave way, and then the mob poured, like a living torrent, into the courtyard. It is true the windows and doors were all secured; but the party who were besieged well knew that such defences would offer but feeble resistance against overpowering numbers. Yet though, in case of some terrible extremity, no mean supply of firearms had been provided, young Charlton and his two counsellors—for so Allan and Morris might be called—determined that they should not be used. "Better suffer than inflict," said they; "let us not have the blood of these misguided creatures on our heads!" One would have thought such behaviour would have calmed their wrath; but an infuriate mob is ungovernable, for the elements, the units, of it are perpetually lashing each other into fever and frenzy.

To be brief, the rioters succeeded in forcing an entrance, in breaking a large amount of machinery, and in putting out the engine fire; which last piece of mischief involved a greater loss than the uninitiated can easily believe—so serious a thing is the stoppage of work for a single hour in a vast establishment of this kind. Young Charlton and those about him who were capable of comprehending the frightful destruction that was going on, must surely have felt a shuddering sickness of heart at the contemplation of such a scene; for however deeply it may injure, the *destruction* of property cannot benefit any one in the long-run. It is true it may sometimes direct money into some especial channel, for the purpose of restoring that which is gone; but the ignorant, mischievous, and thoughtless, seem to forget that, to do this, money must be diverted from some other object.

Happily, however, the cruel work of the incensed mob was stayed in its course by the opportune arrival of the military; and those lately so valiant, when opposed only by the peaceable, seemed literally to dissolve away at the approach of the troops, and all notion that they were "brothers," who would join them, fled in a moment. Evening, however, was drawing on, and its deepening gloom assisted many to escape unharmed; while about fifty, who had been the most daring, and had made themselves the most conspicuous for deeds of mischief, were huddled into a neighbouring barn, and locked up, there to await the decision of the magistrates.

In the course of an hour, the scene, so lately one of discord, ruin, and fierce contention, was once more quiet. And now it was that Mrs Charlton, apprised of all that had happened, drove up to the spot. She cast a hurried glance around, at contemplating a loss of property peculiarly distressing at a period of commercial depression; and perhaps in that one moment she saw, through a long vista, future struggles for herself, and blighted prospects for her children. But she calmed her agitation, like a high-minded, brave-hearted woman that she was; spoke kindly, encouragingly, and cheerfully to those about her; and finally asked for a lantern, and insisted on visiting the barn. Since nothing could dissuade her from going, her son intreated that he might accompany her.

"No, my dear Frank," she answered; "you have run quite risk enough for one day. Besides," she added, trying to find another reason for her refusal, "it seems you are so very unpopular, that you would be no manner of protection."

"If you please, ma'am, may I go with you to carry the lantern?" said David Butler, wondering the next moment, not that he had had courage to make the offer, but that he had ventured to address Mrs Charlton.

"That you shall, my good boy, if you wish it," she promptly replied, evidently pleased at the zeal he had evinced; and proud indeed was he that the lady accepted his services.

So attended, Mrs Charlton entered the barn, and taking the lantern from David's hand, she held it up to every face of that crestfallen crew. There was no attempt to molest her, though no doubt there was much malignant feeling among them still unsubdued. The prevailing expression, however, was that of mortification and shame, and she was of much too generous a nature to triumph over the fallen. She contented herself with ejaculating—"Thank Heaven, I don't know one of you. But let me tell you this, that in another quarter of an hour the smoke will pour out of my chimney as usual; and my people have offered to work all night, to help to repair the damage you have so madly occasioned."

Faithful to their promise, Mrs Charlton's workpeople did prolong their hours of labour; and snatching only two or three hours of rest within the walls of the factory, continued their toil, without any other intermission, until the following evening. Nor did Mrs Charlton herself seek her bed. She was engaged all night in making estimates of what her loss really was, and taking measures to repair it; in all of which the faithful Allan Douglas was her assistant.

"Will it be possible to get the looms repaired so as to execute the order against the 20th, when the Firefly sails? At any rate we must not disappoint Messrs B——, though now we shall lose by the undertaking: but then the connexion. Thirty mules, I think you said, completely broken?"

Twenty such questions did Mrs Charlton eagerly address to her assistants; and with mental or bodily activity on all sides beneath that roof, the hours rolled swiftly on.

It was six o'clock in the evening, the usual hour for closing, when the hundreds of artisans employed by Mrs Charlton prepared for leaving. Wearied with extra work, as well as by the excitement they had undergone, they stood much in need of rest; but rumours were afloat that the streets were by no means quiet; and probably some of the most timorous would have been well content to remain longer together. Morris and David, with Lucy and Margaret, were preparing to depart, when Allan Douglas joined them.

"I shall be so anxious to hear that you reach home safely," he exclaimed, "that I think I had better go with you." Accordingly he offered an arm to each of the girls, Morris suggesting that he and David should go just before, to make way through any crowd they might have to encounter.

So completely had poor Margaret subdued any thought that was selfish in her regard for Allan, that jealousy had departed from her. And it was a pleasure, although in the midst of distress, to be by his side, and listen to his words, even though Lucy engrossed his chief attention. The rumour of continued disturbance in the streets was too true; and before our little party were half aware of their danger, they found themselves in the thick of an unruly mob. These were on their way to some new work of destruction, and the police were vigorously opposing them. Meanwhile shrieks rent the air, and, above all, loud cries for the assistance of the military were heard from all the peaceable individuals, who, with our party, seemed very likely to be victims on the occasion. In their terror the two girls clung to Allan, and it was quite as much as he could do to support them. At this moment, to his great grief, Morris recognised, in one of the most noisy and turbulent of the rioters, his nephew James Butler! Before, however, he could approach or remonstrate with him, a party of soldiers came galloping down the street, and then followed one of those dreadful scenes which are terrible even to remember or contemplate.

Allan and his companions had been pushed near a door-step, which, if they could gain, he knew it might afford them some protection from the pressure of the crowd. In this they succeeded; but, being enabled now to look over the heads of the populace, he perceived they were but a few yards from a street which led away from the scene of strife. He felt pretty sure that, by taking them one at a time, he should be able to lead the two girls to a place of safety. Margaret willingly consented to remain where she was, while he conducted Lucy through the crowd. He was not more than five minutes away, though long indeed must that time have appeared to the poor girl left alone in such a scene; for Morris, horror-stricken at beholding the position of James, had dragged David on towards his brother.

At last poor Margaret saw Allan making his way towards her, and her grateful and affectionate heart bounded at the thought that he was really coming back *for her.* And she was not the only one so coldly trained, so harshly used by the world, that an act of common humanity has seemed one of most lavish and unlooked-for generosity! She had not wept from terror, but tears of gratitude now sprang to her eyes. It was while passing from that doorway once more into the crowd, that some new commotion arose; sticks and staves were brandished all around them; and Margaret saw the course of one descending blow. It must have been by some instinct of gratitude and deep unselfish regard that she threw herself before Allan, and received on her own arm the stroke that otherwise must have fallen on him. It is true a piercing shriek escaped her, and when she was drawn from the crowd, it was found that her arm was broken. Another innocent victim was she to the crimes of others; another proof was thus added to the myriads which exist, that the disturbers of the public peace do not alone risk their own lives and safety.

Almost at the instant of this disaster James Butler fell from the sword-thrust of a dragoon, in whom William Morris recognised, with mingled feelings of grief and joy, his long-lost son!

VII.

CONCLUSION.

Six weeks had elapsed since the turn-out and "strike" of the Manchester operatives. They had discovered that all that their violence had done, was to exhaust their resources, to make themselves paupers (several individuals are said to have died of actual starvation during this period), and to bring utter ruin and disgrace on tens of thousands. Even the injuries they had in several instances inflicted on their employers, recoiled on themselves; since it was impossible wages could rise while manufacturers were suffering. But now a starving people were willing to take any employment that offered.

The scene is once more the humble home of William Morris. It was a chilly autumnal evening, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate; kindled, perhaps, chiefly for the comfort of two invalids who were of the party. On one side sat James Butler, looking pale and thin, for he was by no means recovered from the effects of his wound; and on the other, supported by pillows, and seated in a large easy chair, was poor Margaret Brown. She, too, though always sickly, was even paler and thinner than before. She had suffered extremely from the fracture of her arm, and had endured much mental distress on account of the miserable and disgraceful situation of her family. Young Jones, her sister's husband, had been convicted, with several others, of setting fire to the premises of an employer, and had been sentenced to transportation for seven years. He had pleaded "not guilty," and declared to his friends that he was innocent. It is true that few believed him; for the bad character he had borne, and which, probably, had helped to convict him, destroyed all faith in his word, even with ordinary acquaintances. Seven years! what a term of life! what an age, looking forward to it, to be passed among the vicious and degraded, and in the meanest and most laborious toil! Yet faulty as her conduct had been, most people felt more for the young wife—left unprotected, and with two young children to support—than for the convict himself. It may be that some good impulse in her nature was touched by the kindness of some who would have shunned her before this heavy sorrow came upon her; for it seemed as if she were awaking to a bitter consciousness of her past errors; and amid all her anguish at the coming long, long separation, it was she who implored her husband so to conduct himself that no new stain should sully his name; promising, on her part, to work hard, but honestly, to support their babes, and teaching him still to look forward to calm, if not happy days. A great writer of the present day says truly, "There is a future for all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone." Let us hope that the erring do sometimes find it so!

But there was a stranger of the party that evening who must not be forgotten. This was Charles Morris, a sergeant in the —— dragoons. He had obtained a few days' leave of absence from his regiment, and this was the last evening of his visit to his parents. His mother clasped one of his hands in both of hers, as if she were loath again to part with him; and so indeed she was. He, too, had had errors of early disobedience to own; but all had been forgiven. The profession he had chosen was not that which they would have preferred for him; but he had risen, and was respected in it; and now that he promised frequently to write to them, and to give them a constant account of his movements, they tried at any rate to be content. All seemed truly sorry at his approaching departure, and among the rest James Butler, who, considering the manner of his introduction to his cousin, could scarcely have been expected to look with any degree of favour on his residence amongst them. James, however, was an altered man. He had got the "terrible lesson" that Allan Douglas had said he so much required. Dragged hurriedly home, wounded and bleeding, by his uncle, he for some time suffered pain, sickness, and that remorsefulness of conscience, that humiliation of pride, which is so much more grievous to be borne than bodily distress; and now, while recovering, was like one awakening from a troubled dream.

"Well, James," observed the soldier, "I must say I did not half expect to hear you chime in with these good folks. You know I gave you a pretty smart cut; though, to be sure, it was all in the way of duty."

"Oh I know that very well, Charley. What you did was quite right. It is I who was the fool to be among the mob; and I think I should look upon the sabre-cut as a very fortunate thing. Had I not been struck down, and carried home, I should most likely have been tried and convicted like some others, and been on my way into slavery across the salt seas before this. Why, man, you have saved me from Botany Bay, that you have; and, what is more, you have laid me up here to *think*. I never thought before, that I remember of; and I can tell you I have altered my opinion of a good many things."

"Never too late to learn," cried the soldier. "I am sure I have had occasion to say so many times."

"Another thing which has taught me a great deal," continued the youth, "has been hearing you talk of the different countries you have visited. Now, badly as we have been off, we must be absolutely rich and comfortable when compared with the poor Irish."

"I am glad if you have been able to draw any wholesome lesson from my description of the scenes of abject want and misery which I witnessed while I was quartered in Ireland."

"I cannot say," interrupted William Morris, "that I have ever felt one's sufferings to be lessened by the knowledge that others suffered likewise; but I do think such knowledge brings down one's spirit, and enables us to bear our troubles with more fortitude than if we only were suffering."

"That is just what I feel, uncle," said James.

"There's another thing I have learned since I have been in the army, and that is, that no class is free from its troubles.

Poor working-people are much too apt to think that those above them have not a care in the world. There never was such a mistake. Perhaps, if they were to hear the detail of all that the higher classes, as they are called, encounter, they would not quite understand it; but if they'd seen as much of life as I have, they'd believe nevertheless."

"If every one would do his duty, and act kindly to his neighbours, what a world it would be!" ejaculated Morris.

"Ah, that's just what our colonel says; and he's a great politician. You should hear him speechify as I have done at the mess."

"What is he?"

"Ah, that's what they sometimes ask him; I don't believe that he belongs to any party. But he is all for educating the people, and getting them to emigrate; and though a soldier, and a good one too, all against fighting."

"This emigrating seems a common-sense plan," exclaimed James, after musing for a few minutes; "I believe when I get well, I shall either do that or go for a soldier."

"Take my advice, then, and carry your strength and skill to a land which invites you. We don't say so to the recruits, poor fellows; but there are harder rubs in a soldier's life than you know of. The chances of a bullet or cold steel (and you've had one taste of this) are, to my mind, the least of them. However, *I* am drilled into my duties now, and don't complain; in fact I'm fit for nothing else. But unless you have changed from a rebel to the most docile and obedient of mortals, don't try the army, that's all."

At this moment Allan Douglas lifted the latch, and entered the little parlour. He had become well acquainted with the sergeant, and shook hands with all the party. He paused to inquire affectionately after Margaret, and placed a little packet in her hands. It was the amount of her week's wages, which Mrs Charlton had generously ordered to be paid all through her illness. "Will you take some of it to poor Charlotte tomorrow?" she whispered, as usual, more mindful of others than herself. Allan nodded assent, and pressed her hand; but it was by the side of Lucy that he took a seat. In fact David had manœuvred, for half an hour, most dexterously to occupy that chair; purposely, it would seem, to give it up to him.

James and his cousin continued their discourse, in which Morris and his wife sometimes joined. David was relating something ludicrous that had happened, merely as an attempt to make Margaret smile; but the most important conversation of all was carried on in nearly a whisper. "I know Mrs Charlton told you that you might have chosen higher than one of the factory girls," murmured Lucy her eyes cast down upon her knitting.

"Nonsense!"

"I know she did. Tell me the truth, Allan, pray."

"I reminded her, dear Lucy, that your birth was no humbler than my own, and that it was only her kindness which had raised me something above my former condition; and that, moreover, maimed as I am, I feel grateful to you for accepting me."

"But your mind, Allan, that is so much above mine; there it is that lies your real superiority."

"And is not yours opening, dear girl, like a flower to the sunshine? And were you not a dutiful daughter? And are you not the most faithful and affectionate of friends?"

"No one can help loving poor Margaret," interrupted Lucy; "and did she not save you? Allan, poor or rich, we must never forget her."

"I fear, Lucy, we shall not have long to tend her. Look at those bright eyes starting from the hollow cheeks; she seems already scarcely to belong to the earth. But," he continued in a more cheerful tone, "I enumerated all your good qualities to Mrs Charlton, at least all I could remember, not forgetting what a clever housewife your good aunt has made you; and I believe now she thinks I could not do better. By the way, did I tell you what a favourite David is? They call him, ever since the affair of the barn, 'Mrs Charlton's page.' I really should not much wonder if she were to send him to school, or do something to push him forward in the world."

And now for the conclusion of my tale. His young relations, happy and prosperous, *are* a comfort to honest Morris and his wife, and reward them, by their affection and attention, for the kindness they received in the days of adversity. Margaret Brown lingered but a few months, and died resigned to quit a life which had been so full of suffering. In life, the good, the gentle, and the true, often suffer for the faults of others. Surely there are many who rush headlong into a career of violence and error, believing that they peril only their own lives or peace, who would pause if they remembered how often the punishment falls, as by a rebound, on some unfortunate but guiltless one!

With renewed briskness of trade, and a consequent rise of wages, there has happily been less suffering in the manufacturing districts latterly. The question of the interests of the working-classes is one which agitates the minds of the wisest and most humane senators of the land—men whose whole lives have been devoted to thoughtful studies and important investigations. Will not the poor have faith while such helpers are working for them? How important is it that they should understand and believe every step they take of violence or menace is a backward step, that hinders their real progress!

ANECDOTES OF SERPENTS.

SNAKES, or serpents, form one of the most beautiful and interesting families of the animal kingdom. Possessing the most perfect symmetry of form, and fitted by nature for a peculiar and lowly mode of life, they fulfil purposes in creation which could not have been performed so well by any other existing order. To assist in dispelling some erroneous impressions and unworthy prejudices entertained by many against almost every species of this race, is the intention of the present tract, in which their structure, habits, and history, will be treated as fully as our limits permit. We may commence with an account of their structure and organisation.

The characteristics of a snake or serpent may be said to consist in a very elongated body, destitute of limbs, feet, or other appendages, and covered with a defensive armour of scales. The usual distinctions of head, neck, back, and tail, being all but obliterated, the whole form presents a whip or rope-like appearance, gradually tapering towards the hinder extremity. This body advances along the ground by successive undulations of its own parts—the scales of the abdomen, on which it moves, being larger and more horny, so as to resist the tear and wear to which they are subjected. Of the animals so characterised, some are adapted to live on land, others in water; some spend most of their time on trees, others in crevices and burrows. As a family, snakes are generally subdivided into the venomous and non-venomous—the former constituting scarcely a fourth part of the whole; so that the dread with which the whole order is viewed, is, so far as three-fourths of the number are concerned, entirely without foundation.

The structure of serpents, like every other portion of Nature's handiworks, is finely adapted to their respective modes of existence. They are true vertebrated or back-boned animals; but the usual distinction of vertebra of the neck, back, and loins, does not hold in their case; all the bones being similar, and only diminishing in size towards the tail. The total want of feet implies the absence of a breast-bone and pelvis; so that a snake, from head to tail, is a mere succession of rib and backbone. The vertebræ are extremely small and numerous—those of the trunk sometimes amounting to three hundred, and those of the tail to more than half that number. They play freely on each other by means of well-defined jointings; hence that litheness and agility of body peculiar to the order. Each backbone has its own pair of ribs; and the large scales of the belly, by which locomotion is performed, always correspond to the ribs, which are their levers. The ribs, acted on by the muscles, put in motion the abdominal plates, and these maintain the impulses which are successively communicated to them. The speed of these animals depends in a great degree on the nature of the body over which they move: they proceed with difficulty over a polished surface, but escape with celerity on sandy ground, or on a surface covered with dry vegetation. Their speed, however, has been exaggerated, as it is never so rapid that a man cannot easily escape from them. The other movements which this peculiar structure of body enables these reptiles* to perform, are also perfect in their kind. They can roll in a spiral form, with the head slightly elevated in the centre: they can erect themselves almost perpendicularly, resting on the tail; can arch themselves in the form of an S; suspend themselves from a tree; or stretch in easy undulations along the ground. In water-serpents, the tail, which is slightly flattened in a vertical direction, acts as an oar in propelling the body; in tree-serpents, the same organ is capable of coiling itself around branches; in burrowing snakes, it is short and conical, so as to secure and direct the movements of the trunk, and perhaps to dig into the earth; while in most of the land species, it is so formed as to support the whole weight of the body when the animal rears itself erect. Several species throw themselves on their prey with large bounds, and seize it generally with their mouth; others secure it by twisting the tail around it; and the boas also embrace and crush it with the convolutions of their trunk.

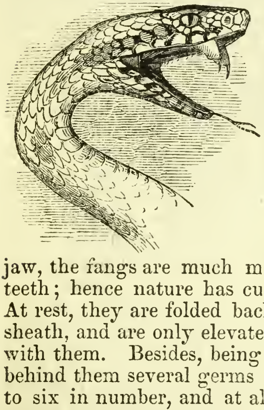
---

* In systems of zoology, reptiles are divided into four great orders, of which the tortoise, crocodile, lizard, and common adder, are the respective representatives. Although all these are comprehended under the title *Reptilia*, or creepers, the three former orders are furnished with feet more or less developed—it being only the true serpents, or *Ophidia*, which are totally destitute of these organs of locomotion. The serpents are usually subdivided into the following families:—1. *Coluberidæ*, consisting of the boas, pythons, colubers, and other non-venomous snakes not belonging to the subsequent families; 2. *Crotalidæ*, containing the rattlesnake, viper, and all the venomous genera; 3. *Hydrophidæ*, or water-snakes; 4. *Amphisbænidæ*, or double-walkers—that is, those which can move with either extremity foremost; and, 5. *Anguinidæ*, or slow-worms.

To obey these various movements, the external covering is divided into numerous compartments or scales, which form so many jointings parallel to the parts they cover. The whole body is thus lithe and flexible, the naked space of skin between the scales being capable of extraordinary expansion and contraction, as is well illustrated in the act of feeding, when serpents are known to swallow animals of much greater volume than their own natural size. This wonderful expansibility is also common to the head and jaws—the parts of which are merely banded together by elastic ligaments. The scales, which are always symmetrically arranged, overlap each other like the tiles of a roof; those covering the head and belly being larger than those of the other parts. This epidermis or outer covering is cast off or sloughed at fixed periods—the old tarnished integument being replaced by one of greater brilliancy. With reference to the coloured markings of the respective races, it is extremely diversified. Some have the body striped longitudinally; others have it barred transversely; many are irregularly speckled; while as many are zig-zagged and marbled. In general, there is an analogy between the colours of snakes and the surrounding objects in the places which they inhabit—a circumstance wisely ordered by nature for their protection from their numerous enemies. Among the climbing species, many are green, so as to resemble the leaves of the trees they inhabit; some can scarcely be distinguished from naked branches; while others present markings like that of an old trunk covered with mosses and lichens. Fresh-water snakes are usually of a sombre and uniform colour—the green and blue tints of the sea confounding them with the waves of that element. The vipers of the desert are of a dull sandy colour; those of marshes of a dusky brown; while others have their integuments covered with the most brilliant hues, in rivalry of the tropical flowers amid which they luxuriate.

The appendages of serpents are few, but by no means uncommon. In some species the tail terminates in a simple conical scale, more or less pointed or hooked; in others it is furnished with a *rattle*, often very large, although it is but a simple production of the epidermis. Some of the boas have a pair of hooks situated at the extremity of the abdomen, which seem to aid in progression; and in other species, the snout or frontal scale is turned up in the form of a hook or spur. Beyond these simple appendages, snakes are entirely naked; the forked wings, tails, and barbs with which the ancients equipped them, being the unmingled invention of fable or imposture. Serpents have no external ear, and the internal organ is one of the simplest construction; which accounts for the fact, that they have the sense of hearing in a lower degree than any other class of reptiles. The same may be said of their sense of smell, which is by no means delicate. The eye of the serpent presents nothing remarkable, unless that it is covered by the exterior integument which envelops the whole body—the portion protecting the eye being of course transparent, but sloughing like the rest of the skin. The best-informed naturalists reject altogether the stories told respecting the *fascination* of this organ; to which we shall return in another section. Again, the tongue has none of those barbed and spear-like appendages with which fable has armed it. It is certainly divided into two slender filaments at its point, and is capable of being protruded with more or less velocity, but beyond this it is a mere organ of touch, and does not assist either in taste or in swallowing.

The teeth of serpents form perhaps the most peculiar of their characteristics. All of them swallow the animals on which they live entire; hence their teeth are not formed for chewing, but are organs destined to detain their prey, or to assist in swallowing. These organs are of two kinds—*solid teeth*, which are common to all snakes, and *fangs*, which are peculiar to such as are poisonous. The solid teeth are generally of equal size, and are grooved or channelled, this channel being connected with the glands which secrete the ordinary saliva. The fangs, on the other hand, are always larger, hollow, and pointed — the perforation passing from the point to the poison glands situated at the base of those deadly weapons. So soon, therefore, as the fangs strike, the muscle which elevates them presses upon the venom gland, and forces the liquid through the perforation into the wound inflicted. Situated at the front of the jaw, the fangs are much more liable to injury than the other teeth; hence nature has curiously provided for their protection. At rest, they are folded back in the gums, which form a sort of sheath, and are only elevated when the serpent is about to strike with them. Besides, being liable to be broken, there is placed behind them several germs of new fangs, sometimes amounting to six in number, and at all stages of development, so that the animal can never be long without these fatal means of defence. Innocuous serpents are entirely destitute of fangs, and generally kill their prey by swallowing it at once, or by crushing it in their convolutions. Though deficient in poison glands, they have the salivary ones very largely developed; so that in swallowing, a copious discharge of saliva takes place on the prey,



which renders the process more easy. As is well known, they often attempt to swallow animals of considerable size; and it is nothing uncommon to find them for several days with part of their prey protruding from their mouths. If attacked in this state, they have the power of disgorging their food, and so in an instant can put themselves in a state of defensive activity.

Serpents are oviparous animals; the eggs of some being hatched internally, those of some almost immediately after they are dropped, and those of others requiring several weeks of incubation. They are of slow growth, and, like other reptiles, are said to be long-lived. Many travellers, and especially those of a remote age, speak of snakes of an enormous size, which they say they have encountered in their wanderings in intertropical countries; but well-informed naturalists discredit such statements, and affirm that the most gigantic rarely exceed thirty feet in length. In Europe, the largest known species attains, when full grown, a length of not more than six or eight feet. Monstrosities do sometimes occur through disease or congenital malformations; but forms with heads at either extremity, furnished with barbed wings and other appendages, as depicted by the ancients, rest on no securer basis than popular imagination.

HABITS AND MODE OF LIFE.

In their habits, serpents are partly diurnal and partly nocturnal, though by far the greater number come abroad during the heat of the day. Lurking amid herbage, coiled up under a bush with the head slightly elevated in the centre, or twined around the branch of a tree, they usually remain in a listless state till some animal makes its approach, and then they either retreat, or dart upon it with astonishing celerity, according as it may seem to afford a suitable banquet. When gorged with food, they are not easily disturbed, and when discovered by any of the larger animals, are generally more inclined to conceal themselves than act on the offensive. They are all carnivorous, the aquatic species living more or less on fishes, the tree serpents on birds, and the smaller species of land-snakes pursuing insects, slugs, frogs, mice, and other creatures of the lower orders. The larger species destroy fowls, rabbits, sheep, deer, &c.; even buffaloes and horses are said not unfrequently to fall the victims of the boa-constrictor. If small, the prey is generally caught and devoured at once; if large, it is enveloped in their folds till crushed and strangled, after which it is smeared with saliva, and gradually swallowed. As already mentioned, the peculiar construction of the jaws allows of an extraordinary gape: the boa has been known to swallow animals three times its own natural girth, and has been found with the antlers of a stag protruding from its mouth, apparently unable to take in these appendages.

The teeth being unfitted for chewing, the feeding of serpents is merely a process of deglutition; hence the horrid spectacle which some of the larger kinds present when discovered with the decaying prey half protruding from their jaws.

Many, such as the sea species, live in society; but, generally speaking, land serpents are found independent and solitary. Humboldt, however, mentions a case where he saw a vast number collected into a sort of defensive pyramid, as if actuated by a community of feeling against some gigantic enemy. "In the savannahs of Izacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages, whilst I preferred to skirt the green forests. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop, and called to me, 'Here, sir, come and see serpents in a pile!' He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my companions then said, 'This is certainly one of these assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near.' When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however, none of us were inclined. Suddenly the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it; thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of their circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remain at its post, and appear to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossean enemy, which might be the great serpent or the cayman, and that they re-unite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him in a mass." We greatly doubt that defence was the object of this congregation; and are rather inclined to ascribe it to those feelings of gallantry which at certain seasons draw together vast herds of animals, otherwise the most unsocial and solitary.

The land genera hybernate, that is, retreat to holes or under masses of foliage during winter, and become torpid. In this state the venomous kinds may be destroyed without any risk of danger, as they are totally inactive, and their poison is both scanty and comparatively harmless. Though solitary during summer, some of the smaller species seem to congregate on the approach of hybernation; for they are sometimes found in vast numbers twined and tangled together in their burrows. In some cases this dormancy commences about October, and continues till April, when they come forth in a lean and feeble condition. Like all slow-breathers, serpents can exist for a long time without food: the boa-constrictor has been known to live for six months without the least nourishment; and the rattlesnake is said to have existed for a year and a half in a similar condition. Although almost all have a stupid, timid, and wild disposition, yet many, such as the boas and common snake, as will hereafter be shown, are capable of being domesticated, and of contracting very mild manners. The true venomous serpents, however, never change their ferocious character, and, when captured, refuse to take food, and so become the victims of their own obstinacy.

Respecting their geographical distribution, serpents may be said to have an almost universal range, but are more numerous towards the torrid zone, and become rare and diminutive in cold regions. Jungles, marshes, savannahs, and other desert places in the tropics, form their head-quarters; but the numerous enemies they have among the smaller quadrupeds and birds, keep their increase in check. The wild hog, peccary, badger, hedgehog, weasel, civet, ichneumon, and other carnivora, devour them with avidity; the stork, the serpent-eater of the Cape, the kite, laughing falcon, and buzzard, are their implacable enemies; while man wages incessant war against them wherever he and they come in contact. The desert and unreclaimed wild are the proper fields for their increase: the progress of cultivation in any country is always equivalent to their extirpation. Thus, but a few species inhabit Europe, while they swarm in India, the peninsular region of Asia, in Africa, and in the warmer districts of both North and South America. In Britain, where they were at one time pretty prevalent, there are now only three species—the viper, snake, and blind-worm; and even these are confined principally to waste moors, downs, and upland wilds. With regard to the common opinion, that reptiles of any kind are unable to exist in Ireland, we believe it is nothing more than a mere vulgar tradition, founded on their comparative rarity. Mr Bell, in his History of British Reptiles, as well as all well-informed tourists, affirm the existence of the lizard, frog, and toad in that island, and consider the absence of serpents (if really absent) as a mere local accident. It is true that modern naturalists have not been enabled to discover either the viper or snake, and it is equally certain that the various attempts made to introduce them have proved unsuccessful; but, adds Mr Bell, "it does not appear that the failure of these attempts is to be attributed to anything connected with the climate or other local circumstances, but rather to the prejudices of the inhabitants which led to their destruction, nor is there reason to believe that their absence from Ireland is other than purely accidental."

VENOMOUS SPECIES.

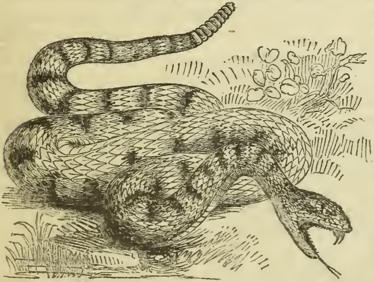
As already stated, some serpents are venomous and some inoffensive; the former, luckily for other animals, forming but a small fraction of the entire family. "But though the poison be justly terrible to us," says Goldsmith, in his often erroneous but agreeably-written Animated Nature, "it has been given to very good purposes for the animal's own proper support and defence. Without this, serpents, of all other animals, would be the most exposed and defenceless: without feet for escaping a pursuit; without teeth capable of inflicting a dangerous wound, or without strength for resistance; incapable, from their size, of finding security in very small retreats, like the earth-worm; and disgusting all from their deformity; nothing was left for them but a speedy extirpation. But furnished as they are with powerful poison, every rank of animals approach them with dread, and never seize them but at an advantage. Nor is this all the benefit they derive from it. The malignity of a few serves for the protection of all. Though not above a tenth of their number are actually venomous, yet the similitude they all bear to each other excites a general terror of the whole tribe; and the uncertainty of their enemies as to which possesses the poison, makes even the most harmless formidable. Thus Providence seems to have acted with double precaution; it has given some of them poison, for the general defence of a tribe naturally feeble; but it has thinned the numbers of those which are venomous, lest they should become too powerful for the rest of animated nature." Concurring in the truth of this sentiment, and again repeating the fact, that man has, in ordinary circumstances, very little to dread from the serpent family, we shall shortly notice some of the more remarkable genera under the two great divisions of venomous and inoffensive:—but, first, of the nature of this venom.

When freshly dropped from the fangs, the poison is a transparent fluid of a yellowish-green tint, slightly glutinous; and when dried, becomes viscid and adhesive. Chemical tests show it neither to be acid nor alkali; it has no peculiar smell; and applied to the tongue, it produces the same sensation as grease. It is only deleterious when mingled with the blood; hence its effects are more terribly and speedily developed when the quantity is great, and when it is directly infused into a vein or other blood-vessel. The effects of the bite depend upon many concurrent circumstances. A part which can be fairly struck, is more dangerous than one struck in a slanting direction; and the last bites are less hurtful, owing to the poison being expended. A large animal suffers less in comparison than a small one; cold-blooded animals feel the effects less than warm-blooded; and in tropical climates, the poison is more virulent and fatal than in temperate regions. Its fatal effect on the human frame is thus described by Dr Schlegel:—"Man speedily perceives an acute pain in the limb wounded by the fangs, which only make two minute punctures hardly visible, from which a few drops of blood flow: the wounded part afterwards swells, and inflammation declares itself with more or less rapidity: the absorption of the poison is announced by general debility; walking becomes painful; the respiration impeded and laborious; the patient experiences a burning thirst; nausea and vomiting quickly succeed, often followed by great distress and faintings, which, joined to the most violent pain, deprive the sufferer of his intellectual faculties. Livid spots surrounding the wound are the precursors of gangrene, which spreads to other parts of the body, and causes death after a longer or shorter interval." The antidotes against the bites of snakes are numerous, but most of them are utterly useless, being founded on the quackery of charmers and empirics. In good medical practice, the most effectual remedies have been found to be, immediate cleaning of the parts bitten, scarification, cupping, and cauterizing, internal administrations of chlorine and ammonia, and external frictions of olive oil. Ligatures above and beneath the wound, to prevent the spread of the poison, should also be resorted to when the parts will admit of such appliances.

The most familiar to English readers of the venomous kinds is the *viper* or *adder*, being the only poisonous reptile indigenous to this country. It is found frequenting heaths, dry woods, and banks, both in Scotland and England; but has never been discovered in any part of Ireland. It is rife in continental countries, and is everywhere justly feared on account of its venom—there being several species, varying chiefly in colour and size. The viper rarely exceeds two and a half feet in length; is rather slender in make; and though powerful enough to kill a large animal by its poison, is incapable of swallowing any prey beyond frogs, mice, and perhaps rats. It is rather tardy in its movements, and man, unless taken unawares, has little to fear from it, as he can readily make his escape. The female brings forth her young alive; in other words, the eggs, which generally number from ten to eighteen, are hatched internally. Vipers are easily taken or destroyed: we ourselves have been instrumental in the capture of a dozen or two, with no other instrument than a common pitchfork, by which the head of the reptile was pinioned to the ground, till it was secured beyond means of doing harm. With respect to its dangerous properties, Mr Bell remarks—"In this country I have never seen a case which terminated in death, nor have I been able to trace to an authentic source any of the numerous reports of such a termination. At the same time, the symptoms are frequently so threatening, that I cannot but conclude that in very hot weather, and when not only the reptile is in full activity and power, but the constitution of the victim in a state of great irritability and diminished power, a bite from the common viper would very probably prove fatal. The poisonous fluid is perfectly innocuous when swallowed. Dr Mead and others have made this experiment, and never experienced the slightest ill effects from it. It is, however, clear that there would be danger in swallowing it were any part of the mouth, the throat, or the œsophagus in a state of ulceration, or having an abraded surface."

For the successful application of salad or olive oil to the part bitten by a viper, we are indebted to a William Oliver, a viper-catcher at Bath, who discovered the remedy more than a century ago. The public experiments on this subject are thus recorded:—"On the first of June 1735, in the presence of a number of persons, Oliver suffered himself to be bit by an old black viper (brought by one of the company) upon the wrist and joint of the thumb of the right hand, so that drops of blood came out of the wounds: he immediately felt a violent pain both at the top of his thumb and up his arm, even before the viper was loosened from his hand: soon after he felt a pain, resembling that of burning, trickle up his arm; in a few minutes his eyes began to look red and fiery, and to water much: in less than an hour he perceived the venom seize his heart with a pricking pain, which was attended with faintness, shortness of breath, and cold sweats; in a few minutes after this his belly began to swell, with great gripings and pains in his back, which were attended with vomitings and purgings: during the violence of these symptoms his sight was gone for several minutes, but he could hear all the while. He said that, in his former experiments, he had never deferred making use of his remedy longer than he perceived the effects of the venom reaching his heart; but this time, being willing to satisfy the company thoroughly, and trusting to the speedy effects of his remedy, which was nothing more than olive oil, he forbore to apply anything till he found himself exceeding ill and quite giddy. About an hour and a quarter after being bit, a chafing-dish of glowing charcoal was brought in, and his naked arm was held over it, as near as he could bear, while his wife rubbed in the oil with her hand, turning his arm continually round, as if she would have roasted it over the coals: he said the poison soon abated; but the swelling did not diminish much. Most violent purgings and vomitings soon ensued; and his pulse became so low, and so often interrupted, that it was thought proper to order him a repetition of cordial potions: he said he was not sensible of any great relief from these; but that a glass or two of olive oil drank down seemed to give him ease. Continuing in this dangerous condition, he was put to bed, where his arm was again bathed, over a pan of charcoal, and rubbed with salad oil, heated in a ladle over the charcoal, by Dr Mortimer's direction, who was the physician that drew up the account. From this last operation he declared that he found immediate ease, as though by some charm: he soon after fell into a profound sleep, and, after about nine hours' sound rest, awaked about six the next morning, and found himself very well; but in the afternoon, on drinking some rum and strong beer, so as to be almost intoxicated, the swelling returned, with much pain and cold sweats, which abated soon, on bathing the arm as before, and wrapping it up in brown paper soaked in the oil." That there may be much benefit derived from the application of this oil, we do not pretend to judge; but one cannot help thinking that William Oliver was in this case not a little indebted to a powerful constitution, which was capable of withstanding the comparatively feeble poison of a British adder.

Closely resembling the viper in appearance and character, but growing to a length of five or six feet, is the rattlesnake of America. This reptile is one of the most dangerous of its family, its bite, when properly inflicted, being sure to cause the death of the largest animal. It is totally unknown in the old world, and is readily distinguished by its rattle, an instrument situated at the tail extremity, and consisting of several horny membranous cells, which rattle upon each other when agitated by the animal. The rattlesnake is of a tawny and black colour above, and ash-coloured beneath; has a short and rather rounded head; a large protecting scale over each eye, and long sharp-pointed fangs. It is slow in its motions, inactive in its habits, and not readily disturbed—features which luckily tend to lessen the mischief which otherwise it would be capable of inflicting. The effects of the poison of course depend much upon the season of the year, the age and strength of the reptile, and the part struck; hence numerous cases are on record of individuals recovering in a few weeks from the bite of a rattlesnake. It is also found by experiment, that the effect of subsequent wounds is greatly diminished, either by the diminution of the quantity of venom, or by some deterioration of its strength; so that if a venomous serpent be made repeatedly to inflict wounds, without allowing sufficiently long intervals for it to recover its powers, each successive bite becomes less and less dangerous. "A gentleman of my acquaintance," says the author of British Reptiles, "had some years ago received a living rattlesnake from America. Intending to try the effects of its bite upon some rats, he introduced one of these animals into the cage with the serpent; it im-



mediately struck the rat, which died in two minutes. Another rat was then placed in the cage; it ran to the part furthest from the serpent, uttering cries of distress. The snake did not immediately attack it; but after half an hour, and on being irritated, it struck the rat, which did not exhibit any symptoms of being poisoned for several minutes, and died twenty minutes after the bite. A third and remarkably large rat was then introduced. It exhibited no signs of terror at its dangerous companion, which, on its part, appeared to take no notice of the rat. After watching for the rest of the evening, my friend retired, leaving the serpent and the rat together. On rising early the next morning to ascertain the fate of his two heterogeneous prisoners, he found the snake dead, and the muscular part of its back eaten by the rat. I do not remember at what time of the year this circumstance took place, but I believe it was not during very hot weather."

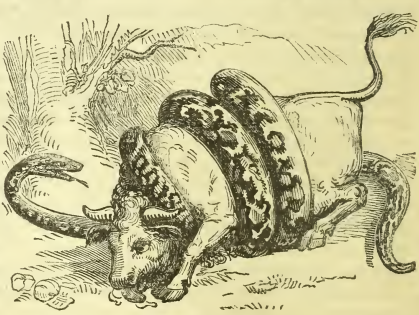
Contrary to this opinion of the venom losing its efficacy, is the following anecdote, narrated by an American writer:—" A farmer was one day mowing with his negroes, when he by chance trod on a rattlesnake, that immediately turned upon him, and bit his boot. At night, when he went to bed, he was attacked with a sickness; he swelled, and before a physician could be called in, he died. All his neighbours were surprised at this sudden death; but the corpse was interred without examination. A few days after, one of the sons put on his father's boots, and at night, when he pulled them off, he was seized with the same symptoms, and died on the following morning. The doctor arrived, but, unable to divine the cause of so singular a disorder, seriously pronounced both the father and the son to have been bewitched. At the sale of the effects, a neighbour purchased the boots, and on putting them on, experienced the like dreadful symptoms with the father and son: a skilful physician, however, being sent for, who had heard of the preceding affair, suspected the cause, and, by applying proper remedies, recovered his patient. The fatal boots were now carefully examined, and the two fangs of the snake were discovered to have been left in the leather with the poison-bladders adhering to them. They had penetrated entirely through, and both the father and son had imperceptibly scratched themselves with their points in pulling off the boots."

Besides the vipers and rattlesnakes, there are many other venomous genera, with which the inhabitants both of the old and new world are but too well acquainted. Among these may be noticed the *Cobra de Capello*, or hooded serpent of the East, which derives its name from the power it has of inflating its neck, when under passion, like a coif or hood. This reptile is one of the deadliest of its race, has long and powerful fangs, and grows from three to six or eight feet in length. The *Whip-snake* is another dangerous inhabitant of the East, so called from its long, slender, whip-like appearance, specimens having been found fully five feet long, and yet not much thicker than the thong of a coachman's whip. It is, however, rather inactive and powerless, and can be easily despatched, if observed before it has put its complicated coils in proper order. It is told of one of the early Jesuit missionaries, who happened to enter an Indian pagoda, that, seeing what he took to be a whip-cord lying on the floor, he stooped to take it up; but upon handling it, what was his surprise to find that it was animated, and no other than the whip-snake, of which he had heard such formidable accounts. Fortune, however, seemed to favour him, for he grasped it by the head, so that it had no power to bite him, and only twisted its folds up his arm. In this manner he held it, till it was killed by those who came to his assistance. The *Jaculus*, or darter of the West Indies, perhaps the swiftest of the family; the *Hæmorrhois*, so called from its bite producing hæmorrhages; the coral serpent; the *Cerastes* of Egypt, supposed to have been that employed by Cleopatra to cause her death; the common asp or aspic; and many others, are all less or more poisonous, their bites causing swellings, inflammations, and gangrenes, but rarely death, if the usual remedies be speedily applied.

NON-VENOMOUS SPECIES.

The serpents without venom are readily distinguished by being destitute of poison-fangs, by their head being smaller and less rounded, and by their more graceful and tapering forms. This section includes all the boas, pythons, and colubers, the water-snakes, the double-walkers—that is, those which can move with either extremity foremost—and the slow-worm. Two species—the common snake and slow-worm—are indigenous to Britain, and are not unfrequent in waste heaths, downs, and coppices. The slow, sometimes called the *blind*-worm, is a harmless, inactive creature, but is far from being blind, as the vulgar suppose; for though its eyes be minute, they are exceedingly vivid. The snake, which chiefly feeds on slugs, insects, field-mice, and frogs, is naturally shy, but capable of domestication, as will be seen in another section. The black snake of America, which closely resembles the common snake of Britain in its habits and inoffensive manners, is said to be extremely useful in clearing houses of rats and mice, both of which they pursue with agility. The Æsculapian serpent meets with equal attention from the Italians, being permitted to crawl about their chambers, and even beds; the Boynua is a favourite with the Ceylonese; and some of the Japan species are treated as pets and ornaments. Many of these Eastern snakes are certainly most beautifully marked and coloured; and could we only banish the idea of danger from our minds, there is little doubt of their meeting with equal favour among Europeans.

But though the non-venomous species are harmless, so far as poison-fangs are concerned, there are several which grow to such a size as to become very formidable opponents. Of these, by far the most common are the various species of boa, which inhabit the woods of Java, Brazil, and other tropical countries. The *boa constrictor*, so called from the manner in which he crushes and strangles his prey by coiling around it, commonly grows to a length of from twenty to thirty feet, and several have been found to attain to so much as forty, with a thickness equalling that of an ordinary sized human body. Well-informed naturalists disregard the stories of travellers, who speak of boas fifty and sixty feet in length; ascribing such accounts to the exaggeration of terrified imaginations, or to a wish to excite the wonder of their readers. Assuming even thirty-five or forty feet as a maximum, it is evident that a goat, deer, ox, or even horse, would be no match for a boa in full vigour, if once he had made a single coil round its body. Happily, the appetite of these gigantic snakes bears no proportion to their means of gratifying it, as a full meal is succeeded by a state of torpor, which frequently lasts for a month or six weeks, or, during the cold season, even for a longer period. In killing its prey, the boa does not merely wreathe itself around the body, but places fold over fold, as if desirous of adding as much weight as possible to the muscular effort; these folds are then gradually tightened, with such immense force as to crush the principal bones, and thus not only to destroy the animal, but to bring its carcase into a state the most easy for its being swallowed. After the carcase has been sufficiently crushed, the boa lubricates the whole with its saliva, and then proceeds to swallow it entire. In the German Ephemerides, we have an account of a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo, by a person who assures us that he was himself a spectator. The serpent had for some time been waiting near the brink of a pool, in expectation of its prey, when a buffalo was the first that offered. Having darted upon the affrighted animal, it instantly began to wrap it round with its voluminous twistings; and at every twist the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack. It was in vain that the poor animal struggled and bellowed; its enormous enemy entwined it too closely to get free; till at length, all



its bones being mashed to pieces, like those of a malefactor on the wheel, and the whole body reduced to one uniform mass, the serpent untwined its folds to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and in order to make the body slip down the throat more glibly, it was seen to lick the whole body over, and thus cover it with its mucus. It then began to swallow it at that end that offered least resistance, while its length of body was dilated to receive its prey, and thus took in at once a morsel three times its own thickness.

As the boas and other large serpents are generally on the outlook for prey in the most frequented places, it sometimes happens that man becomes their victim. In the Bombay Courier of August 31, 1799, we have the following:—"A Malay prow was making for the port of Amboyna; but the pilot, finding she could not enter it before dark, brought her to anchor for the night close under the island of Celebes. One of the crew went on shore in quest of betel nuts in the woods, and on his return lay down, as it is supposed, to sleep on the beach. In the course of the night he was heard by his comrades to scream out for assistance. They immediately went on shore; but it was too late, for an immense snake of this species had crushed him to death. The attention of the monster being entirely occupied by his prey, the people went boldly up to it, cut off its head, and took both it and the body of the man on board their boat. The snake had seized the poor fellow by the right wrist, where the marks of the fangs were very distinct; and the mangled corpse bore evident signs of being crushed by the monster's twisting itself round the neck, head, breast, and thigh. The length of the snake was about thirty feet; its thickness equal to that of a moderate-sized man; and on extending its jaws, they were found wide enough to admit at once a body of the size of a man's head." Again, in the Oriental Annual we find that a few years ago, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh fruits, which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of that inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of her. During their absence, the Lascar who remained in charge of it, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats, and fell asleep. Whilst he was in this state of unconsciousness, an enormous boa-constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned; and attacking the monster, severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it, that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and was found to measure sixty-two feet (?) and some inches in length. Even when in a state of bondage, and enfeebled by confinement and the cold of our climate, the boa has been known to exhibit considerable address and power in seizing its prey. The following anecdote, related of one lately kept in the tower of London, shows that a man is scarcely match for a very ordinary boa-constrictor:—"Some years ago, when the keeper was offering a fowl to one of these serpents, the animal being almost blind from the approaching change of its skin, missing the fowl, seized upon the keeper's thumb instead, around which and its own head it instantaneously threw two coils, and then, as if surprised at the unexpected resistance, cast an additional fold round his neck, and fixed itself by its tail to one of the posts of its cage in such a manner as nearly to throttle him. His own exertions, however, aided by those of the under-keepers, at length disengaged him from his perilous situation; but so determined was the attack of the snake, that it could not be compelled to relinquish its hold until two of its teeth had been broken off and left in the thumb."

There are several other innocuous serpents which attack their prey in the same manner as the boas, but none of these exceed twelve or sixteen feet in length, and of course are barely a match for a sheep or goat. In general, it may be said of the non-venomous orders that they are harmless creatures, living in waste places, where they rarely obtain or even seek for a meal; their peculiarly abstinent nature, and periodical torpidity, limiting their wants to those of mere existence. It is true that their close resemblance to the venomous orders renders them indiscriminately objects of man's aversion; and so long as there is difficulty in recognising the venomous from the inoffensive, both will equally suffer from his antipathy.

ENCOUNTERS WITH SERPENTS.

Viewed as the whole serpent family are with aversion and fear, it is not to be wondered at that man, as already hinted, should wage against them perpetual war. Many of these encounters, whether premeditated or accidental, have been replete with danger, and cannot be read without exciting an interest worthy of more lofty adventures. The following, told by an early correspondent of Chambers's Journal, exhibits as fine an instance of presence of mind and cool fortitude as we remember ever to have met with:—"In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary cells, where the disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, at Madras, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honourable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house furnishing, however, Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down bed to Jock, and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting 'an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,' when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air-hole which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock externally, on which the building was placed. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavoured to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him; but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bedfellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and lastly over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl backwards and forwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

"When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter. 'When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?' said he. 'About nine o'clock last night,' was Jock's reply. 'Why didn't you call to the guard?' asked the officer. 'I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't, so I just lay still.' 'But you might have been bit: did you know that you would have died instantly?' 'I kent that very weel,' said Hall; 'but they say that snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them; sae I just let it crawl as it liket.' 'Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all, but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done.' When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bedfellow."

Of a more active and exciting nature is the following adventure, narrated by Mr Waterton in his "Wanderings" in Demerara and the adjacent parts of South America:—"I was sitting," says he, "with a Horace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bushmaster, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose up, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance which was close by me, 'Well then, Daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat, check shirt, and trousers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us; and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree: all was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the spot where they were, and keep the little dog in, and I would go and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slowly and cautiously. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out. It was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this animal, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

"On ascertaining the size of the game we had to encounter, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and intreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we came to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me, in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged them behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them; for

I was sure if I did not do this, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On disarming them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is approaching under suspicious colours.

"We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the weapon, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work; but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him; so, after securing afresh his mouth, that he could not open it, he was forced into a large bag, and left to his fate till morning."

Another South American adventure, equally exciting, and attended with greater personal danger, is recorded by a military correspondent of the Edinburgh Literary Gazette—a paper long since discontinued. This gentleman was at the time residing with a friend in British Guiana, and employing himself chiefly in shooting, and fishing in a neighbouring river. One sultry day, tired with unsuccessful sport, he threw his lines, and drew his canoe to the river's edge, for the purpose of refreshing himself in the water. Having done so, he stretched himself, half-dressed, on the benches of his boat, with his gun at his head loaded for a shot, if a chance should occur. In this position he fell asleep. " I know not how long I may have slept," he continues, " but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half-stupor felt after immediately waking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field—but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes, and at the same instant I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcase), drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it: my finger was on the trigger: I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectable distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

" As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below my friend's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where you may be certain I lost no time in communicating the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. 'In that case,' said Mr H., 'it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;' and instantly summoning Cæsar (a black servant), he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. 'If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords.' I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. 'In general,' said he, 'it is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so. But we now take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen.' Just as he finished saying this, Cæsar reappeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a billhook. This, Mr H. told me, was to clear a road among the reeds, if the animal should have retreated among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them, so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter. My friend commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his billhook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr H. and me with our guns; while Cæsar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

"We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr H. ordered him behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness, its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect; but what did take effect seemed to be sufficient; for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and, making a kind of circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr H. informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size."

We could readily recite many such modern adventures, but our limits forbid, and we therefore close this section with the celebrated encounter which the Roman army, under Regulus, had with a gigantic serpent in North Africa. Valerius Maximus thus mentions it from Livy, in one of the lost books of whose history it was related more at large:—" And since we are on the subject of uncommon phenomena, we may here mention the serpent so eloquently and accurately recorded by Livy; who says, that near the river Bagrada, in Africa, a snake was seen of so enormous a magnitude, as to prevent the army of Attilus Regulus from the use of the river; and after snatching up several soldiers with his enormous mouth, and devouring them, and killing several more by striking and squeezing them with the spires of its tail, was at length destroyed by assailing it with all the force of military engines and showers of stones, after it had withstood the attack of their spears and darts: that it was regarded by the whole army as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself; and that the whole adjacent region being tainted with the pestilential effluvia proceeding from its remains, and the waters with its blood, the Roman army was obliged to remove its station. He also adds, that the skin of the monster, measuring 120 feet in length, was sent to Rome as a trophy." Pliny and other later writers mention the existence of this trophy; so that there can be little doubt of the fact, however much the power and size of the reptile may have been exaggerated.

TAMING AND CHARMING OF SERPENTS.

It has been stated that several of the non-venomous species are capable of being domesticated, and may be made to distinguish those who feed and caress them. We shall now recount several instances of this. "I had," says the author of British Reptiles, "a common snake many years since, which knew me from all other persons; and when let out of his box, would immediately come to me, and crawl under the sleeve of my coat, where he was fond of lying perfectly still, and enjoying the warmth. He was accustomed to come to my hand for a draught of milk every morning at breakfast, which he always did of his own accord; but he would flee from strangers, and hiss if they meddled with him." Mr White, in his Natural History of Selborne, states that he knew a gentleman who had one in his house quite tame. Though this was usually as sweet in its person as any other animal, yet whenever a stranger, or a dog or cat entered, it would begin to hiss, and soon filled the room with an effluvium so nauseous, as to render it almost insupportable.—"An intimate friend of mine," says Mr Sheppard, "had a common snake in his rooms at Cambridge, which became so familiar as to lie in a serpentine form on the upper bar of his chair. It would crawl through his fingers if held at a little distance before its head, or lie at full length upon his table, while he was writing or reading, for an hour or more at a time. When first brought into the room, it used to hiss and dart out its tongue; but in no instance emitted any unpleasant odour. It was in all its actions remarkably cleanly. Sometimes it was indulged with a run upon the grass in the court of the college; and sometimes with a swim in a large basin of water, which it seemed to enjoy very much." In the *Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*, there is related an instance of a snake which had been so completely tamed by a lady, as to come to her whenever she called it, to follow her in her walks, writhe itself round her arms, and sleep in her bosom. One day, when she went in a boat to some distance up a large river, she threw the snake into the water, imagining that its fidelity would lead it to follow her, and that, by swimming, it would readily overtake the boat. The poor animal exerted all its efforts; but the current proving at that juncture unusually strong, owing to the advance of the tide, in spite of all its struggling it was borne down the stream, and was unfortunately drowned. We have ourselves known the common ringed snake of our heaths so tamed by a herd boy, as to coil and uncoil itself at his desire, to follow even in the fields for a short distance, and to retreat to the box in which it was usually kept on his giving a peculiar signal. This specimen was the largest of its kind we have ever seen, being more than two and a half feet in length: it lived for several summers, and died, we believe, from being over-fed, and not being allowed the necessary duration of torpidity during winter. The boas of our zoological gardens and travelling menageries might also be instanced as evidences of the degree of tameness to which serpents may be brought by kind and gentle treatment. Most of our readers must have witnessed these creatures come forth at the call of their keeper, coil themselves round his neck and arms, stretch themselves out at full length, and perform other movements according to certain known signals. It is true that the boas exhibited are more frequently dull and lethargic than lively and tractable, but this is owing to the coldness of our climate, in which they could not exist, were it not for the artificial temperature which is always kept up around them.

Even the most venomous, it would seem, are capable of being tamed, if once deprived of their fangs. Hector St John says that he once saw a rattlesnake in America as gentle as it is possible to conceive a reptile to be. It went to the water and swam whenever it pleased; and when the boys to whom it belonged called it back, their summons was readily obeyed. It had been deprived of its fangs. They often stroked it with a soft brush; and this friction seemed to cause the most pleasing sensations, for it would turn on its back to enjoy it, as a cat does before the fire. In India, the hooded snake is carried about in a basket, to be publicly exhibited as a show, being first deprived of its fangs, to secure the men from the danger of its bite. At the sound of a flageolet, it is taught to assume a kind of dancing attitude and motions, which it continues as long as its master continues his music. According to Catesby, the black snake is found to be extremely useful in America in clearing houses of rats, which it pursues with wonderful agility, even to the very roofs of barns and outhouses; for which good services it is cherished by the generality of the Americans, who are at great pains to preserve and multiply the breed. All the mischief this species does is to the farmers' wives, in skimming the milk-pans of the cream, and robbing the hen-roosts of their eggs. It is not uncommon to find it coiled up in a nest under a sitting hen. It has even been seen eating milk out of the same dish with children, without biting them, though they often gave it blows with their spoons upon the head, when it was too greedy.

Seeing that many of the serpent family, whether venomous or non-venomous, are tameable to a certain degree, we shall be better prepared to comprehend the so-called "art of charming," about which so much has been said and gainsaid in almost every country. This art is peculiar to the East, having been practised in India, Syria, and Egypt, by a race of half-mendicant vagrants from time immemorial. To charm a serpent is, in other words, to possess some mysterious power over the reptile, by which it may be called forth at pleasure, be made to submit to any experiment, and, if venomous, to forego its noxious nature, and become mild and tractable. More than this, the charmer professes to be proof against the fangs of the most venomous, without having recourse to any medicine, and merely by the potency of the spell he possesses. Such a power is utterly denied by the majority of naturalists, who believe that the so-called charmers act only upon tamed serpents, or upon such as have their fangs extracted; on the other hand, some less sceptical entertain the modified belief, that while the charmers may thus often impose upon the public, they sometimes perform very wonderful feats, partly through hardihood, and partly from their superior skill in handling the reptiles so as not to irritate them. Be this as it may, some of their performances are certainly very curious and entertaining.

The Psylli, a people of Libya, are celebrated by Roman writers for charming and destroying serpents. The truth seems, that they were very expert in curing the venomous bites of these reptiles, by which their country was much infested, and that this expertness, rather than any mysterious power in charming, was that which caused the admiration of the Romans. Casaubon says that he knew a man who could at any time summon a hundred serpents together, and draw them into the fire. Upon a certain occasion, when one of them, larger than the rest, would not be brought in, he only repeated his charm, and it came forward, like the others, to submit to the flames. Philostratus describes particularly how the Indians charm serpents. "They take a scarlet robe, embroidered with golden letters, and spread it before a serpent's hole. The golden letters have a fascinating power, and, by looking steadfastly, the serpent's eyes are overcome and laid asleep." In India, snake-charming is still extensively practised by a class of itinerants, who live by it as a profession. These individuals carry about with them a few tame serpents, which they exhibit for a small gratuity, making the animals assume a dancing attitude to the sound of a rude flageolet, calling them from the box in which they are kept, coiling them round their necks and arms, and even irritating them till they snap at their hands and fingers—of course harmlessly, as the snake is said to be charmed; in honest language, deprived of its fangs by extraction. The charmers also pretend to rid premises infested with these unwelcome visitants, receiving for their services some reward from the owner. For these ends, they pretend to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. For example, one of these charmers will assert to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and, partly from motives of fear, and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward if he succeeds in showing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India is, that the snakes and their charmer *are* old friends; that he hid them there, and of course knew where to find them; and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe.

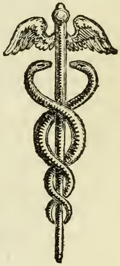
"In Madras, however," says a correspondent, "while I was there, this belief received a sad shock by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth. This at least is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly-caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. 'I am a dead man,' he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. 'Let the creature alone,' said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; 'it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me.' His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse! I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the envenomed bite which had killed him. 'No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm.' In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras."

The American Indians pretend to the same secret power, as do also the Arabs and many of the wild African tribes. In Egypt and Nubia its exhibition is of daily occurrence, and Bruce, who often witnessed these performances, affirms that there can be no doubt of its reality. "Some," he says, "have doubted that it was a trick, and that the animals so handled had been first trained, and then disarmed of their power of hurting; and, fond of the discovery, they have rested themselves upon it, without experiment, in the face of all antiquity. But I will not hesitate to aver, that I have seen at Cairo (and this may be seen daily, without trouble or expense) a man who came from above the catacombs, where the pits of the mummy birds are kept, who has taken a cerastes with his naked hand from a number of others lying at the bottom of the tub, has put it upon his bare head, covered it with the common red cap he wears, then taken it out, put it in his breast, and tied it about his neck like a necklace; after which it has been applied to a hen, and bit it, which has died in a few minutes; and, to complete the experiment, the man has taken it by the neck, and, beginning at the tail, has ate it, as one would do a carrot or a stock of celery, without any seeming repugnance.

"I can also avouch, that all the black people in the kingdom of Sennaar, whether Funge or Nuba, are perfectly armed against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the cerastes in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at one another as children do apples or balls, without having irritated them by this usage so much as to bite. The Arabs have not this secret naturally; but from their infancy they acquire an exemption from the mortal consequences attending the bite of these animals by chewing a certain root, and washing themselves (it is not anointing) with an infusion of certain plants in water. One day, when I was sitting with the brother of Shekh Adelan, prime minister of Sennaar, a slave of his brought a cerastes which he had just taken out of a hole and was using with every sort of familiarity. I told him my suspicion that the teeth had been drawn; but he assured me they were not, as did his master Kitton, who took it from him, wound it round his arm, and at my desire ordered the servant to carry it home with me. I took a chicken by the neck, and made it flutter before him; his seeming indifference left him, and he bit it with great signs of anger; the chicken died almost immediately. I say his seeming indifference, for I constantly observed that, however lively the viper was before, yet, upon being seized by any of these barbarians, he seemed as if taken with sickness and feebleness, frequently shut his eyes, and never turned his mouth towards the arm of the person who held him." The celebrated traveller was no doubt facile, and very prone to the marvellous; but without at all impugning his credibility, it may be suggested that, if the tooth of the cerastes happened to strike the spinal marrow, it would have caused the death of the chicken whether poisoned or not, just as a pin would produce the same effect. Death caused by poison leaves after-effects different from those which follow death by an ordinary instrument, and we would require proof on this point before much reliance could be placed in the exhibitions which Mr Bruce records. Forskal and others distinctly state that the charmers remove the fangs before they exhibit the serpents in public; and further mention the curious circumstance of these jugglers pretending to metamorphose the cerastes into a rod or wand. This is done by pressing its nape with the finger, upon which the creature is thrown into a kind of catalepsy, and becomes for some time stiff and rigid. Ignorant of this peculiarity, or afraid to attempt the experiment, the populace regard it as a wonder, and so the charmers are left in uninterrupted practice of their precarious profession.

MYTHOLOGY AND APPLIANCES OF SERPENTS.

Of the lower animals, none have been the objects of such widespread and long-continued prejudice as serpents. In every country, ancient and modern, they have been viewed with aversion; and yet no class of animals has furnished man with so many mythological symbols and allegories. So many, indeed, are the legends respecting serpents, that it would require a large volume to contain them; the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient nations, having each some peculiar attribute which they ascribe to these reptiles. As the impersonification of the evil principle, the serpent is associated with the first transgression and fall of man; snakes armed the hand of Discord; and the Furies were represented with them wreathed round their heads instead of hair. As an emblem of prudence and circumspection, as well as from their reputed medicinal virtues, they were the attribute of Æsculapius: twisted round the caduceus of Mercury, they were the type of insinuating eloquence; and from the venomous powers of many of the race, they were used as the symbol of torment. Among the Egyptians the serpent was the emblem of fertility; while the circle formed by a snake biting its own tail, without beginning or end, was the chosen symbol of eternity. The habit which the cerastes has of rearing up when it is approached, caused the ancient inhabitants of the countries watered by the Nile to believe that this serpent guarded the fields which it inhabited; hence it was made the emblem of the protecting divinity of the world, and as such sculptured on the two sides of a globe, placed on the porticos of all their temples. Many of the barbarous tribes inhabiting the western coast and central regions of Africa entertain a similar veneration for serpents, and not only permit them to swarm about their huts without molestation, but even pay them divine honours by erecting



temples for their worship. The cobra de capello is venerated by a certain class of Hindoo fanatics, with whom the murder of the reptile is all but a capital crime. The origin of some of these allusions and superstitions is obvious; of others it is obscure; but without entering minutely upon such an inquiry, it is no doubt to the noxious properties of some of the serpent family, to their peculiar habits and appearance, and to their greater prevalence and destructive powers at an early period of history, that we are to ascribe the fear, mingled with hatred and veneration, with which they have inspired the human race.

Notwithstanding the aversion with which serpents are viewed both by man and the lower animals, they are abundantly used by the latter, and occasionally by the former, as food, whilst in many countries they are held as valuable in materia medica. Thus, the wild hog, hedgehog, ichneumon, buzzard, &c. prey upon them where they can be obtained, apparently regardless whether the species be venomous or non-venomous. The ibis was held sacred by the Egyptians for its real or supposed services in destroying offensive and poisonous reptiles, and its body was embalmed, and deposited in the catacombs along with the other objects of their veneration. The ibis is a wader, or stilt-bird, and its bill is certainly not well adapted for the destruction of large serpents; but as the young both of water and land reptiles must have abounded in the plain of the Nile, the bird may have performed the more efficient service of ridding the country of these pests before they reached a state of dangerous maturity. The ichneumon, another inhabitant of Egypt, has scarcely been less celebrated than the ibis for its services in destroying serpents, lizards, and crocodiles. Though too timid and weak for the successful attack of these animals in their adult state, it is nevertheless one of the main checks to their increase, as it is continually on the search for their eggs and young, upon which it preys with avidity. Stories are sometimes told by travellers of encounters between the ichneumon and serpents, in which the former, though frequently bitten, is always ultimately successful, as it instinctively seeks the remedy of some herb as soon as it feels the effect of the poison.

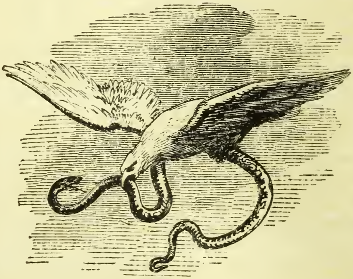
But it is not alone the lower animals that feast on the serpent race. According to Hector St John, the American Indians often regale on the rattlesnake. When they find one asleep, they thrust a forked stick over its neck, which they keep immoveably fixed to the ground, giving the snake a piece of leather to bite; and this they pull back several times with great force, until they observe that the poisonous fangs are torn out. They then cut off the head, skin the body, and cook it as we do eels; and the flesh is said to be extremely white and good. The Doko, a wild pigmy race inhabiting Southern Abyssinia, destroy numbers of serpents which inhabit the bamboo jungles of their country; cook and eat them, esteeming them a very savoury morsel. In

Stedman's account of Surinam, the natives are described as partial to the flesh of the boa—the oil or fat of which they also employ for medicinal purposes. The flesh of the common viper was formerly of high esteem in Europe as a remedy for various diseases, but particularly as a restorative. It has now, however, lost much of its ancient credit, and is very rarely prescribed by modern practitioners. Dr Mead cites from Pliny, Galen, and other ancients, several proofs of its efficacy in the cure of ulcers, elephantiasis, and other complaints; and affirms that he himself has seen good effects from it in obstinate leprosy. The ancients prescribed it boiled, and to be eaten like fish; for when fresh, the medicine was much more likely to take effect than when dried, and given in the form of a powder. Mr Keysler relates that Sir K. Digby used to feed his wife, who was a most beautiful woman, with capons fattened with the flesh of vipers.

The adder-stone, or egg, a fabled produce of the viper, was also supposed by the ancient Britons to be of wondrous efficacy. Pennant, in his zoology, says that he had several in his cabinet, but that they were nothing more than curiously-formed glass beads, used by the Druids as a charm to impose on the vulgar, whom they taught to believe that the possessor would be fortunate in all his attempts, and that it would gain him the favour of the great. This superstition is said still to linger in Wales, where the adder-stone is prescribed by the old wives to children cutting their teeth, as a cure for the chin-cough, or as a remedy for the ague. The adder-stone of the ancient Britons is not to be confounded with the serpent-stone (*Petro de Cobra*) of the Indians, which is an avowed composition, made use of in extracting the venom from a serpent-wound. The composition of this stone, according to Goldsmith, is kept a secret; and perhaps its effects in extracting the venom may be imaginary; nevertheless, it is certain that it has a power of sticking to the skin, and drawing a part of the blood from the wound.

CONCLUSION.

The utility of serpents in the scheme of creation may be somewhat puzzling to those who take a narrow view of external relations, and look upon everything as destined merely to subserve the purposes of man. To such, however, as extend their views beyond this selfish limit, the serpent family will appear quite as necessary to the general harmony, as the most innocent and most directly serviceable of the lower animals. Even though the enlightened and diligent might fail to detect a single useful property in these animals, analogy would warrant the conclusion that nothing has been made in vain; and our general ignorance of creative design should teach us caution in pronouncing upon the intentions of Him of whom we are the handiworks. As it is, we see the serpent tribe accomplishing certain purposes steadily and harmoniously. They keep in check slugs, worms, insects, smaller reptiles, and such-like vermin, and, in turn, become the food of other creatures. They occupy waste places, as heaths, pestilent marshes, moist jungles, and savannahs—situations but partially occupied by other existence—and therefore fulfil the great law, that every region should be replete with its own peculiar life and enjoyment. Taking a comprehensive view of creation, as warranted by the truths of geology, it seems that certain races are destined to be the precursors of others, either as an indispensable preparatory step, or merely as replenishing of the earth before its conditions admit of higher existence. At one period of the world, and long before the appearance of man, the reptiles, as a class, were more gigantic and numerous; so much so, indeed, that that era has been not inaptly termed "the age of reptiles." Then the greater portion of the earth seems to have been a succession of lagoons, marshes, deltas, and jungle—a condition eminently fitted for the life of gigantic sauroids. As the land was elevated and drained, these reptiles died away, and other creatures were called into being to people the changed scene. The reptiles of the present day, and particularly the serpents, differ widely in their nature from those early races—a difference no doubt imposed upon them by a change of conditions; but, like their predecessors, they are evidently fulfilling the designs of a great scheme, being destined to give way before human increase and cultivation. In virtue, however, of those natural laws which all living beings must obey, we may rest assured that they will not pass away till their place be required for a higher, and, it may be, a more serviceable grade of existence. "Noxious and malignant" as they are regarded, these qualities are not without their advantages to man, the development of whose ingenuity, industry, and activity, takes place but slowly and dubiously where there are no obstacles to be overcome, no difficulties to be vanquished.



ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DRURY.

VOYAGE TO INDIA.*

I WAS born on the 24th of July 1687, in Crutched Friars, London, where my father then lived; but soon after he removed to the Old Jewry, near Cheapside, where he kept, for several years afterwards, that noted house called the King's Head, a famous beef-steak house in its day, and a great resort of merchants and other gentlemen. Reared in London, and often about the Thames, I acquired an unconquerable desire to go to sea; and though my parents did everything in their power to give me a good education, and promised to push me on in the world, if I would abandon this notion, I persevered in my obstinate resolution. Not all the intreaties of my poor dear mother, though she once begged me on her knees, nor the persuasions of my father, or any other friends, could make the least impression on me.

When they found their endeavours were ineffectual, they formed a new scheme to wean me from a sea-life. This was to procure me a short voyage, hoping that the many dangers and hardships to which I should be exposed, and should see others undergo, would deter me from persevering in that course of life.

As wilful persons never want wo, such was my obstinacy, that nothing would content me but what contributed to my ruin; and Providence justly frustrated all my hopes, by indulging me in the choice I had so foolishly and ungratefully made, in direct opposition to my duty to my affectionate parents. When it was proposed that I should take a short voyage, I insisted that nothing but a voyage to the East Indies would please me; for no other reason that I can think of, than that I had a cousin in the East India Company's service at Calcutta. It was accordingly resolved to gratify this whim. My father, however, showed a due concern for my comfort and welfare, by the manner in which he fitted me out. He supplied me plentifully with provisions, clothes, and other necessaries for the voyage; besides which, I had a cargo to trade on, to the value of a hundred pounds, which was a large trust for a boy of not yet fourteen years of age. I went as a passenger, well recommended to Captain William Younge, with whom my passage, and the freight of my cargo, were agreed for, and we soon after embarked.

---

* The present tract is an abridgment of a somewhat scarce and curious autobiography, in one volume, published originally in London in 1743, and reprinted in 1807.—Ed.

The vessel Captain Younge commanded was the Degrave, of 700 tons burden, and carrying 52 guns. She was a regular India trader, and, like all others of her class, required to be well armed for the sake of defence. The parting with my mother was not without pain; but I was a giddy boy, and soon recovered my spirits. The ship dropped pleasantly down the Thames to the Nore, and passed through the Downs on February 19, 1701. Nothing remarkable occurred during the outward-bound voyage. In our route we stopped a week at the Canaries, and arrived at Fort George, in the East Indies, in three months and twenty days from the Downs. Two days after we weighed anchor, and sailed to Mastapatan, where we stayed a month, and then proceeded to complete our voyage to Bengal.

On arriving at Calcutta my cousin came on board, and offered to assist in disposing of my goods; but the captain discovering that he was far from being trustworthy, took charge of my cargo, and sold the whole to good advantage, taking in exchange the commodities of the country. While lying at this port, we lost many of our crew by fever; and, worst of all, at length Captain Younge also died, leaving his son, who was second mate, to take charge of the ship. This was a serious disaster, for our new commander was an inexperienced young man, not fit for so important a trust. The number of deaths on board caused us to wait a considerable time to recruit the ship's company. During this period of inaction I learned to swim, and frequently amused myself by swimming in the Hoogly. I became so exceedingly expert in this art, that I could swim several miles up or down the river.

Our business being finished at Bengal, and our crew greatly renewed, we sailed on our homeward voyage, having on board 120 hands, some of them Lascars, besides two women and myself, and a few other passengers. As we were going down the river our ship ran aground, and stuck fast; but there being a very strong tide, it turned her round, and we got off the next high water without any damage, as we imagined. This accident proved the cause of the sad misfortune which soon after overtook us. On getting out to sea, the vessel was found to have sprung a leak, and we were obliged to keep two chain-pumps continually at work. We were two months in this distressing condition, every man taking his turn at the severe labour of pumping. It was a joyful sight to see the island of Mauritius rising on the horizon, and we were all still more delighted to arrive at the island, which lies about 600 miles to the east of Madagascar. This fine island was inhabited by the Dutch,* who treated us with great kindness and humanity, assisting us with whatever was in their power. We made a tent on shore, in which we stowed great part of our cargo, in order to lighten the ship, and discover the leak. In this search, which could not have been properly performed, the sailors were unsuccessful, and the captain gave it up as hopeless. A month was spent on the island. Having taken on board plenty of good fish, turtle, and goats, with some beef, we departed, shaping our course directly for the Cape of Good Hope.

The infatuation of going to sea with a leaky vessel is more than I can possibly account for. Whatever motive urged the captain to do such an act of folly, he and all of us were severely punished for it. When we had been gone a few days from the Mauritius, the leak gained on us more and more, and it was with great difficulty the ship could be kept above water. Young as I was, I saw that we were on the verge of destruction, and now repented in tears the madness of putting myself in the way of such a catastrophe. It was dreadful to see the exertions which the men made to keep the vessel from sinking. They wrought incessantly at the pumps; but the water came in as quickly as it was pumped and bailed out, and gained gradually, in spite of every effort. All were spent with fatigue, and despair settled on every countenance. According to our reckoning, we were a hundred leagues southward of Madagascar; and to lighten the ship, several guns, and much of the heavy goods, were heaved overboard. The captain was for continuing our course to the Cape, 600 leagues distant, but the ship's company in general opposed it, being of opinion that they could not keep her above water long enough, and were in favour of running to Madagascar, which was the nearest land.

The peril we were in did not admit of delay, and by urgent persuasion the captain ordered 'bout ship, and put back for Madagascar. The wind favouring us, the water-logged vessel got on somewhat better in its new course, and on the third day I was sent along with the captain's boy up to the mast-head to look out for land, since nobody else could be so well spared. In such apparent danger, my being a passenger was no excuse. Accordingly I went up, and sat there two hours and a half, looking across the broad ocean for the much-desired land. At length a speck seemed to rise on the horizon, and I asked my comrade if that were land; for I feared to call out, and inspire men in such desperate circumstances with groundless hopes: they were not, I knew, in a frame of mind to be trifled with. I therefore did not call out till I could plainly discover a white cliff, and a smoke at a distance from it, whereupon I boldly shouted, *Land! land!*

---

* The Dutch afterwards abandoned the Mauritius; and in 1721 it was taken possession of by the French, by whom it was called the Isle of France. The British took it from the French in 1810.—Ed.

At this joyful news several sailors immediately ran up the shrouds, and even the captain himself, to make his observations. One among them knew the land, and said it was Port Dauphine, and that the king of that part of the island—all the people being negroes, in a savage state—was an enemy to all white men, and treated all the Europeans who fell into his hands in a barbarous manner. This king, he said, was called Samuel, and he advised us by all means to avoid landing on his territories. This information put us into the utmost confusion and despair, and proved indeed our ruin. The man who made the discouraging report spoke his real sentiments; but he laboured under a mistake, as we afterwards discovered. King Samuel had, it appears, received an affront from the crew of a French vessel, and he ever afterwards attacked all French without mercy who put into his dominions; he had, however, no animosity against any other white nation, but the reverse; so that, had we put in there, we had at least saved our lives and some of our cargo. Under the erroneous impression made by the sailor, we unfortunately steered westward along the coast, to see if a proper landing-place could be found.

Crawling onward in this wretched condition, we kept a look-out for some safe spot to run the vessel aground. Nothing of the kind was to be seen; and the ship, staggering in the water, threatened every instant to be swamped. The men now went to the captain and asked him what he proposed to do, for the ship could swim no longer. He asked them if they approved of his running the vessel on shore at all risks, to which they all agreed, crying out, "Anything to save our lives." It would have been of great importance to get ashore in an orderly manner; but this could not be done, in consequence of another blunder of the captain. We had lost our long-boat and pinnace at Bengal, and the captain not taking the trouble to replace them, we had but one small boat left. In this juncture an attempt was made to ease the vessel by cutting away the masts, and throwing everything overboard, hoping she would drive high on the beach. This failed, and now our only chance of getting through the breakers that dashed on the shore was by the small boat, and a raft made with some planks and yards.

While engaged making the raft, some of the natives who were fishing saw our distress, and made a smoke to guide us to the shore; but although this looked like kindness, we entertained a poor opinion of the intentions of the savages. The raft was finished that night, and it was arranged that the attempt to land should be made in the morning.

After a dismal night, day dawned, and all prepared to leave the ill-fated vessel. The first thing done was to send Mr Pratt, our chief mate, and four men in the boat, with a long rope for a warp, to fasten on the land. A great sea constantly runs here upon the rocks, and before they got to land their boat was staved in pieces; however, being pretty near it, by the help of some of the natives, who were negroes, they saved that part of the boat to which the rope was fastened. We had two English women on board; one of them would not venture on the raft, nor would the captain; but the other woman and about forty or fifty of us did: I stripped off all my clothes, but took two purses of money, and a silver cup, and tied them fast round my middle. We hauled by the rope towards the shore, but were no sooner among the breakers, than the first sea upset the raft, and washed us off: some swam to the raft again, but were soon washed off; and though the woman was drowning just by me, yet I could not save her. I sunk under every wave, and with great difficulty got on shore, as did every one else on the raft, except the woman. There was such a surf running, and the sea broke so high, that we durst not venture out with the raft again, which the captain perceiving, ordered the cable to be cut, and let the ship drive nearer the land, where she soon beat to pieces. The captain got on shore with his father's heart in his hand, which, according to his request when dying, was put into a bottle, in order to be brought to England and buried at Dover.

At length they all got on shore on pieces of the ship, planks, &c. two men only excepted, who were drowned, and the woman before mentioned: the other woman escaped, though she was so full of water, as well as some others, that we were obliged to roll and rub them well, to make them disgorge the water: we laid them also before a great fire made for that purpose, and in a little time they revived. We were in all above 160, including the Lascars.

The country now began to be alarmed, and we had already two or three hundred negroes flocking round us, picking up several pieces of silk and fine calicoes: the muslin they had little or no regard for. Our goods were driven ashore in whole bales; for what with saltpetre and other things, we reckoned there might be 300 tons left, after all that was thrown overboard at sundry times before.

One of the negroes brought an ox to us, and intimated by signs that we should kill him; but we made signs to them again to shoot him for us, we having no ammunition. When one of them perceived this, he lent us his gun, ready charged, and with it one of our men shot the bullock dead on the spot.

It was extremely shocking to see the negroes cut the beast, skin and flesh together, then toss them into the fire, or ashes, as it happened, and eat them half roasted. I shuddered for fear they should devour us in like manner; for they seemed to me to be a kind of cannibals, of whom I had heard very dreadful stories: everything, in short, appeared horrible to nature, and excited in us the most dismal apprehensions.

Being very much at the mercy of the barbarians into whose hands we had fallen, they used no ceremony in taking possession of every article that had belonged to the ship. While some were busily engaged in opening our bales, and taking what they liked best, I observed that several of them regarded the iron they found much more than all those goods we usually look on as valuable, and took great pains to break all such pieces of timber as had iron in them. I broke open my chest, and took out only one suit of clothes, leaving the rest to those who had most mind for them.

ADVENTURES AFTER SHIPWRECK.

Our shipwreck had been conducted with so little regard to future proceedings, or even the preservation of our lives against the attacks of the natives, that the whole company were now exposed to any fresh misery that might ensue. As I was a mere boy, and had no right to advise one way or another, I necessarily submitted to the decision of others. Our captain, whose rashness and folly had caused all our disasters, proved equally incompetent in this new posture of affairs. He could give no directions; and two days and nights were spent very miserably on the shore, without coming to any resolution, or knowing what to do.

On the third evening, about nine o'clock, we heard a man call out Holla! at a great distance, like an Englishman, who, being immediately answered, came nearer, and asked who we were. Having given him the required information, he sat down with us by our fire, and told us the object of his visit. He was one of the crew of an English vessel, commanded by Captain Drummond, a Scotchman, which had been two months before wrecked on the island, and the captain and crew, including a Captain Steward, were now detained by the king of this part of the country, and would gladly make their escape. He, our visitant, whose name was Sam, had been deputed by the king to bring information as to who we were, and what we wanted. Sam further gave us an idea of the condition of things in Madagascar. The whole island, he said, which was as large as Great Britain, was altogether inhabited by negroes, forming a great many petty kingdoms, which were almost continually at war with each other. All were much on a level as to barbarism, but they were generally acquainted with the use of firearms and gunpowder, which, with other articles, they got from English, Dutch, and other traders, in exchange principally for slaves. The capturing of slaves, in order to carry on this trade, was a main cause of the numerous wars between the different kings and chiefs. The only king who possessed the inclination to help distressed English sailors was king Samuel, a man who had once been in Europe, and acquired some civilised habits; and although he had a great enmity to the French, he would have succoured us had we put into Port Dauphine.

Sam having made an end of his story, to which everybody listened with the utmost attention, we parted, and went with heavy hearts to our respective quarters, which were under the bushes. It was very late, and we endeavoured to repose ourselves as well as we could. The pieces of muslin served us to spread on the ground for beds; but as for my own part, I could not close my eyes to rest. I now began to reflect on my former obstinacy and perverseness. The thought of my tender mother's begging me on her knees not to go to sea, gave me the most distracting torture. I could now see my error, and repent, but who could I blame but myself? Here were many poor men who had no other way to live, but I was reduced to no such necessity: I ran headlong into misery, and severely felt the effects of it. Tears I shed in plenty, but could not with any justice complain of fate or Providence, for my punishment was but the natural result of my own ill conduct.

We were all up by daylight, and most of my fellow-sufferers got as little rest as I; for the man's relation had made us give over all hopes of relief, and nothing but sorrow, distress, and despair, appeared in all its dismal forms in each man's face, according to his different constitution. We had saved neither arms nor ammunition, the want of which completed our ruin; for nearly 170 of us would have made our way through that part of the country we wanted to travel, had we but wherewithal to defend ourselves.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the king came down with about 200 negroes. They brought no firearms with them, lest we should seize them by force, but they were armed with lances. As soon as we saw them approaching us, we all stood together in a body, with our captain at the head of us. When they drew near, he called Sam and asked him who was our captain. As soon as he was informed, he came up to him, and took him by the hand, and said in a familiar manner, Salamonger, captain; which is a term of salutation much like our saying, Your servant, sir. The captain returned the compliment, Sam having informed him before in what manner he should behave himself to the king. His majesty brought with him four large bullocks, six calabashes of toake (a kind of drink), ten baskets of potatoes, and two pots of honey, all which he presented to our captain; and gave us, moreover, two or three earthen pots to dress our victuals in. We immediately roasted the potatoes. The king stayed two hours with us before he withdrew to the cottage where he proposed to lodge that night, and asked several questions about our ship, and the manner of her being lost. He told the captain he was heartily sorry for his misfortune, though in my opinion that was nothing but a compliment; for, as I found afterwards, he was more brutish and dishonest than most of the other kings on the island; and his whole nation were clothed for many years out of the effects they saved from our wreck.

The next morning he paid us another visit, and then he told us that he expected we should prepare to go along with him to his town, and there we should remain till some ships should come to trade, when we might return to our own country. The captain suspecting this to be a mere artifice, told Sam to say that he would think of the proposal. Upon this the king departed, and gave us no further trouble at that time.

As soon as he was gone, the captain called us all together, and in a very pathetic speech, addressed us as follows:—I am now on an equality with the meanest man here present; my fortune is as low, and my life is as little to be regarded; I do not pretend, therefore, to command, but to consult with you what is most expedient to be done in the present unhappy situation of our affairs. However, said he, I am happy in this, that though my own life and liberty are lost as well as yours, yet this misfortune is not anyways chargeable on me, for I would rather have kept on my course to the Cape of Good Hope in a leaky ship, than put in here; but you strenuously opposed it; for death in my opinion is to be preferred to our present and prospective condition. In death, our sorrows would have ended; but now, who can tell the troubles and torments we shall yet undergo? (At this the tears stood in his eyes.) Consider, gentlemen, said he, we have neither arms nor ammunition wherewith to defend ourselves, and I have endeavoured to prevail on the king to give us a passage through his country to a seaport, but in vain. Think of it, therefore, and consult your own safety as well as you can: be but of one mind, and I am ready to comply with anything you would have me do. As for my own life, I set no value upon it; it would not now be worth preserving, but for the hopes I have of being serviceable to my friends. Remember, I must return an answer to-morrow morning, and I will advise nothing, nor do anything without your concurrence.

We went together and consulted as the captain advised, and came soon to an agreement, for the matter in debate lay within a small compass. The king had refused to give us leave to go to a seaport, and we had no arms to fight and force our way, if we could have found it. We therefore determined to go quietly up the country with the king to his place of residence, where we were in hopes of seeing and conversing with Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, and the other people, who, being gallant and courageous men, and by this time somewhat acquainted with the natives, might probably be capable of giving us some proper and seasonable advice.

Next morning the king paid the captain a visit; they saluted each other in the usual manner, and sat down together upon the sand, whilst we all stood round them. Soon after, the king ordered Sam to ask the captain if he was ready to go, for it would be best to walk in the cool of the morning, and rest at noon. The captain observed that he did not ask whether he was inclined to go or not, as might reasonably have been expected, since he pretended to give him time to consider of it, but peremptorily asked if he was ready to go. The captain answered that we were. At this the king seemed fully satisfied, and ordered Sam to tell us he would breakfast first, and advised us to do so too, that we might be the better enabled to perform our journey.

We had little satisfaction, however, in eating and drinking, especially since the hour was come in which we were obliged to leave the sea-side; and it galled us severely to think how we were forced up the country like a flock of sheep, at the pleasure of a parcel of barbarous negroes, without any power to make terms for ourselves like men. The king having sent, the word was given to march. I was ready in an instant, for I carried nothing with me but what I brought ashore; but many of our people took pieces of silk and fine calico. We assembled together, and went to the place where the king's tent was pitched. We were no sooner come than he was for marching. We left the sea with heavy hearts, looking very wishfully back as long as we could discern it; and as oft as we did, we observed the negroes hard at work breaking up our bales, and enriching themselves with the plunder of our goods. In short, they were so busy, that but few went back with the king.

Our people were but ill disposed for travelling, since everybody was tired with working and want of rest. Many were lamed with hurts received in getting on shore; some were also without shoes, and most of us had but bad ones. Then, again, the country near the sea-side, and some few miles further, is full of short underwood and thorny shrubs, which tore our clothes to rags; for the path was very narrow, and, before this accident, but little frequented; the ground also was sandy, so that when the sun was advanced pretty high, it scorched our feet to that degree that we were scarcely able to walk.

About noon we came to one of their small mean villages, consisting of about eight or ten houses, or rather huts; for they were not above six or seven feet high, and about eight or nine feet in length, and their doors not above three or four feet high. Our people crept into these hovels to rest, and to see what they could meet with to refresh themselves. Some found honey, others milk, and others beef; for the king had given us free permission to take what eatables soever came to hand. The inhabitants were all absent, the men at the sea-side taking advantage of the wreck, and the women and children fled into the woods at our approach. We passed several of these poor villages, but saw few of the people. Here we reposed till the heat was abated, when we made ourselves but a poor compensation by robbing them of their trifles, while they were enriching themselves with our most valuable commodities.

In the cool of the evening we marched again, and in a little time came to a more open and better road. As we were now some miles from the sea, the king left us, and went before to his seat, leaving us to march at our leisure, having taken care that we should not want provisions, and left his chief officer strict orders to supply us with whatever we wanted, and what the country could afford.

At night we came to another of these little villages, where we killed a bullock, and got a few earthen pots to cook our meat in. The water was very thick and nasty, they having none but what they brought from a great distance, out of holes and pits in the woods, and kept in calabashes, or long tubs, which hold about four or five gallons each: however, it served our purpose, for at that time we were not very curious. We reposed ourselves on the ground in the best manner we could, and rose the next morning by daylight. We had beef for our breakfast, without any bread, or roots in the place of it, and our meat was full of sand: however, eating and drinking was the least of our concern at that time. We passed this day much after the same manner as the one before, with this difference only, that those who wanted shoes were sadly harassed in the woods.

On the third day of our march we came to our journey's end. We were obliged to walk much faster than either of the two former, having more ground to traverse, and less time to do it in; for we were ordered to be at the king's town before sunset. I missed one of my purses in this day's journey: the loss of it was not of any great importance to me at that time, for it would have been of little service to me had I kept it; but the loss of a medal afterwards, which my dear mother had presented me with as a testimony of her love and a token to remember her, was no small addition to my other misfortunes.

The residence of this king is about fifty miles from the sea-side; for I reckon we might travel sixteen or seventeen miles a day. It stands in a wood, secured with trees all round, which seem to have been planted there when very young: they grow very regular and tall, and so close together, that a small dog cannot pass between them. The outworks are likewise armed with large strong thorns, so that there is no breaking through or climbing over them. There are but two passages or gates, which are so narrow that two only can go abreast. One of these is to the northward, and the other to the southward: the whole is about a mile in circumference.

When we came near our journey's end, we halted, whilst Sam went to inform the king of our arrival. We were ordered to wait till he was ready for our reception; our captain, too, put us into the best form he could, ordering all our baggage, and such things as our people brought with them, to be lodged under a tamarind tree, and three or four Lascars to look after them. The king soon sent for us, and we marched in order by fours. He was sitting on a mat, cross-legged, in the open air, just before the door of his palace, with a gun leaning on his shoulder, and a brace of pistols lying by his side; his sons and kinsmen sat in the same manner on the ground, on each hand of him, armed with guns and lances; the natives joined them on both sides, and formed together a semicircle; most of these were likewise furnished with guns and lances. There were mats spread from one end of the people to the other for us to sit on; so that when we had joined them, the assembly assumed a circular form. We were somewhat concerned to see them all thus in arms, till Sam informed us that they never go from one house to another without them.

As soon as we were seated, the king (by Sam) assured the captain he was welcome, and sent for ten calabashes of toake; six he gave to our people, three to his own, and one he reserved for our captain and himself. He also sent for Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, and the rest of their company. Captain Younge arose to salute them; and after the usual compliments were passed, the captains sat down together. The king ordered a servant to pour out some toake into a clean earthen cup, which he kept for his own use, and drank it up without drinking to anybody, but ordered some more to be poured out for our captain in another cup; but as it was dirty, he refused it: the king asked Sam the reason of it, who told him the truth, so he sent a man immediately to wash it. The captain, indeed, expected to be served out of the king's cup, but Sam informed him that neither black nor white, nor even his wives or children, ever drank out of his cup; and this is the general custom of the country.

When I saw the servant returning with the cup our captain had refused, I took out my silver one and presented it to him. After we had all drank out of it, the king wished to see it, and was so wonderfully pleased with it, that he desired to keep it; but the captain informed him that it was none of his, but belonged to a lad who was behind him. I called to Sam, and desired him to acquaint the king, that since so many people had drank out of it, I humbly conceived it could not be fit for his use. At this he and the people round him laughed heartily. He ordered me to stand up, that he might see me; however, I saved my cup this time. Night drawing on, he withdrew, ordering us a bullock for our supper. Notwithstanding his courteous reception of us, he would not trust us all to lie within the gates of the town. Our captain, Mr Pratt, our chief mate, Mr Bembo, our second mate, and myself, were the only persons who were so far indulged. We had a hutch ordered us next to that of Captain Drummond and his companions; but the rest of the people lay without the gates under the trees. In this manner we lived for some few days.

Every morning we went, as was expected, in a body to visit the king; but one morning he ordered Sam to inform us that he had an inveterate enemy to the westward, who had hitherto proved too powerful for him, but since his gods had been so indulgent as to send some white men into his dominions, he would embrace so favourable an opportunity once more to try his strength with our assistance. But in the meantime he should be obliged to distribute us among his sons, who lived at distant towns, not only for the convenience of providing for such a number of us (there not being room enough in this town), but to ease himself of a charge which was too great and burdensome for him to support alone. He also sent to me this night to beg the silver cup before mentioned, with which request (knowing it was in his power to take it by force, if he thought fit) I readily complied. This unexpected separation was a terrible blow to us, and we returned to our cottages with heavy hearts, well knowing if we could not find out some way to prevent it, there were no hopes of ever getting off the island.

Hereupon the three captains, namely, Drummond, Steward, and Younge, with some of the chief of our people, entered immediately into a consultation about what was proper to be done in this emergency, and to make some bold attempt for our lives and liberty. Captain Drummond, as I heard afterwards, was the person who proposed to take the king prisoner, and by that means to make their own terms with the natives. Now, Captain Drummond and some others were men of experience and undaunted resolution: our captain, indeed, had courage enough, but he was too young. However, the proposition was universally approved of, and the time and manner of the execution was fixed. I was too young to be admitted as one of the council, therefore I shall not pretend to relate what reasons were produced either for or against the proposal. I observed Captain Younge and Mr Bembo to talk with great earnestness, but in whispers, and with the utmost precaution. As I was then a stranger to that design, I slept sound, till I was roused in the morning by a great and sudden noise in the town, occasioned by the plot being put in execution. Our people went as usual betimes in the morning to pay their compliments to the king; and whilst some of them were at the prince's house, the signal was given by one of Captain Drummond's men firing a pistol, at which the king was seized, and his son at the same time.

This instantly alarmed the whole town: I started up without my shoes, being frightened at the sudden outcry. Not knowing what was the matter, and seeing the negroes flocking out of the town, I ran with them, till I was taken notice of by one of our men, who called me back; and I was as much amazed as the natives to see the king, his consort, and one of his sons, with their hands tied behind them, under the guard of our people. They presently rifled the king's mansion-house, and every other place where they could find any agreeable plunder. We happened to find about thirty small arms, a small quantity of powder and shot, and a few lances. The natives, as I observed before, ran out of the town, but they did it with no other view than to procure assistance; for they soon alarmed the country, and returned with great numbers from all the adjacent towns, and immediately besieged us. They fired in upon us, and wounded one of our men in the groin, on which Captain Younge ordered Sam to tell the king if they fired any more, they would kill him that very moment. The king, hearing their resolution, called to his men, and desired them to desist, if they had a mind to save his life.

This attempt, indeed, was bold and hazardous, and some perhaps may censure it as criminal. I shall not say much in its defence: but since I have come to years of maturity, I cannot forbear reflecting that if nature, even in a Christian country, will rebel against principle, what will it not do for life and liberty under the tyranny and oppression of a barbarous and savage nation? Be this as it may, we put ourselves in a posture of defence, and marched out of the town; six men under arms marched in the front; and in the body, where the king was, six went armed before him, and six behind; three before his son, and three behind; and six brought up the rear, in which were the Lascars. Captain Younge, out of compassion, would have released the queen, and let her go wherever she pleased, but she would not abandon her husband.

We had not got above four miles on our march before our wounded companion fainted, and not being able to carry him off, we were forced to leave him by the side of a pond of water, where, as I was afterwards informed, they soon put him out of pain, by striking their lances into several parts of his body. Having marched about two or three miles farther, we got out of the woods, and found ourselves in a spacious open plain, where we could see all around us, and soon found that our enemies were not only near, but numerous, and threatened immediately to attack us. We faced towards them, our armed men being in the front, with the king bound before them. Sam was ordered at the same time to tell him that our design was not to hurt either him or his son, nor to carry them into their enemies' country, but only to detain them as hostages for our safeguard while we passed through his dominions; and that as soon as we came to the borders of Port Dauphine, we would let them go again, and give them back the arms and ammunition we had taken from them; but if the least violence was offered to us, we would sacrifice them both; and this we desired him to tell his people.

Hereupon he called one of his generals to him, assuring him that he should receive no harm. Accordingly he left his gun and lance behind him, and came to us, where he was informed, both by us and the king, of our resolution; upon which he told us there should not be a gun fired whilst we preserved the king alive, and gave him civil treatment.

This parley being over, we continued our march through the plain till near evening; many of us without shoes, as well as myself, and some sick, which obliged us to take up our quarters sooner than we would otherwise have done; so that every one was almost faint, and glad of rest. The king ordered Sam to tell us that an ox should be sent to us forthwith. We made a trench like a ring, in the midst whereof we planted the black king and his son: our captain and some few others were appointed as a guard over them: our armed men were divided into four parties, in order to secure us in the best manner they could. We had just finished our camp, when the officer who had been with us before, and three other men, brought us a bullock. He brought likewise some roasted meat in his hand, and a horn of water for the king; so we loosed our royal prisoners' hands, that they might feed themselves. They ate some small matter, and gave the remainder to Captain Younge.

Whilst we were employed in killing the ox, we desired the king to send some of his people into the woods for some fuel to dress it, which he readily did; and they soon brought us sufficient for our purpose. But all this time we wanted water, and complained thereof to the king, who assured us that there was none to be got near that place by several miles, and that what small quantity was given him in the horn, was taken from that very pond where we left the wounded man, which could not be less than about ten miles distant. This very much disheartened us; for we were parched with thirst, which was the more increased by the fatigue of our long march and the heat of the country. However, there was no help for us, and patience was the only remedy. When the king and his son had supped, we bound their hands before them, that they might sleep as easy as they could; so, after we had cut up our bullock, and divided it amongst us, we broiled and ate it, though with but little satisfaction, for want of water; and when we had made as good a supper as our unhappy circumstances would well admit of, we also used our best endeavours to repose ourselves. The three captains, however, agreed to watch alternately, and divided our people into three parties for that purpose. The king intreated his wife to go home and comfort his children, but more particularly recommended his beloved daughter to her care. She went at his request, but shed tears when departing, as did also the king and his son. Such of us as were not on the watch lay down; but we had a wretched night; for the ground was stony, and there was but little grass; and, what was still a greater affliction, we were excessively dry, and had nothing to quench our thirst.

At dawn of day we arose, which was the second day of our travel, and the better to support ourselves under the fatigue of it, we ate part of the remains of our beef; but it was a miserable repast, as we had nothing to drink. However, we put ourselves in the same order as we had done the day before, and went forward. The natives perceiving us in motion, moved too, but kept at a greater distance, and went into our camp after we had quitted it, to see what they could find; and their labour was not altogether lost, for many of our people thought proper to leave half those India goods they had brought out of the town behind them, that they might travel with less fatigue. We walked with more ease half this day than we did the day before, it proving cloudy weather, and cool. About noon, the general who had been with us before came with some roasted meat and a horn of water for the king and his son: as we did not loosen their hands, we were forced to feed them. The general ordered Sam to ask the captains if they would release the king for six guns. I perceived there was a debate between them and Mr Bembo; some thinking the six guns would be of great service to us, especially as we should still have the king's son: others were of opinion that it would be more for our safety to keep the king: however, it was agreed at last that he should be dismissed. We informed the general, that if they would give us six very good guns, and promise on their honour not to follow us, but return with their king, we would let him go; and that as soon as we came to the river Manderra, which divided his dominions from those of Port Dauphine, we would release the king's son, and leave all their arms behind us.

The general was startled at this unexpected condescension of our people, and despatched one of his attendants to the king's other sons, who were not far off with their army, to acquaint them with our proposal; and in half an hour's time, returned to us with six of the best guns. They made the more haste, lest our minds should alter: we kept them no longer in suspense than while we took the guns to pieces, to see whether they were in good condition or not; and finding them better than we could reasonably have expected in such a country, we released their king, and sent him away with the general. He took his leave of the prince, and went directly to the army. We were so near as to see the ceremony of his meeting with his sons, who fell down and embraced his knees, and, with all the earnestness imaginable, shed tears for joy. After they had kissed and licked his knees and legs for about five or six minutes, they arose to give his head officers an opportunity of paying the like homage; and after them, some others of an inferior station, who in general expressed a most sincere and passionate affection to his person, and showed all the demonstrations of joy imaginable on account of his return. This ceremonial being over, they all hallooed and fired their guns, as a public testimony of their joy and satisfaction.

We now walked away on our toilsome march, still retaining the prince a prisoner as a hostage. In the course of the day we were disconcerted to observe that a crowd still hung on our rear, and that this party came to a pause when we encamped for the night. Our sufferings were at this point considerably increased. We could find neither victuals nor water, and were so parched with thirst, that we crawled on the ground to lick the dew; and this was all the refreshment we could then meet with.

On the third day of our march we rose early, and put forward as well as we could. The negroes, who strictly observed our motions, were as ready as we; but we placed our armed men in the front, determined to make a bold push for it if they attempted to obstruct our passage. They divided, and let us proceed without molestation; and though we travelled all the morning, yet we met with nothing remarkable, till we arrived at a little round hill, whereon there stood a prodigious large tub, about six feet high, which held near a hundred gallons, and was full of toake. Our people were going immediately to drain it dry; but Sam threw it down, and spilt all the liquor, asking us with some warmth if we were so blind as not to see the plot that was laid for our destruction; for it was planted there to tempt us to drink, with no other intention than to poison us all, or at least to intoxicate us to that degree that they might rescue their prince without opposition, and murder us at their pleasure.

While we were reflecting on this extraordinary action, the general and two or three more came up to us, and asked Sam what reason he could offer for spilling the toake; to which he made no regular reply, but bid him be gone about his business. The general desired to speak with the young prince; and after a little discourse with him, directed Sam to acquaint Captain Younge, that if he should think fit to release the prince, they would give him three of the head men of the country in exchange. Under the delusive idea that they followed us only on account of the prince, and that, if we should release him, they would all return back, our captain complied with the general's proposition, and in a short time three men were delivered in exchange for the prince.

All arrangements for securing the three new hostages being made, we proceeded on our journey as well as men could without provisions, and were too soon convinced of Captain Younge's mistake; for the negroes, instead of retiring, approached nearer, and some marched before us, so that we expected every minute they would attack us. We had a young lad in our company who lost his leg in Bengal. Notwithstanding he was well recovered, and supplied with a wooden one well fitted, yet it cannot be imagined that he should be able to keep up with us; for, being now surprised by their surrounding us, we doubled our pace, and, in short, were obliged to leave this poor lad behind us. We saw the barbarians come up with him, take off his wooden leg, and first insult him; then they thrust their lances into his body, and left him wallowing in his blood. Being eye-witnesses of this act of inhumanity, and apprehensive of the like treatment, we hurried on as fast as our feeble limbs would carry us till sunset, when we came to a large tamarind tree, the leaves whereof, as they were sour, we chewed, to moisten our mouths. The fruit itself was not then in season.

The three negroes whom we had taken as hostages, observing what had passed, and thinking their lives in danger, called to Sam and the captains, and told them they had a scheme to propose, which would be for the safety of us all; which was this, that as soon as it was dark, we should keep marching on as silently as possible all night. The captains approved of this proposal, and ordered none of us to sleep, but to be ready as soon as the watchword was given. This was very grievous, considering how tired we were the day before; but we submitted cheerfully to anything that gave us hopes of escaping from the violent hands of those bloodthirsty barbarians. As soon as it was dark enough to conceal our flight, we assembled together, and took a considerable quantity of muslins and calicoes and hung them upon the bushes, that the spies, who we knew watched us, might not anywise mistrust our sudden removal.

We walked off accordingly, undiscovered by them. Captain Drummond, however, being taken so ill that he could not walk at all, none of us being strong enough to carry him, we resolved to make the three negroes perform that office by turns. After we had thus travelled most part of the night, we came to a thicket among some cotton trees, where the man who had the charge of Captain Drummond threw him upon the ground, ran away into the wood, and we never saw him more. Upon this we had a more watchful eye over the other two, and led him whose turn it was to carry the captain with a rope about his neck.

Weak as we were, we travelled a great many miles that night, and were glad when the day broke upon us; for the negroes had told us before, that if we walked hard all night, we should be at Manderra river betimes in the morning. And their information was correct; for as soon as we came to a little hill, the sun then just rising, we had a prospect of the river, though at a considerable distance; however, the hopes we had of coming to it in a short time, and of getting water to quench our thirst, gave us no small pleasure, and our spirits began to revive at the very sight of it. It was some comfort, likewise, to think that the king's dominions extended no further, notwithstanding there were no inhabitants to protect us within several miles on the other side. Some of our people who were more tired than the rest, took liberty to sit down to refresh themselves, as taking it for granted that the negro army would never come in sight of us again.

But this vain notion of being safe and secure too quickly vanished; for as soon as they missed us in the morning, they pursued us like so many beagles, and before we got within a mile of Manderra river, overtook us. Thereupon they began to butcher our men then resting under the trees, striking their lances into their sides and throats. Though I was one of those who could not travel well, yet there were twenty behind me: the woman whose life was preserved in our ship was next to me. I, seeing them kill our people in this barbarous manner, threw off my coat and waistcoat, and trusted to my heels; for the foremost of our people having passed the river, and I not being far off, took courage; but hearing the report of a gun, I looked back, and saw the poor woman fall, and the negroes sticking their lances in her sides. My turn was next, for the same negroes pursued me, and before I reached the brink of the river, they fired a gun at me, but I jumped in. Our men who had got safe over made a stand, in order to defend those who were behind; and notwithstanding the negroes followed me so close, I could not refrain from drinking two or three times.

Those who had got over now marched forward, and I kept up with them as well as I could. We had a wood to pass through, and the negroes, as soon as they saw us quit the banks, immediately crossed and pursued us. They got into the woods, and, firing behind the trees every now and then, they killed three or four of our men. We had not travelled above two miles in this wood, before we came to a large sandy plain, to which we could see no end; and here they determined to stop our progress, since, if we went much farther, we should be within hearing of King Samuel's subjects, who were their mortal enemies, and would readily assist us. They divided themselves, therefore, into several bodies, in order to break in upon us on all sides; and we being apprised of their designs, were resolved to sell our lives and liberties as dear as possible. Hereupon our captains put us in as good a posture of defence as they could, and divided the men who bore arms into four classes; one under the command of each of our three captains, and the other under Mr John Bembo: such as had no arms, or were disabled, were covered in a little valley, and with them were the two negro hostages.

We had not above thirty-six firearms amongst us all, and not many more persons fit to fight, so that we were a poor handful to withstand an army of two or three thousand. When they found we made a stand, they did so too, and according to their wonted manner, where it could be done, three or four of them in a place threw up the sand before them, and being also beneath us, we could see only their heads. Their shot flew very fast over us, and we kept them in play from noon till six in the evening, by which time all our ammunition was spent. Those of us who had money made slugs of it; our next shift was to take the middle screws out of our guns, and charge our pieces with them. When we had used all these means, we knew not what to do further: now we began to reflect on those who advised us to deliver up first the king, and afterwards his son, since the keeping of them would have been our principal safeguard. The two negroes in our custody expected no doubt every minute to be killed, as very justly they might; but as their death would be of no service to us, we did them no injury.

At length it was unanimously agreed that Dudey and her husband should be sent to the enemy with a flag of truce, not only to prolong the time, but to know what they further wanted; so we tied a piece of red silk to a lance, and sent them away. They kept firing at us all this time, not knowing what we meant by not returning it. They shot at those who carried the flag; but perceiving that they were not armed, the prince ordered them to cease. Dudey was interpreter, and told them that our captain was inclined to make peace with them, and to deliver up the two hostages, with the guns and ammunition we took with us, as soon as we were advanced a little further into the country. They said they would suffer us to go in the morning, in case we would deliver up our arms and the men, but not that evening, because it was dark. Their true reason was this: they knew, if we got away that night, we should send some of King Samuel's people, who were their bitter enemies, to be revenged on them for the ill-treatment we had met with.

With the vain idea of appeasing them, it was resolved that next morning we should give up our arms, Captain Drummond and some of his friends, however, protesting against the folly which the party were about to commit. Morning dawned, after a dismal night, bringing with it a day of sorrow. As soon as we could see, we missed Captain Drummond, Captain Steward, Mr Bembo, Dudey, and her husband, and four or five more, who deserted in the night, without communicating their intentions to us. Now we plainly saw destruction before us, and the end of this miserable journey, which, after so bold an attempt, we undertook for the preservation of our lives and liberty: and a tragical one it was; for no sooner was it broad daylight than the negroes came up to us, and the prince had a short conference with Sam. Captain Younge asked him the purport of their discourse; he answered, they wanted to know what was become of Captain Drummond and the rest. The words were no sooner out of his mouth than one of the princes took hold of me, and delivered me to one of his attendants. There were three or four lads like myself, and much about my age, who were seized at the same time, and delivered to their people in the same manner, who bound our hands with cords.

There now ensued a scene of horrid butchery, every one of our unfortunate company, including Captain Younge, being killed on the spot. The bodies were next stripped of their clothing, and every article carried off as spoil. Little time was consumed in this tragical affair; for the savages expected that the subjects of King Samuel, roused by Captain Drummond, would soon be down upon them; and I afterwards learned that such a friendly force actually came soon after our departure. In the attack which had been made on us, Sam contrived to escape, and returned with the negroes; whether he was ever sincere in his friendship for us, is doubtful; however, by our infatuated simplicity, we had been our own worst enemies.

REDUCED TO SLAVERY.

I was now the captive of a naked savage, and was led away like a calf to the shambles, galled with cords, and not knowing what should be my fate. Other two lads were treated in the same manner, and soon we were parted by our respective masters. My master, or proprietor as I may call him, was named Mevarrow; he was a chief of some consequence, or rather the king of a tribe, and his design was now to return home with his booty.

All the way we went, I was shocked in observing the mangled bodies of our men, which lay exposed under the broiling sun. When we reached the river we had crossed, I was so faint for want of victuals, having had no sustenance for three days, that I could scarcely stand on my legs. Though my master expressed some little concern for me, yet he would not bait till he was past the river; however, he ordered his people to stop at the first commodious place and make a fire; and now I was in hopes of some agreeable refreshment, for some of his servants had carried beef on their backs for that purpose. Though they cut it into long pieces, with the hide, and dressed and ate it half roasted, according to their custom, and gave it to me in the same manner, yet I thought this contemptible food—and what a beggar in England would not have touched—the most delicious entertainment I ever met with. We rested here about an hour, when he to whose care I was intrusted made signs to know if I could walk; and as I was a little refreshed, I got up, and travelled the remainder of the day with more ease than I expected, since they walked but slowly, as I perceived, on purpose to indulge me.

At night we came to a wood, the place appointed for our lodging, and there we met with three or four men whom my master had sent out a foraging, and they brought in with them two bullocks, one of which my master sent to his brother, for the use of him and his people, and the other was killed for us; for the army was now disbanded, and all were marching home with their respective chiefs to their own habitations. Here my master came to me and gave me a lance, intimating that I might cut out as much as I thought proper. I cut about a pound, without any part of the hide, which he perceiving, imputed it to my ignorance, and so cut a slice with the hide, and dressed it for me, which I ate with seeming thankfulness, not daring to refuse it. As soon as supper was over, each man pulled as much grass as was sufficient for himself to lie on: my guardian, however, provided enough for himself and me: I then reposed myself accordingly, and he lay by me; but his black skin smelled so rank, that I was forced to turn my back on him all night long. I had very little rest, for the ghastly spectacle of my massacred friends was ever before me, and made me start from sleep as soon as I closed my eyes.

At break of day we arose, and after a short repast, marched on till noon, when we baited among some shady trees near a pond of water. Whilst some employed themselves in kindling a fire, others were busy in digging up and down amongst the grass. I could not at first conceive what they were doing, but I soon observed one of them pulling out of the ground a long white root, which I found was a yam, having seen many of them at Bengal. They soon furnished themselves with a sufficient quantity. I perceived they grew wild, without any cultivation. Some of them were eighteen inches long at least, and about six or seven inches in circumference. They gave me some of them, which I roasted, and ate, with a great deal of pleasure, instead of bread with my beef. They are very agreeable to the taste, as well as wholesome food.

We arrived that evening at a small town, which we no sooner entered, than the women and children flocked round about me, pinched me, struck me on the back with their fists, and showed several other tokens of their derision and contempt, at which I could not forbear weeping, as it was not in my power to express my feelings any other way; but when my guardian observed it, he came to my assistance, and freed me from my persecutors. All the houses that were empty were taken up by my master, his brother, and other head men, so that my guardian and I lay exposed to the open air. The ill treatment I met with from the women and children put a thousand distracting thoughts into my head: sometimes I imagined that I might be preserved alive for no other purpose than to be carried to the king and his son, who would in all probability be fired with resentment at our late seizing of them, and making them prisoners; then again I thought, that, to gratify their pleasure and revenge, they would order me to be put to death before their faces, by slow degrees, and the most exquisite torments. Such melancholy reflections as these so disordered me, that when once, through weariness, I fell into a slumber, I had a dream which so terrified me, that I started upright, and trembled in every joint; in short, I could not get one wink of sleep all the night long.

When it was broad daylight we marched homeward—for now I must call it so—and in three or four hours' time we arrived at a considerable town, with three or four tamarind trees before it. One of the negroes carried a large shell, which, when he blew, sounded like a postboy's horn. This brought the women to a spacious house in the middle of the town, about twelve feet high, which I soon perceived was my master's. No sooner had he seated himself at the door, than his wife came out, crawling on her hands and knees till she came to him, and then licked his feet; and when she had thus testified her duty and respects, his mother paid him the like compliment; and all the women in the town saluted their husbands in the same manner; then each man went to his respective habitation, my master's brother only excepted, who, though he had a house, had no wife to receive him, and so he stayed behind.

My mistress intimated by her motions that she would have me go in and sit down. Much serious discourse passed between my master and her; and though I knew nothing of what they said, yet, by her looking so earnestly at me whilst he was talking, I conjectured he was relating to her our tragical tale, and I perceived that the tears frequently stood in her eyes. This conference over, she ordered some carravances to be boiled for our dinner—a kind of pulse much like our gray peas: she gave me some, but as they had been boiled in dirty water, I could not eat them. She, perceiving I did not like them, strained them off the water, and put some milk to them, and after that I made a tolerable meal of them. She gave me not only a mat to lie down upon, but likewise a piece of calico, about two yards in length, to cover me. She intimated that she wanted to know my name, which I told her was Robin. Having received so much civility from my mistress, I began to be much better satisfied than I was at first, and then laid me down and slept, without any fear or concern, about four hours, as near as I could guess by the sun. When I waked, my mistress called me by my name, and gave me some milk to drink. She talked for some considerable time to me, but I could not understand one word she said. My master was all this time with his brother at the door, regaling themselves with toake.

Through the kindness of my mistress, who had herself been taken captive, and brought as a slave to my master's camp, I was less harshly treated than any of the other slaves in the establishment, of whom there were upwards of 200. Perhaps also I was indebted to my want of bodily strength for not being put to excessive labour. Nevertheless, my fate was most distressing and hopeless. At night I slept in a hut without any furniture. and my clothes being taken from me, the only covering which I wore was a piece of cloth round the middle, like that worn by all the people in the country. Thus stripped of my apparel, and almost entirely naked, I was a miserable-looking object; but I suffered less from cold than heat. The sun beat on my body, blistering the skin, and covering it with freckles, while I was exposed at the same time to the bites and stings of insects, of which there is a vast variety in Madagascar.

I was first tried by my master as a labourer to hoe the weeds in the fields of carravances; but being awkward at that kind of work, I was made to attend on the cattle, drive them to water, and see that they did not break into any of the plantations. Besides this, I was obliged to drag home every night a tub of water for the use of the family, there being no water near my master's house. In my employment as a neat-herd, I had the society of other boys, also attendants on their master's cattle, and from these companions, who were natives of the country, as well as from others, I picked up a knowledge of the language, and was soon able to speak it so as to be understood.

After being some months in this kind of service, my master departed with a numerous band of followers on a warlike expedition. He was absent for more than a fortnight, and at his return, made a triumphant entry into the town, amidst the firing of guns and blowing of horns. After Mevarrow, came his brother Sambo and the attendants, followed by the cattle which had been taken from the enemy; the prisoners of war, now become slaves, brought up the rear. The great man, my master, having halted and seated himself in front of his house, his consort, attended by the women of the neighbourhood, came as usual and licked his feet.

During this ceremonial my master, casting his eyes around, saw me at a distance, and called me to him. I approached him in a manner considered respectful, with my hands lifted up, as in a praying posture; but did not kneel down, as all the others did, having a conscientious reluctance to perform such an act. Whereupon my brutal owner flew into a rage, and reproached me for not paying him the same respect as his wife, mother, and others about him. However, I peremptorily refused, and told him I would obey all his lawful commands, and do whatever work he thought proper to employ me in, but this act of divine homage I could never comply with.

On this he fell into a violent passion, upbraided me with being ungrateful, and insensible of his saving me from being killed among my countrymen, and urged, moreover, that I was his slave, &c.; but notwithstanding all this, I still continued resolute and firm to my purpose. Whereupon he arose from his seat, and with his lance made a stroke at me with all his might; but his brother, by a sudden push on one side, prevented the mischief he intended. He was going to repeat his blow, but his brother interposed, and intreated him to excuse me; but he absolutely, and in the warmest terms, refused to forgive me, unless I would lick his feet. His brother begged he would give him a little time to talk with me in private, which he did; and after he had told me the danger of not doing it, and that, in submitting to it, I did no more than what many great princes were obliged to do when taken prisoners, I found at length it was prudence to comply; so I went in, asked pardon, and performed the ceremony as others had done before me. He told me he readily forgave me, but would make me sensible I was a slave. I did not much regard his menaces; for, as I had no prospect of ever returning to England, I set but little value on my life. The next day I incurred his displeasure again, and never expected to escape from feeling the weight of his resentment.

My master then performed the ceremony of thanksgiving to God for his happy deliverance from all the hazards of war, and for the success of his arms; which is done by some silly adoration before a kind of household altar, accompanied with ridiculous ceremonies. Having performed his devotions, my master would have me do the same; but this I also firmly refused, and he was now more savage than ever. Taking hold of me by one hand, and with his lance in the other, he threatened instantly to sacrifice me. I expected nothing but death, and waited every moment in an agony for the mortal blow. Sambo, at this crisis, again humanely interfered, along with many others, all using their utmost endeavours to persuade him against so rash an action; but to no purpose; till his brother at last very warmly told him he would that minute depart, and see his face no more, if he offered to be guilty of such an act of inhumanity; and rose up to be gone accordingly. When my master saw his brother was going in good earnest, he called him back, and promised to spare my life, but assured him he would punish me very severely for my contempt of his orders. Sambo told him he should submit that to his own discretion; all he begged of him was, not to kill me. Upon this, by a secret sign, he advised me to kneel down and lick his feet, which I readily complied with, and asked his pardon. When I got up, I kneeled down to Dean Sambo of my own accord, and licked his feet, as a testimony of my gratitude and respect for thus saving my life a second time.

As soon as this storm was blown over, I was remanded to my former post of cow-keeper. I had a great deal of trouble sometimes with these cattle, for they are very unruly; and notwithstanding they are larger beasts than any I ever saw elsewhere of the kind, they are so nimble, that they will leap over high fences like a greyhound. They have an excrescence between their shoulders, somewhat like that of camels, all fat and flesh, some of which will weigh about three or fourscore pounds. They are also beautifully coloured: some are streaked like a tiger, others, like a leopard, are marked with various spots. Here are, likewise, some sheep with large heavy tails, like Turkish sheep—not woolly as ours, but more like a goat; and also a small number of goats, resembling those of other countries. There are, besides, plenty of hogs in the country, and immense swarms of bees. These bees produce a vast abundance of honey, from which the natives make their drink called toake.

ESCAPE.

[What with cow-herding, gathering honey, helping to build huts with wood and clay, and going sometimes, greatly against his will, on warlike or cattle-stealing expeditions, besides doing much thankless drudgery of a miscellaneous kind, Drury informs us that twelve years were consumed. Often in his hut, in the silence of night, he thought of his father, mother, and friends in England, and wept when he reflected on the hopelessness of his lot. He, however, felt more than he could well express, even by tears. Twelve years of slavery had changed him in a remarkable manner. He had forgotten his own language, and could no longer converse in English. The words stuck half-expressed on his tongue. From being a handsome English boy, he had grown to be a brown-skinned savage. His feelings had been changed as well as his person; and in some of his habits he was little superior to the lower animals. Yet, as has been said, he sometimes wept, and never forgot his home. The recollection of his mother's tenderness could not be obliterated from his memory. It survived all the horrors of his hapless condition, and stimulated him to attempt his escape from an odious bondage.

He pondered long on the means of absconding; and at length, by the friendly aid of a fellow-servant, he took to flight. His plan was, in the first place, to reach the territory of a chief called Afferrer, friendly to the whites, before his absence was discovered; and although this required great dexterity and toil, he effected the journey. Still, he was scarcely safe. His enraged master sent messengers to request that he should be delivered up as a runaway slave, and poor Drury trembled for the result. Afferrer appeared to be shocked at the proposal. He said that the idea of making a white man a slave was ridiculous, and that the refugee should remain with him as long as he pleased, or go wherever he thought proper. The men were therefore obliged to return disconcerted, and Drury was in the meantime secure. In this new home he was certainly not compelled to work as a slave, but neither was he altogether a freeman. The chief with whom he had taken refuge was pretty constantly at war, and his object was to make use of him in his expeditions. Constrained to appear satisfied, Drury lived with Afferrer two months, going with him on two excursions against his enemies. As this, however, was an employment not at all to the mind of the refugee, he took an opportunity of once more escaping. We continue the narrative chiefly in his own language.]

With a bundle of dried meat, which I had contrived to conceal, I set off on my journey, walking briskly all night, and keeping in a south-easterly direction, with the hope of reaching Port Dauphine. A great river, called the Oneghaloyhe, issuing in St Augustine's bay, I was told had to be crossed on the journey. In the morning I saw certain mountains that had been mentioned to me; by this I perceived I had made considerable progress, and therefore would not conceal myself, as at first I proposed, but proceeded on my journey, looking sharply about me, in case of any lurking enemy. With little to fear, I went merrily on, singing Madagascar songs, for I had forgot all my English ones. The bellowing of the wild cattle would now and then make me start, imagining they were my pursuers. When I came to a pleasant brook, I baited there, and at sunset I looked out for a covert in a thicket to lie in; but I could not find one near at hand, so I was contented to repose myself in the open plain, pulling up a sufficient quantity of grass for a bed and a pillow, and making a small fire to warm my beef. I did not think proper to make a great one, lest it should be discerned at a distance, for in the afternoon I observed some fires to the eastward of the mountain. I was disturbed in my sleep by night-walkers, whom I imagined were my pursuers, and accordingly I took up my lances in order to defend myself; but when I was thoroughly awake, I found they were only some cattle that snorted at the smell of my fire, and ran away much more afraid of me than I was of them.

The second day, in the morning, I stayed till the sun appeared before I moved forward, that I might not be deceived in my course. Nothing remarkable happened this day. I looked out early this evening for a lodging, the clouds gathering very black, and soon found a large thick tree, where I kindled a fire, warmed some meat, and hung up the remainder, to keep it as dry as I could, for I had nothing else that could be injured by the rain. At length it poured down, as I expected, in a violent manner, attended with thunder and lightning. It soon penetrated my roof; however, I crowded myself up together, with my head on my knees, my hands betwixt my legs, and my little body-covering over my ears. The rain ran down like a flood, but as it was warm, I did not so much regard it. In three or four hours it was fair weather again, and I laid me down and took a comfortable nap.

The next morning I dried my beef at a fire, which I made for that purpose, for it was the third day after it was killed; but I was very careful of it, not knowing how to kill more at that time; so I put it up in clean grass, and marched forward. The mountains over which I was to pass seemed very high, craggy, and thick with wood, and no path nor opening could I find. It looked dismal enough, but I was determined to run all hazards. Those mountains seemed to me to traverse the island, and appeared, as we call it at sea, like double land—one hill behind another. I saw nothing all this day but a few wild cattle, and now and then a wild dog. The weather was fair, and I slept sound all this night.

The fourth day I walked till noon, at which time I baited; my beef was now but very indifferent. In the afternoon, as I was walking, I saw about a dozen men before me; upon this I skulked in a bush, peeping to observe whether they had discovered me; but I was soon out of my pain, for they were surrounding some cattle a good way to the westward on a hill. I was likewise on another hill, so that I could see them throw their lances, and kill three beeves, which I was well assured were more than they could carry away with them at once. I stayed where I was, proposing, when they were gone, to have some beef. To work they fell immediately, cutting up the beasts, and each man making up his burden, hanging the remainder up in a tree, that the wild dogs might not get it, and went home to the eastward. As soon as they were gone, and I had looked well about me, I threw away my bad meat, made up to the tree, and took as much as I could well carry. Away I marched with my booty towards the mountains, not daring to rest, lest they should return and discover me. In less than an hour I reached the foot of the hills in the thick woods, and finding no path, nor track of men, nor any hopes of any, not knowing what to do, I determined to go through all; but as I happened on a run of water, I took up my quarters near it, made a fire, cut some wooden spits, and roasted my beef. I kept my fire burning all night, lest the foxes should come and attack me.

The next morning I made up my package with grass, binding it with the bark of trees, and moved forward up the hill. My burden was now much lighter. In an hour, though I could find no path but what some swine had made, I got to the top of it. I climbed a high tree to take a survey, but could discover no entrance, nothing but hills and vales, one beyond another; a cragged, dismal desert was all that presented itself to my view. I would have descended, had I not been in danger of being seen by the hunters; besides, I could not tell which way to look, whether east or west, for the proper pass; so setting a lance up on end, I turned the way it fell, though I imagined it was due north, or rather somewhat to the eastward. However, superstition prevailed where reason was nowise concerned, for I was as likely to be right one way as another; and in case I went to the northward, so long as I knew it, I must go as often as I could to the westward, as sailors are forced to do, run their latitude first, and their longitude afterwards. I went down this hill, and up another, which was about an hour's walk; but when I came to descend this, it was right up and down. Without due thought I threw down my lances, hatchet, and burden, thinking to descend by a very tall tree, whose top branches reached close to the brow; but I could not do it. However, I made ropes of the bark of a tree, and fixing them to the strongest branches, I slid down, I daresay, no less than thirty feet, rather than I would lose my lances and other materials. I passed over a fine spring and run of water in the vale. Though the hill on the other side was a craggy steep rock, I found a way to ascend it; and on the top, climbed another to take my view; but had the same dismal prospect. Here I dug faungidge, it being sunset, and seeing a hole in a large rock, I had thoughts of taking up my lodging there; but peeping in, on a sudden I heard such an outcry, which, with the echo in the rock, made so confused a noise, that I knew not what it could be. My fears prevailed, and I imagined it might be pursuers, for it drew nearer and nearer; so, setting my back to a tree, with a lance in each hand, I waited for the murderers, when instantly came squeaking towards me a herd of wild swine, which ran away more terrified than myself. After I was well recovered from my fright I made two fires, for fear of the foxes, and then laid me down on my stony bed, for here was no grass.

The next morning, which was the sixth day, I made a hearty meal on roots and beef, and, the hill extending north and south, I went straight on till it declined gradually into a valley, in which was a small river that ran westward. By the time I arrived at the top of the next hill it drew towards evening, for I was not much less than two hours in ascending it; and yet, considering my burden, though it was not very heavy now, I went at a good pace. As I was looking out for a commodious lodging—that is to say, a place with the fewest stones in it—I discovered a swarm of bees; this was a joyful sight, for it was food that would not spoil with keeping. I soon cut down a tree, and smoked them out.

I made such a hearty meal this night of honey and beef, that I slept too sound, insomuch that I was waked with a severe mortification for my thoughtless security. A fox caught hold of my heel, and would have dragged me along; whereupon I started, and catching up a firebrand, gave him such a blow as staggered him; but as soon as he recovered he flew at my face. By this time I was upon my feet, and recovered one of my lances, with which I prevented him from ever assaulting me more; but his hideous howling brought more about him. I saw three, whose eyes sparkled like diamonds: however, they kept at a distance; for, with some light dry wood that lay near me, I made a blaze directly, in order to keep a flame all night; but did not wake to renew it, as I ought to have done; so that both my fires being almost reduced to ashes, one of them boldly ventured between them; and it was very happy for me that he did not seize upon my throat, for when men have negligently slept where they haunt, I have known them meet with such a mischance. After I had made up my fires, and put my enemies to flight, I examined my heel, and found two large holes on each side where his teeth had entered. I bound it up in the best manner I could, and making a great fire, threw the fox upon it by way of resentment. I had not that pleasure in eating my breakfast this morning as I had in my last night's supper; besides, my beef was now a little too tender; however, as I had honey enough for a week, and here were good roots in plenty, I did not concern myself much about it.

I walked on the seventh day, and though I favoured my lame foot as much as I could, yet I rested but once all day. This way happened to be plain and easy. At evening I came to a place where lay several bodies of trees which were dead and dry. Thinking this, therefore, a proper lodging, I made four very large fires, sat me down to supper, and afterwards ventured to go to sleep with all those fires round me. But my heel now became so painful, and was swelled to that degree, that I could not go forward the next day; but as there was faungidge enough within twenty or thirty yards of me, I dug up several, and determined to continue here till my foot grew better. My beef was soon gone, but faungidge was both meat and drink to me. I saved part of my beef-fat to dress my heel with, which, as I gave it six days' rest, took down all the swelling. During this time I made such large fires every night, that, could they have been seen, were like those of an army. I had not far to go for wood or anything else that I wanted, or at least that I could anywise expect in such a place.

Proceeding on my journey, and exposed day after day to accidents, fatigue, and often hunger, I at length, on the morning of the twenty-third day, had the joyful sight of the Oneghaloyhe, a river as broad as the Thames at London. All day I spent in contriving how I should cross so broad a stream without a canoe, and lay down at night still uncertain what I should do. In the morning I thought of looking out for some old trees, or branches that were fallen; and in a short time I met with several that were fit for my purpose—not only great arms, but trunks of trees broke off by tempests: these I dragged to the river-side. In the next place I made it my business to find out a creeper, which is as large as a withy, but, twining round trees, is very pliant. I lopped off the superfluous branches from six long and thick arms of the trees, and placing three at bottom and three at top, I bound them together, making what we call in the East Indies a catamarran. I built it afloat in the water, for otherwise I could not have launched it, and moored it to a lance, which I stuck in the shore for that purpose. I then fixed my package, in order to preserve it as dry as I possibly could, as also my hatchet and my other lance; after that I made a paddle to row with. Then I pulled up my lance, and kept it in my hand to defend myself against the alligators, in case any of them should assault me; for I was informed they were very numerous and very fierce here. It blew a fresh gale at west against the stream, which in the middle made a sea, and gave me no small concern; for I was in great danger of being overset, and becoming a prey to the alligators. It pleased God, however, to protect me, and I landed safely on the other shore. This being a pretty good day's work, I determined not to go much further that evening before I took up my lodging.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

[Travelling in the manner he describes, Drury had at length the good fortune to fall in with different tribes friendly to the English, amongst whom he lived for some time, but still watched by his jealous entertainers. The great man with whom he latterly lived was named Rer Moume, and by him he was kept two years and a half, during which an incident occurred that led to his removal from the island. The court of Rer Moume being visited by a person named William Thornbury, connected with the trade carried on upon the coast, Drury endeavoured to interest him in his behalf; nor was he unsuccessful. After a lapse of many months, two ships arrived at a place called Yong-Owl to trade.] This (continues Drury) I was overjoyed to hear, and flattered myself that William Thornbury had not forgot me. They stayed there several days, and slaves were sent to be sold, and guns and other goods were returned for them. I was at a loss how to break my mind to Rer Moume, hoping he would say something to me of his own accord; but as I was sitting with him one evening, two men came in with a basket of palmetto leaves sewed up, and delivered it to the prince, who opened it, and finding a letter, asked the men what they meant by giving him that. The captain, they said, gave it us for your white man, but we thought proper to let you see it first. Rer Moume now handed me the packet, which to my great surprise contained a letter from Captain William Macket, directed *To Robert Drury, on the island of Madagascar*. I opened it, and the contents were to the following effect:—"That he had a letter on board from my father, with full instructions, as well from him as his owners, to purchase my liberty, let it cost what it would; and in case I could not possibly come down myself, to send him word the reason of it, and what measures he should take to serve me."

Rer Moume perceived that my countenance changed whilst I was reading the letter, and asked me what was the matter. I told him that the captain desired to speak with me, and that my father had sent for me home, and hoped he would be pleased to give his consent. How do you know all this, says the prince; can you conjure? Then turning to the messengers, Have you, pray, heard anything like this? Yes, said they, it is all the discourse at the sea-side, that Robin's father sent both these ships for him. Rer Moume took the letter, and turning it over and over, said he had heard of such methods of conveying intelligence to one another, but never actually saw it before, and could not conceive which way it could be done without conjuration. I endeavoured to demonstrate to him, as well as I could, how we learnt in our infancy the characters first, and then we put them together. But, says he, I presume you have no inclination to leave us now, since you live here so much at your ease? You have several cattle and a slave, and if you shall want more, you shall have them. These offers I of course put aside, and besought him to let me go. I said that if he thought proper to demand any consideration of the captain for my freedom, it should be paid. Rer Moume answered, that if I wished to go, he should take nothing for my release; but that if my friends would make him a present of a good gun, he should accept of the favour, and call it *Robin*, in remembrance of me. This generous answer gave me such joy, that I immediately kneeled down and licked his feet with the utmost sincerity, as justly thinking I could never sufficiently express my gratitude. He would not dismiss me instantly, but did in a day or two after, and ordered the messengers to be taken care of in the meantime.

How joyful were my feelings when I at length departed, and came in sight of the sea-coast, with the huts which had been erected for trading with the commanders of the vessels. At these huts, or factory, as I may call it, I met Mr Hill, the steward of the Drake, Captain Macket's ship, and two or three more of the crew, who took me for a wild man; and in a letter which Hill sent off by a canoe to the captain, he told him the wild Englishman was come. I desired him to say I could speak but little English; and for several days I was frequently puzzled for words to express my meaning.

Captain Macket soon came on shore, along with Captain Bloom, of the ship Sarah; the other ship lay in the offing. I gazed at them intently as my deliverers, but not more so than they gazed at me. I was little better than a savage; and what added to the wildness of my appearance was, that I had nothing on but my lamber. My skin being swarthy, and full of freckles, and my hair long and matted together, I really made a frightful figure. But they soon restored me to my original form. Mr Hill cut my hair off, and ordered me to be shaved, and dressed in a neat seaman's habit, light, and fit for the country. The captain asked me what ransom was expected for my freedom? I told him nothing but a gun for a present, to be kept in remembrance of me. He thereupon picked out a handsome and very good buccaneer gun, as also some powder, flints, and a case of spirits, as a present to Rer Moume. He gave likewise knives and beads to his two men, and a small gun to the messengers who went for me. For my own part, I presented the captain with my slave Anthony. After this, he gave me a letter from my father, expressive of his happiness in hearing from Mr Thornbury that I was alive, and desiring me to put myself under the charge of Captain Macket, who would do everything for my comfort.

About three days after, I went aboard; but the sea and change of diet made me very sick for some time; after which, the two captains took me to another part of the coast to help them to trade, which I was able to do, by being able to speak the language of the natives. Other two vessels also arrived at this time, and there was a great trade carried on in buying slaves.* On the 20th of January 1717, we bade adieu to the island of Madagascar. We did not touch at the Cape of Good Hope, but at St Helena; and from thence we sailed in a short time to Jamaica, where we delivered our cargo. After a stay of some time, taking in West India goods, we sailed for England, and crossing the Atlantic, arrived in the Downs on the 9th of September, after I had been absent from my native country sixteen years and about nine months—fifteen years of which had been spent in captivity. By the captain's direction I went ashore, he having previously supplied me with what was necessary for my journey to London; yet I did not set forward till I had returned thanks to God, in the most solemn manner, for my safe arrival, and for my deliverance from the many dangers I had escaped, and from the many miseries I had so long endured.

[The pleasure which Drury felt on reaching London, was greatly damped by the intelligence of the death of his father and mother, grief at his loss having for years preyed on their spirits. His father had died only lately, and left him the sum of £200, with a house at Stoke-Newington. Discouraged by the loss of his parents, he tells us that, after settling his affairs, he returned to Madagascar on a trading expedition; and having there procured a cargo of slaves, and taken them to Virginia, he came back to England in September 1720. Here his narrative terminates; and we are led to infer that, settling in London on the moderate competence he had acquired, he did not again tempt the dangers of the ocean. Some years before his death, says the editor of his volume, he was to be spoken with every day at Old Tom's coffee-house, in Birchin Lane; at which place several inquisitive gentlemen received from his own mouth the confirmation of those particulars which seemed dubious, or carried with them the least air of a romance.

We have only to add, that although attempts have been made, in the course of the last fifty years, to civilise the island of Madagascar, it remains till the present day under petty native sovereigns, and almost in as barbarous a condition as when it was visited by the unfortunate Drury—a circumstance attributable, in a great measure, to the vitiating influences of the slave-trade. The taking possession of this large and fine island by any European power, could not fail to prove advantageous not only to the natives, but to the general cause of humanity.]

---

* It may be observed that, although Drury had himself just escaped from the horrors of slavery, he does not seem to have considered that he was committing a crime in helping to reduce others to a similar condition. In this respect, however, he did not act more inconsistently than the modern upholders of negro slavery.—Ed.

NATURAL MAGIC.

TO the ignorant mind every occurrence or appearance out of the ordinary course of observation seems a wonder—something mysterious and incomprehensible. The whole scheme of creation and Providence is no doubt wonderful; but there are no phenomena obvious to the senses, which cannot be less or more explained in reference to certain acknowledged principles in science. Trained in scientific knowledge, therefore, none of the phenomena of nature excites in us any surprise. To the man of science there are no wonders, in the ordinary acceptation of that term. The seeming marvel which would fill an illiterate multitude with awe, and perhaps consternation, is to the cultivated and instructed mind no marvel at all. From this liability to deception, the illiterate of all ages have suffered under the thraldom of superstition, and been exposed to the fraudulent tricks of pretended magicians and other impostors. In ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, the populace, kept purposely in ignorance, were the constant dupes of priests, pretended sorcerers, and oracles, whose marvellous performances are now well known to have been within the reach of practical science. In the modern world, from the greater diffusion of knowledge, it has become more difficult to terrify or strike awe with performances of this nature; yet there are countries—some parts of Italy, for example—where, from the prevailing ignorance of the people, deceptions as gross as those of ancient Egypt or Greece are still unblushingly practised. Desirable as it is to possess a knowledge of science for the purpose of arming us against such deceptions, it is not less necessary to have this knowledge, in order to shield us against our own naturally wonder-loving minds; for it may with truth be said, that if mankind had not in their own nature possessed a craving for the marvellous, they could not have been so easily made the dupes of imposture. Referring to the appropriate treatises for such instruction as may be requisite, we propose in the present sheet to stimulate inquiry, by pointing out some of the more amusing phenomena revealed by optics, acoustics, chemistry, and some other branches of science—the marvels wrought by the potent and magical wand of nature.

OPTICS—PHENOMENA OF SIGHT.

The eye may be described as a beautiful optical instrument, consisting of a combination of lenses with a mirror. The lenses are certain transparent humours within the rounded part in front; and through these, as through the glass of a window, the rays of light, bringing the representation of objects, penetrate to the mirror behind. This mirror, called the retina, is not larger than the side of a split pea, and presents a hollowed surface to the rays. The representation of objects being formed in this little mirror, a nerve, called the optic nerve, in connexion with it, carries the impression of the picture to the brain. The eye is thus only the instrument of vision; it is the brain, or organ of thought, which truly sees.

OCULAR ILLUSIONS.

No artificial mirror is so susceptible of impressions as the retina. Such is its delicacy, that it has the power of retaining for a certain period of time the impression of any image after the object which produces the image is withdrawn. This leads to numerous ocular illusions. If we take a burning stick, and whirl it rapidly round before us, we think we see circles of fire; the eye not being able to perceive that it is only a burning point in rapid motion. At every part of its course the burning point leaves an impression on the retina for the eighth of a second; and hence the illusion. In the same manner we are deceived with streaks of lightning. The streaks, however seemingly continuous and zig-zag in their course, are only electric sparks in exceedingly rapid motion.

Some very interesting philosophical toys have been made from a knowledge of the above optical phenomenon. One of the most common consists of several pieces of card arranged edge to edge (as in a fan) round an axle. On each card is painted part of a human figure; as the head on one, the body on another, arms on a third, legs on a fourth, and so on—the whole sufficient to make up an entire figure. The illusion is produced by moving the cards rapidly round by a simple kind of mechanism; when the eye, losing all trace of the separate parts, perceives only a continuous and complete figure. When several figures—as a Harlequin and Columbine—are painted in parts on the cards, the deception and drollery of the movements are more effective.

In some of these toys the cards are arranged along the axle, like cogs on a mill-wheel, and by their rapid turning we procure all the effects of a transparency. So varied are the illusions that may be practised by this species of toy, that, in the hands of the cunning deceivers of the ancient world, it might have been made an exceedingly serviceable instrument of superstition.

The susceptibility of the eye is very observable in the case of looking intently for even a moment at a bright object; on turning from the object, it leaves a spectral representation, like a round spot of green, orange, or some other bright colour in the eye. When the sun strikes the eye, this luminous image of varying colour produces an unpleasant sensation, which remains for a few minutes afterwards.

LENSES.

An object is said to be represented to our sight by means of rays coming from it to the eye. The rays come in a straight line towards our vision, unless bent out of their course by a medium whose density differs from that of the atmosphere. This bending is called *refraction*, which means breaking.

Refraction may take place by the rays going through two or more media of different densities, as air and water, air and pieces of glass of a peculiar form, &c. The glasses employed to refract rays are called lenses. Three kinds of lenses may be noticed—those for multiplying, for magnifying, and for diminishing. All are made of very pure glass.

When we look through a piece of glass pure and flat on both sides, we see nothing remarkable. The rays from any object are no way bent out of their course to the eye. If, however, we take a piece of glass flat on one side, and cut into different faces or facets on the other, and then look through it from the flat side to any object—for instance, a pea—we shall then see as many peas as there are faces receiving the rays from the single pea. Such is a multiplying glass, or lens, which we may exemplify as follows:—

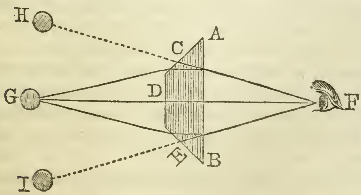


Fig. 1.

Multiplying Glass.—In the annexed figure, A B is a lens flat on one side, and cut into three faces on the other, C D E. F is the eye of the spectator, and G is a pea, the object looked at. The eye receives a pencil of rays direct through the glass at D, and sees the object just as it is. The pea G, however, sends also a pencil of rays to the face C, and another to the face E, and these being carried through the glass, proceed to the eye. These various pencils of rays are represented in the cut by single lines. If, instead of using the term pencils of rays, we were to say that each face takes in the appearance of the object, the explanation would perhaps be more plain. Either way we describe it, the eye recognises three peas instead of one, and to all appearance at the places where we have marked them. It will be seen that the situation of the two supposititious peas, H and I, is determined by the angle of the upper and lower facet. That which deceives the eye, is the obliquity of the rays in crossing the glass at these points. The eye cannot look through these sloping sides, and then bend its vision to the pea in the centre; the vision travels in ideal lines at a straight slope to the two points where the supposititious peas are placed. Were the off-side of the glass to have a hundred facets, we should see any object we looked at through it multiplied a hundred times.

Magnifying Glasses.—The lens for magnifying is usually a piece of glass—as, for example, the eye of most kinds of spectacles—thick in the middle and thinner at the edges. In looking through this species of lens, called a double convex lens, the object, instead of being multiplied by distinct facets, is apparently drawn out or increased in size. In reading by it, the print seems larger than it really is. The annexed cut represents an eye looking through a magnifying lens at a small arrow, A B. The edge of the lens is supposed to be towards us. We observe that the rays from the arrow A B, are embraced by the lens, and then bending through the glass at every place except the centre, converge to the eye. The eye, however, is deceived as respects the coming of the rays from the object to the glass. The vision, on the principle already explained, is made to embrace the space C D, and the rays within the limits of A B are seemingly drawn out to that extent. Consequently the arrow A B is to all appearance the size of an arrow C D. In the cut, for the sake of clearness, only three rays are marked, but rays, in reality, proceed from every part of the object, filling up the whole glass.

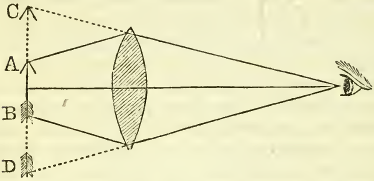


Fig. 2.

By holding the glass nearer, or more distant, we can limit or increase the divergence of the rays, and so regulate the magnifying power. There is a point, however, at which we can see the object most clearly, and that is called the focal point—that at which the rays concentrate.

Inversion of Images.—Lenses of the kind now described have another remarkable property, which is the power of inverting the image of the objects looked at. This arises from the crossing and interweaving of the rays, and takes place beyond the focal point. The principle of inversion may be illustrated by the diagram, fig. 3. A B C is an arrow, with the point uppermost, placed beyond the focus at F, of a double convex glass *d e f*. In virtue of the refractive power of the lens, the rays which proceed from A meet at *a*, and form an image of the arrow-point inverted; while the rays from C meet at *c*, and form a similarly inverted image of the feather part of the arrow. The rays proceeding from B, unite at *b*. As in the preceding cut, for the sake of clearness, only certain rays are represented; but in point of fact rays from all parts of the object proceed through the lens, and hence an entire image is formed in an inverted position. Should the object A B C be brought nearer the lens, the image will be removed to a greater distance, because then the rays are rendered more divergent, and cannot so soon be collected into corresponding points beyond. To procure a distinct image, the object must be removed farther than the focal point F from the glass. In this exemplification, the object seems to be diminished; but if we make the small arrow the object, the larger one will be the image of it magnified.

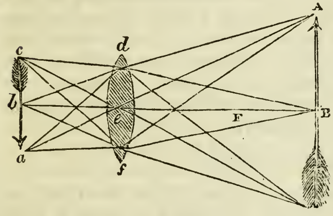


Fig. 3.

Diminishing Glasses.—A glass to diminish the apparent size of objects is a double concave lens—that is, thin in the middle and thicker towards the edges. The rays in the case of this lens, instead of diverging, converge, or come together. A concave mirror shows the principle of this convergence, and diminishes the image of objects pictured in it.

Burning Glasses.—When a double convex lens is held up to the unclouded summer sun about noon, the rays which converge at the focal distance from the glass produce a burning heat, and will set fire to gunpowder or any other readily combustible substance.

TELESCOPES.

A telescope is a long darkened tube fitted up with lenses at certain distances from each other, and respectively of certain refractive power. The purpose of this instrument is to bring distant objects apparently near, and this is done by the combined powers of the lenses. Had the ancients been acquainted with the telescope, they would doubtless have degraded it to purposes of popular deception; it would have been one of the most valuable engines of the magician. The *microscope*, an instrument for greatly magnifying the apparent size of small objects, which are almost invisible to the naked eye, is another of the achievements of modern science unknown to the ancients.*

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

This is an amusing optical apparatus, which may be moveáble in the form of a box, or fixed, as in an ordinary apartment. It may be formed by placing a double convex lens in an aperture made in the window-shutter of a darkened room. A glass of proper size and focal distance is chosen, and a screen, or the wall of the apartment, is suitably prepared to receive the light. All the objects outside, moveable and immoveable, within view of the window, are now represented in diminished size, as in a picture, on the screen or wall. Every living figure is seen moving about; and where the scene is that of a busy street, the effect is surprising and delightful. In the best kinds of this apparatus, the view is taken from the top of a house, and, by means of mirrors, the scene is transferred to the whitened top of a table in the middle of the room below.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

This is a lantern darkened on all sides except the front, in which there is fixed a powerful lens. The lens is usually fixed in a projecting part, and between it and the interior is a slit, in which may be placed a moveable glass slide. On this glass slide is painted the representation of any figures. Within the lantern is placed a strong light, consisting of an argand lamp of oil or gas. A mirror behind the lamp helps to strengthen the light. Thus prepared, the light shining through the slide and the lens causes a greatly magnified representation of the figures on a white screen or wall in a darkened room. Lately, the mode of representing scenes has been improved, by using two lanterns, placed at equal distances; in this case, while the view of one is being withdrawn, the view in another is coming on, and the eye is charmed with seeing, for example, a scene in winter dissolve and assume the appearance of the same scene in summer. Such is the principle of what are called the *dissolving views*.

By means of a magic lantern the representation of figures have been thrown from one apartment into another, with the wicked purpose of presenting apparitional appearances. Under the name of *phantasmagoria*, many tricks of this deceptive kind have been performed.

USE OF TWO EYES.

To embrace all the objects before us, and see them with distinctness, we require two eyes, because one is always blind to a certain point before it which is seen by the other. To prove that such is the case, we may perform the following experiment:—On the wall of a room, or on a sheet of black paper held up for the purpose, fix three wafers in a row, three inches apart from each other, and then place yourself directly in front of them, at the distance of from one to two feet. Shut your right eye, and look at them fixedly and steadily for one or two minutes with the left. You will now see only two wafers, suppose the first and second in the row; on altering your position, you will see the third, and the first; altering again, you will see the second and third; but never by any movement will all the three be seen together.

---

* The wonders of the Telescope, and also of the Microscope, will engage attention in separate sheets.

The cause of this phenomenon is, that there is a certain point in the retina, at the junction with the optic nerve, which does not receive impressions—that is, does not picture objects like other parts of the mirror—and on this minute point the impression of the unseen wafer falls. We observe from this experiment the use of two eyes, for the person who has one only, can never see at once three objects placed in the position we have mentioned, nor all the parts of one object of the same extent, without altering the situation of his eye.

ALTERNATE ILLUSION.

With a convex lens of about an inch focus, look attentively at a silver seal, on which a cipher or figure of any kind is cut. At first the figure will appear cut in, or sunk, as when viewed by the naked eye; but on continuing to look at it for some time, without change of situation, the figure will appear to be in relief. If we regard it with the same attention still longer, it will again appear to be engraved; and so on alternately. On looking away for a few moments, and then regarding it again, it will also appear different.

The eye and the effect of light produce a remarkable illusion in this curious experiment. If we incline the seal suddenly, those parts that seemed to be engraved will immediately appear in relief; and, on inclining it to the opposite side, the other parts will appear to be so. We may thus produce an alternate illusion as quickly as we incline the seal to the light. If, instead of an engraved silver seal, we look at a piece of money, these alternations will not be visible. Perhaps it is in the sight that we must look for the main cause of this phenomenon, as the alternations are less observable by some persons than others.

REFRACTION IN WATER.

The phenomena of multiplying, magnifying, and diminishing, are all caused, as we have seen, by a refraction or bending of the rays proceeding from an object. If, instead of lenses, we employ any other transparent substance, the effects will be the same. A globular-shaped bottle filled with clear water will refract rays and magnify the appearance of objects like a lens. The bending or refracting of rays is a cause of many interesting phenomena in nature.

When we look at a fish at the bottom of a clear pool of water, it seems to lie at a point straight from the eye; but it does not. It is lying at a point nearer to us than it seems. The appearance of it comes up through the water in a straight line, and then, on entering the air, which is a medium of a different density, it makes a turn at an angle towards the eye, as if it came round a sharp corner. Suppose we were to shoot an arrow directly pointed at the fish, we should inevitably hit a spot beyond it. To prove that this is the case, put a stick partly into the water, when the part beneath the surface will seem bent from a straight line; or perform the following experiment:—

THE BASIN AND THE SHILLING.

Place a small basin on the table, and lay in it a shilling, in such a situation that, on retiring backwards, we just lose sight of the farther edge of the coin. Now pour water gently into the basin, and as you pour, the shilling, without being moved, will come into sight. As represented in the annexed cut, fig. 4, the ray from the shilling is bent from its course in coming out of the water towards the eye, and the vision seems to travel by the straight dotted line from the farther or imaginary coin. Here it is clearly proved, that by refraction we can see round the corner of an opaque object.

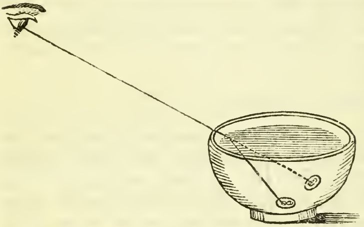


Fig. 4.

THE DRINKING-GLASS.

The principle of magnifying, along with a refraction, may be amusingly illustrated as follows:—Take a tall drinking-glass of a conical figure—that is, small at bottom and wide at top—put into the glass a shilling, and fill the glass about half full of water; next place a plate on the top of it, and turn it quickly over, one hand on the glass, and the other on the plate, so that no water may get out. In the glass, which is now turned upside down, we see at the bottom, on the plate, a coin the size of a half-crown; and somewhat higher up, another piece the size of a shilling.

This phenomenon arises from seeing the piece through the rounded surface of the water at the side of the glass, and through the flat surface at the top of the water at the same time. The rounded surface of a glass or bottle of water, as formerly stated, magnifies like a lens, and hence the shilling appears magnified to a half-crown. As seen through the top of the water, the rays towards the eye are refracted, as in the previous case of the basin, and the shilling appears in its proper size, but lifted up seemingly out of its place. Having amused yourself with this remarkable phenomenon, you may give the glass and plate to a servant, and desire her to throw out the water, and take care of the two pieces of money. Her surprise will probably be considerable when she finds that the half-crown has disappeared, and that a shilling only remains.

REFRACTION IN AIR.

If we look through a stratum of air of ordinary density, and a stratum a certain degree thinner or thicker, a result precisely similar to looking through air and water will follow. Thus, any stream of heated or thin air, or stream of damp and comparatively thicker air, coming between us and an object, will refract the rays, and our line of vision will be bent. This may be easily proved. Heat a poker to a red-heat in the fire, then hold it up before you, so as to warm and rarefy the air which is in contact with it. Now look close along the poker at an object ten or twelve feet distant, and it will be seen out of the situation it actually occupies; and not only so, but it will seem to be inverted, or turned upside down. At a distance of more than three-eighths of an inch, the image of the object will appear erect.

If these explanations be understood, many most interesting, and, to the ignorant, mysterious phenomena in nature will appear simple. When we see the body of the sun or the moon more than usually large, we know that the phenomenon arises from our looking through a moist atmosphere, which, by refraction, acts the part of a magnifying glass. By the same property of refraction the heavenly bodies are never seen in the spot they actually are. The true position of the sun is less or more deceptive, according to the condition of the atmosphere. It is particularly so in the morning and evening. In the morning, when his earliest rays reach our eyes, they have penetrated through a stratum of dense air, and being therefore bent to meet our vision, we actually see the body of the sun before he is above the horizon—like the shilling in the basin, we see him round a corner. In proportion as the sun approaches the zenith, the refraction diminishes, and as he sinks towards evening, it increases. So considerable is it in the hazy atmosphere of the evening, that we retain a sight of the sun's disc after it has sunk. The same phenomena occur in relation to the other heavenly luminaries.

We hope it is now fully understood that the *direction* of our vision is at all times liable to be disturbed by atmospheric conditions. It may be repeated—as long as the atmosphere betwixt our person and the object we are looking at is of the same density, we may be said to see in a straight line before us. But if by any cause a portion of that atmosphere is rendered less or more dense, the line of vision is at once bent from its course. A thorough comprehension of this simple truth in science has banished a mass of superstition.

FIGURES IN THE AIR.

In old times, when any unusual phenomenon was considered ominous of disaster, people were thrown into consternation by observing what they believed to be *figures in the air*. In the west of Scotland, where religious persecution had helped to render the popular mind nervish and suspicious, appearances of this nature gave cause to much needless alarm. In a work now very rare, entitled "An Alarm to a Secure Generation," by John Howie, of Lochgoin, published in 1780, an account is given of certain extraordinary appearances or "visions" seen during the preceding forty years in the moorland districts of Ayrshire and Renfrewshire. We extract the following "declarations" respecting these aërial visitants, for the purpose of showing how easily our ignorant and pious ancestors were discomposed by natural phenomena:—

"John Clark in Croilburn, aged eighty-three years, but fresh in judgment, and ripe of memory, declares that he has seen these visionary appearances several times; but that the following was the most particular: That a good while ago, about the beginning of harvest, on a clear morning about sunrising, as he and his brother went out to gather their flocks, when a little above the house, to their surprise they beheld the appearance of a large body of men, of a dark-bluish colour, standing all in a straight line upon a rising ground. On their left hand, opposite to the rising sun, as they looked upon them with some admiration, they suddenly broke rank, and went off all in detached parties; and marching with great swiftness for some considerable length down a piece of moor ground, until they arrived at a little height, where they were immediately drawn up in a body, and from whence they plainly perceived the appearance of smoke arising to some considerable height above their heads. At last they wheeled to the north, falling in upon a water-side, and then marched up again in parties towards him and his brother (who were now advancing towards the said water-side), until they came within a little distance from them; where, upon a little holm on the water-side, they were immediately drawn up in two parties, and fronted each other, until they came, seemingly, within reach of bayonet; and then made a push with somewhat seemingly across their arms, with such agility, that, as if it had been in a moment, the one party dropt all down to the ground, and the other disappeared: and the said John was so convinced of the reality of what he saw, that he went unto the said piece of ground where he thought they fell; but there he found nothing. He declares further, that one time he saw them standing in a large body in a clear afternoon, and snow on the ground, and that they shifted ground from one place to another. At another time he saw a party of them standing on a little rising ground, in the evening; and being betwixt him and the wind, he apprehended he felt a breeze of hot wind come in his face from that quarter, which made him a little timid, until he recollected himself: and so he returned home and left them on the place."

A Mr John Howie of Lochend, and a John Boyd, "elder in Collorie," also depone to their having seen the same or similar appearances, which by the credulous collector of these wonderful narratives were considered as having been prognosticatory of the rebellion of 1745, and the war between France and Spain two years later. Modern science, however, informs us that the visions were nothing more than the repeated images of soldiers at drill, also other objects, placed out of the direct view of the spectators—the whole aided, no doubt, by imagination and a wish to tell what was marvellous. It will be observed that the visions were always seen either in the morning or the evening, a time when the refractive power of the atmosphere is greatest.

Many similar stories are related of spectral figures being seen in the mountainous country in the north of England; but these we pass over, to notice a phenomenon which was witnessed a few years ago on Agar, one of the Mendip hills in Wiltshire. It was first observed about five o'clock in the evening, and represented an immense body of troops, mounted and fully accoutred, moving onwards with drawn swords. Their pace and arrangement frequently varied; and the illusion was so complete, that even the bridles could be distinguished, while the horses' feet were seen to move in a perfectly natural manner. The astonished and somewhat terrified cottagers observed the phenomenon for upwards of an hour. These figures, as was afterwards ascertained, were images of a body of yeomanry who were practising about fifteen miles off, and who were seen over the intervening ground, just as the shilling is seen over the edge of the basin, in consequence of the strata of air at the earth's surface being more dense than the superincumbent strata.

FATA MORGANA.

Analogous to the above mentioned figures, and scarcely less wonderful, is the appearance denominated *Fata Morgana*, not unfrequently witnessed in the Straits of Messina. At the time of sunrise, on a clear calm day, when the surface of the water is unruffled, a spectator placed on an eminence in the city, with his back to the east, sees towers, churches, and magnificent palaces, with their rows of columns and elaborate ornaments, bodies of men and women, troops in military array, and herds of cattle feeding in sequestered valleys, pass rapidly along the placid surface of the waters. If the air be much loaded with moisture, the figures are also beheld suspended at some height above the surface. Far from being alarmed at the appearance, the inhabitants seem to consider it a signal of good luck, and rush down to the shore, exclaiming, with joyous accents, "Morgana! Morgana!"

Similar phenomena have been at various times noticed on the shores of England and Ireland, and were formerly attributed by the ignorant peasantry to enchantment, or the fairies. They have likewise been observed at sea; and though well known under the name of fog-banks, yet has their appearance been so imposing as to elude the nicest scrutiny, and to promise refreshment and repose to the fatigued and sea-worn mariner, which a nearer approach is destined to disappoint. In truth, such is the variety of wonders produced in this manner, that to describe them all within ordinary limits would be impossible; we shall therefore content ourselves with mentioning a few of the most remarkable only. The cliffs on the coast of France are fifty miles distant from Hastings in Sussex, and are completely hidden from view by the convexity of the earth's surface; yet, on one particular occasion, the whole line of coast from Calais to Dieppe became distinctly visible to the spectators at Hastings; indeed so clear and perfect was the view thus obtained, that the fishermen could distinguish the places which they had been accustomed to visit, and, with the help of a telescope, could recognise the French boats lying at anchor. The different colours of the land on the heights, and the various buildings, were also perfectly discernible. This remarkable appearance continued for more than three hours.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

Sometimes aërial figures or spectres appear, of vast size, on the top of a hill opposite to the rising sun. The Brocken, the loftiest of the Hartz mountains, a picturesque range lying in the kingdom of Hanover, has long been celebrated on account of an aërial spectral appearance of a gigantic size. This remarkable phenomenon has been witnessed by many travellers, but the best account of it is given by M. Haüy. After having ascended the mountain as many as thirty times, he was at length fortunate enough to witness the interesting spectacle. We subjoin the account of it in his own words:—"The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass, without any obstruction, over the Heiwrichshöhe. In the south-west, however, towards Achtermaunshöhe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds. About a quarter past four I went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance, towards the Achtermaunshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size (see adjoining cut). A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, and the colossal figure did the same. The pleasure I felt on this discovery can hardly be described, for I had already walked many a weary step in hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Brocken. Having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermaunshöhe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a short time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a *third*. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined."

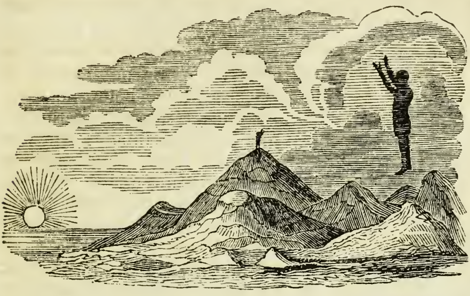


Fig. 5.

Among a people so fond of mystery, so much addicted to superstition, as the Germans, whose every mountain is the scene of some traditionary wonder, we cannot be surprised that this truly remarkable appearance should have gained a supernatural reputation. And yet it admits of an easy and obvious explanation. The figures observed are merely shadows of the spectators, projected and magnified against the clouds. They are therefore only visible when the sun is near the horizon, either soon after rising or before setting, so that his rays proceed in a nearly horizontal direction; otherwise the shadow would be thrown above the observer's head, or below his feet, and thus destroy the image. M. Haüy does not inform us with regard to the third figure which joined them, which of the original ones was doubled, for such is the only conceivable way in which it could have been produced.

SPECTRAL SHIPS.

In many instances inverted figures or images have been seen in the air, sometimes accompanied by others in the erect posture. Captain Scoresby relates many singular occurrences of this nature. While navigating in the Polar seas, he beheld the ships at a distance strangely distorted; some had inverted images attached to their mast-head, frequently as perfect and distinct as the real vessel; the proportions of others were much altered, the masts of one being magnified to at least twice their original height, while another presented a totally opposite appearance, being as it were condensed instead of elongated. At another time he beheld inverted images in the air, when the actual ships were far beyond the reach of vision. Indeed so distinct was one image thus formed, that, by the aid of the glass, he was enabled to ascertain that it was the ship Fame, commanded by his father. The correctness of this observation was confirmed by a subsequent comparison of their log-books.

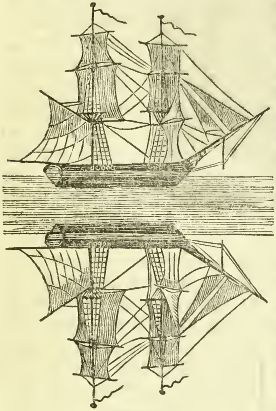


Fig. 6.

THE ENCHANTED COAST.

Of all the appearances witnessed by Captain Scoresby, one to which he has given the very appropriate name of the Enchanted Coast, was by far the most remarkable: it was seen when the sky was clear, and the air filled with a transparent tremulous vapour. We subjoin the description in his own words:—"The general telescopic appearance of the coast was that of an extensive ancient city, abounding with the ruins of castles, obelisks, churches, and monuments, with other large and conspicuous buildings. Some of the hills seemed to be surmounted by turrets, battlements, spires, and pinnacles; while others, subjected to one or two reflections, exhibited large masses of rock, apparently suspended in the air, at a considerable elevation above the actual termination of the mountains to which they referred. The whole exhibition was a grand phantasmagoria. Scarcely was any particular portion sketched before it changed its appearance, and assumed the form of an object totally different. It was, perhaps, alternately a castle, a cathedral, or an obelisk; then expanding horizontally, and coalescing with the adjoining hills, united the intermediate valleys, though some miles in width, by a bridge of a single arch, of the most magnificent appearance and extent. Notwithstanding these repeated changes, the various figures represented had all the distinctness of reality; and not only the different strata, but also the veins of the rocks, with the wreaths of snow occupying ravines and fissures, formed sharp and distinct lines, and exhibited every appearance of the most perfect solidity."

The late celebrated Baron Humboldt witnessed similar appearances on the vast plains of America. Cattle, villages, trees, and boats, were seen suspended in the air, often in inverted positions; and the same has been observed by Niebuhr in the deserts of Arabia. In these great desert plains the spectral appearances are often in the semblance of lakes of water, where no water is, and the phenomenon is known by the name of

THE MIRAGE.

In some instances the appearance is that of a distorted and confused imagery. Capt. Basil Hall mentions that one excessively hot day in India, while sitting in a friend's house, he observed that the whole landscape appeared to be giving way, like molten silver, under the heat, and to be moving past like a troubled stream. "The trees and shrubs, seen under a variety of refractions, through differently heated strata of air, seemed all in violent motion, though probably not one leaf of the highest cocoa-nut tree, nor a single blade of the lowest grass, stirred in reality. The buildings in the distance looked as if their foundations had been removed, while the shattered and broken walls danced to and fro, as if under the influence of some magical principles of attraction and repulsion; whilst many patches of imaginary water—the celebrated 'mirage' of the desert—floating where no water could have existed, mocked our sight in this fantastic landscape. I believe," continues this lively writer, "all the curious phenomena of the mirage are easily explained, upon the supposition that, under certain circumstances, the lower stratum of air may become actually lighter than those which are next above it. The effect of this will be obvious to those who have attended to the subject of atmospherical refraction, the usual effect of which, as every one knows, is to elevate objects, or make them seem higher than they really are. But the unusual effect, or that caused by the contact of hot ground rendering the lowest portion of the air specifically lighter than the superincumbent layers, is to make high objects seem to the eye lower than they really are. Thus, what we fancy to be water between two ridges of sand highly heated, is nothing more than a portion of the clear sky, the rays from which, in passing through the intermediate atmosphere, having entered the warm and rarefied stratum in contact with the sand, are refracted to the eye in a manner which impresses on the sense of vision an image of the sky; and this so closely resembles the surface of still water, that the deception becomes at times quite complete. The tendency of the colder and heavier air above to mix with that which is hotter and lighter beneath it, is of course very considerable: the consequence is, that, near the line of contact of the two media, there occurs an intermixture of air differing in density, and therefore in refractive power. Hence every object viewed through this troubled or heterogeneous part of the atmosphere must inevitably seem broken, distorted, and in motion."

ARTIFICIAL MIRAGE.

The effects of the mirage may be easily represented by artificial means. Take a clear crystal jar or bottle, and pour into it a certain quantity of spirit of wine, next pour in a quantity of water. Before the two liquids are thoroughly incorporated, and while they seem to be in a state of confusion, look at an object through the jar, and it will be seen distorted, perhaps inverted. The method employed by Sir David Brewster to illustrate these phenomena, consists in holding a heated iron over a mass of water bounded by parallel plates of glass; as the heat descends slowly through the fluid, we have a regular variation of density, which gradually diminishes from the bottom to the surface. If we now withdraw the heated iron, and put a cold body in its place, or even allow the air to act alone, the superficial stratum of water will give out its heat, so as to produce a decrease of density from the surface to a certain depth below it. Through the medium thus constituted, the phenomena of the mirage may be seen in the finest manner.

COLOUR BY REFRACTION.

When the bright rays of light are observed to strike upon the surface of a transparent body, such as ice, drops of rain, or crystal, they seem to produce a variety of beautiful colours; in other words, they impart the appearance of colours where no substantial colour exists. This phenomenon has suggested that the pure and colourless rays of the sun are individually composed of certain coloured rays. This is proved by an experiment with the *prism*—a piece of crystal about six inches in length, and of a triangular form.

In the window-shutter of a darkened room, opposite the sun, make a small hole, sufficient to admit a ray or beam of light. Hold up one of the sides of the prism, so as to let the ray shine through it to the opposite side. The ray, on entering the crystal, will be bent or refracted, and instead of going in a slanting line to the floor, it will strike across the glass horizontally, and shine on the wall, or a sheet of paper which may be held conveniently opposite to it. In traversing the crystal, the ray is broken into seven beautifully coloured rays, ranged in a perpendicular line, each ray blending harmoniously into those adjoining. The colours are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red; and in all circumstances of refraction, they stand in this rotation to each other. Taken together, they are said to form the solar or *prismatic spectrum*. In the annexed cut, S represents the beam of light, H the hole in the shutter, B C A the prism, and M N the sheet of paper on which the rays fall, in the order above specified.

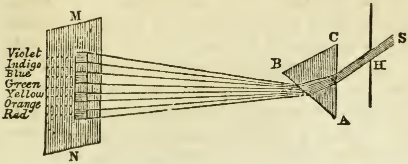


Fig. 7.

THE RAINBOW.

When rain falls between us and that part of the sky opposite the sun, we see a large and variously-coloured arch called the rainbow. This is produced by the rays of the sun striking on the drops of the falling shower, and refracted from each individual drop to our eye. Each globule of rain acting like a prism, we have before us a vast number of solar spectra. The colours in the rainbow are the same as shown by the prism—violet, which is innermost; indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, which is the outermost. The arch, however, consists of two bows, the one inner or primary, the other outer or secondary. Within the inner arch additional bows are sometimes seen.

This interesting natural phenomenon occurs in other circumstances than those mentioned. It is sometimes seen during a shower in moonlight; it is occasionally visible in the shower of spray from a cataract; and it may be successfully imitated on a miniature scale in a shower of drops from the rose of a gardener's watering-pot.

MAGIC MIRRORS.

Pretended conjurors performed many of their tricks by means of mirrors. The showing of figures of persons deceased, or of those whom the spectator was particularly desirous of seeing, was usually done by a combination of drawings, lenses, and mirrors, not unlike the arrangement of a raree show. The following is the manner of performing with what are called the magician's mirrors:—

In the partition of a room make two openings, each about a foot square, and eighteen inches distant. Let them be at the height of a man's head, and place in each of them a transparent pane of glass, surrounded with a frame like that of a mirror. On the other side of the partition, opposite the holes, place two mirrors, each inclining sidewise to the hole behind which it is situated;

the inclination being to that degree, that a person looking through one pane will see his face reflected in the mirror of the other pane, but not in the mirror of the pane through which he looks. The whole of this apparatus behind the partition must be enclosed with darkened boards, that no light may enter; and there should be two dark-coloured curtains, pulled by cords, to drop over the mirrors at pleasure. The room in which the spectators stand is darkened, and the only light is to be two candles in sconces at the sides of the panes. When a person looks into one of these supposed mirrors, instead of seeing his own face, he will perceive the object in front of the other; so that if two persons present themselves at the same time before these mirrors, instead of each one seeing himself, they will reciprocally see each other.

So far there is no great delusion; but if one pane or opening be concealed, by being made in an adjoining room, a spectator may be readily deceived. The pretended conjuror to whom he addresses himself, will tell him that if he will look into the mirror he sees before him on the wall, he will there behold the figure of a particular object significant of his fate. The conjuror may still further deceive, by letting down, in the first instance, a mirror close behind the glass, so that the spectator will really see his own face, and this being adroitly withdrawn, the delusive figure may make its appearance.

The apparatus here described will be observed to be all resolvable into a single mirror with a false back; and in this more simple form, in the dingy apartment of the pretended sorceress, what tricks may it not be made instrumental in performing?

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

This instrument, the name of which literally signifies *to see beautiful forms*, is the invention of Sir David Brewster, and is intended to assist jewellers, glass-painters, designers, and other ornamental artists in the formation of patterns, of which it produces an infinite number. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the beauty of the objects it produces; their forms, combinations, and changes are truly magical. In its common form, it consists of a tin tube containing two reflecting surfaces placed lengthwise, and inclined to each other at an angle which is an aliquot part of 360 degrees. The reflecting surfaces may be of two plates of glass, plain or quicksilvered, or two metallic surfaces, from which the light suffers total reflection. The plates should vary in length according to the focal distance of the eye; five, six, seven, eight, or nine inches, will in general be found most convenient. The reflectors being put together at the proper angle, and held in that position by a thin slip of blackened wood or pasteboard, the whole forms a triangle inclosed in the tube, which has at one end a small aperture for the eye, and at the other a couple of object-glasses, between which are placed small chips of variously-coloured glass. If the tube be looked through before the fragments of glass are put in, the eye will perceive a brilliant circle of light, divided into as many sectors as the number of times that the angle of the reflectors is contained in 360 degrees. If this angle is 18 degrees, the number of sectors will be twenty; and whatever the form of the aperture at the further end of the reflectors, the luminous space seen through the instrument will be a figure produced by the arrangement of twenty of these apertures round the point where the reflectors are in contact, in consequence of the successive reflections of the polished surfaces. Hence it follows that when the fragments of glass are inserted, they are seen in every sector, and every image of them coalesces into a form perfectly symmetrical, and highly pleasing to the eye. If the tube be turned round so as to put the fragments in motion, the combination of images will likewise be put in motion, and new forms perfectly different, but equally symmetrical, sometimes vanishing in the centre, sometimes emerging from it, and sometimes playing around in double and opposite oscillations, will be produced.

ACOUSTICS—PHENOMENA OF SOUND.

Acoustics is that branch of natural philosophy which treats of the nature of *sound*, and the laws of its production and propagation. Atmospheric vibration is allowed to be the cause of sound. For instance, a bell is struck by its clapper, the body of the bell consequently vibrates, as we may sensibly assure ourselves by applying our nail lightly to the edge; in its agitation it beats or makes impulses on the air, which, yielding under the stroke or pressure, is compressed or condensed to a certain distance around. The compressed air instantly expands, and, in doing so, repeats the pressure on the air next in contact with it; and thus each one of the original strokes of the vibrating metal sends out a series of *shells* of compressed air, somewhat like the waves dispersed over a lake from the dropping of a stone into its placid bosom, and like them always lessening in bulk and force. The air, thus agitated, finally reaches the ear, where it gives a similar impulse to a very fine nervous membrane, and the mind then receives the idea or impression which we call a *sound*.

That the air is necessary for the transmission of sound, is evident from the fact, that a bell rung in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump cannot be heard, though there be only a few inches of void and a thin plate of glass between the metal struck and the ear of the operator. Smooth bodies form favourable channels of sound, as, for example, the surface of ice, snow, water, or the hard ground. The strokes of a hammer are often heard by parties on the opposite side of a lake or frith more distinctly than by those within a short distance of the spot where they occur.

Savages, it is well known, are in the habit of putting their ear to the ground in order to discover the approach of enemies or beasts of prey. Tubes, by confining the air, convey sounds with great accuracy, and to great distances. In a place of public entertainment in London, is an apparatus of trumpets and tubes, and on asking any question at the mouth of one of the trumpets, an answer is returned by an invisible lady. The seeming marvel is accounted for by the tubes conducting the sound by a secret passage through one of the legs of the apparatus to an adjoining apartment. A slight scratch made on the end of a beam of seasoned fir wood, will be distinctly heard at the other, even to the distance of thirty feet; when the same sound will make no impression on the ear of the party causing it, if he be sitting only his arm's length from the beam. Water is also a vehicle of sound as well as air, as may be proved by various circumstances, particularly by the fact, that a bell rung under water can be heard above; and if the head of the auditor be also under water, it will be still more distinctly heard.

Sound travels at the rate of 1125 feet per second, when the temperature of the atmosphere is at 62 degrees. Every additional degree of temperature causes a slight increase of this rate, and every degree below 62 a corresponding retardation, so that at the freezing point the rate is only 1090 per second. It is remarkable also, that all sounds—strong or weak, acute or grave—advance with the same velocity: this arises from the circumstance, that all the oscillatory movements in the air, however minute, or however extended, are performed each in the very same interval of time. These and other facts it is useful to remember, as by their application many phenomena are at once stripped of all marvel, and reduced to the level of common comprehension.

ECHOES.

An *echo*, or duplication of sound, is one of the most interesting phenomena in acoustics. The cause of it is precisely analogous to the reaction of a wave of water. When a wave of water strikes the precipitous bank of a river, it is thrown back in a diagonal direction to the side whence it came, and there again strikes on the bank. In the same manner the pulses or waves of sound are reflected or thrown back from flat surfaces which interrupt them, and thus returning, produce what we call an echo. It is evident that the smoother the surface which reflects the sound, the more perfect will be the reverberation. An irregular surface, by throwing back the wave of sound at irregular intervals, will so confound and distract it, that no distinct or audible echo will be reflected. On the contrary, a regular concave surface will reflect sound in such a manner, that at a certain point the reflections from each part of the concave surface will be concentrated into a focus capable of producing a very powerful effect. The velocity with which an echo returns to the spot where the sound originates, depends of course upon the distance of the reflecting surface; and since sound travels at the rate of 1125 feet in a second, a rock situated at half that distance will return an echo in exactly one second. The number of syllables which we pronounce in a second will in such a case be repeated distinctly, while the end of a long sentence would blend with the commencement of the echo.

An echo may be double, triple, or even quadruple, according to the nature and number of the projecting surfaces from and to which the sound is allowed to play. Distinctly-marked echoes of this combined and planned order may sometimes be heard in the vaults of cathedrals, in which case the waves of sound are driven from side to side of a deeply-groined arch, and reverberate in protracted peals. One of the most interesting echoes of this kind in nature, is that which occurs on the banks of the Rhine at Lurley. If the weather be favourable, the report of a musket, fired on one side, is repeated from crag to crag, on opposite sides of the river alternately, for a great number of times. Sir John Herschel mentions a curious echo as produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales. The sound of a blow of a hammer on one of the main piers, is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier, at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

WHISPERING GALLERIES AND CAVERNS.

Remarkable echoes are often produced in churches and other large buildings by some peculiarity in their form and construction. In erecting the baptistry of the church of Pisa, the architect, Giovanni Pisano, disposed the concavity of the cupola in such a manner, that any noise from below is followed with a very loud and long double echo. Two persons whispering, and standing opposite to each other, with their faces near the wall, can converse together without being overheard by the company between. This arises from the elliptical form of the cupola, each person being placed in the focus of the ellipse. A similar effect is produced in the vestibule of the Observatory of Paris, and in the cupola of St Paul's in London. A tourist has mentioned that in Italy, on the way to Naples, and two days' journey from Rome, he saw in an inn a square vault, where a whisper could easily be heard at the opposite corner, but not at all on the side corner that was near to you. This property was common to each corner of the room. The whispering gallery in St Paul's, London, is a great curiosity. It is 140 yards in circumference, and is just below the dome, which is 430 feet in circumference. A stone seat runs round the gallery along the front of the wall. On the side directly opposite the door by which visitors enter, several yards of the seat are covered with matting, on which the visitor being seated, the man who shows the gallery whispers with the mouth near the wall, at the distance of 140 feet from the visitor, who hears his words in a loud voice, seemingly at his ear. The mere shutting of the door produces a sound like a peal of thunder. The effect is not so perfect if the visitor sits down half way between the door and matted seat, and much less if he stands near the man who speaks, but on the other side of the door.

The cave of Trophonius, one of the most celebrated oracles of Greece, was no doubt constructed upon some principles of this kind—the anointing with oil, clothing with white linen, the offering of honey, and other stipulated ceremonies, being nothing more than inventions, to give an air of mystery to the performance. This supposition is confirmed by the fact, that the narrow entrance was artificial—the artificer being Trophonius the architect, who was likely to be acquainted with the forms of structure necessary to produce the desired effect.

VENTRILOQUISM.

Ventriloquism (or stomach-speaking) is a vocal mimicry of sounds, by which an illusion is produced on the hearer that the sound comes not from the mimic, but from some other appropriate source. When these imitations are made without moving the lips, features, or body, the illusive effect of the mimicry is perfectly magical. Of course the art depends upon a knowledge of the principles of acoustics—such as relate to distance, loudness of sound, pitch of voice, and the like—and also upon great command of features, coupled with long-continued practice. Another extraneous aid of great importance, is the direction of the auditors' attention, either by word, gesture, or look, to the quarter whence the sound is supposed to come. If any individual in company turn his head, with an air of attention, to any particular quarter, we involuntarily do the same, and upon the skilful management of this particular much of the ventriloquist's illusion in reality depends. In recent times, Italy, France, and our own country have produced very able ventriloquists, who could make voices proceed from any object around them, who could imitate echoes to perfection, counterfeit bands of music receding or approaching; in fact could, by a little dexterity, impose upon the most alert and attentive. The various kinds of divination amongst the nations of antiquity—alleged by the priesthood to be by a spirit, a familiar spirit, a spirit of divination—are now supposed to have been effected by means of ventriloquism. The art, indeed, seems to have been practised in the East for upwards of three thousand years; and those who have listened to the illusions of Mr Love, can readily comprehend how efficient an instrument ventriloquism must have been in the hands of the ancient magicians and diviners.

PHENOMENA OF HEAT—CHEMISTRY.

Heat, like light, is capable of being reflected from bright or polished surfaces, and its rays of being concentrated into a focus with great intensity. Thus, if a heated ball of iron be placed before a concave reflector, whose focus is several feet distant, a sufficiency of heat can be excited at the focal point to ignite tinder, gunpowder, and the like. Very curious experiments can be conducted upon this principle, if care be taken to dispose the original heating body and reflector in proper positions.

The effect of the solar rays, concentrated at the focus of a concave mirror, is the same as that of a lens; and plane mirrors, placed in the curve of a circle, will produce the same effect. With forty plane mirrors so disposed, Buffon is said to have burned deal boards at the distance of sixty-six feet; and with one hundred and seventeen such mirrors, he melted silver. It is related of the philosopher Archimedes, that while the Romans besieged the city of Syracuse, he, with mirrors placed at the distance of a bow-shot, set fire to their fleet as it lay in the harbour. It is supposed that he did this with plane mirrors disposed as above.

THE FIRE PISTON—FRICTION.

An apparently magical mode of producing fire or light, is by a common air-tight cylinder and close-fitting piston. To the point of this piston is attached a piece of German tinder, or other easily ignited substance; which being done, the piston is suddenly forced into the cylinder, and as suddenly withdrawn, when the piece of tinder will be found to be ignited. The rationale of this experiment is the following:—Throughout the atmosphere there is always diffused a considerable amount of heat or caloric, and by condensing any given volume of air, the heat is brought into such limits as to become perceptible. In the case of the cylinder, the air which it contains is suddenly compressed by the piston, and its heat concentrated at the extremity, and in contact with the tinder, which is kindled, and burns on being immediately exposed to the open air.

It is upon the same principle that savage tribes produce fire, by rubbing two pieces of dried wood against each other, and that the blacksmith sometimes kindles his fire, by hammering a piece of cold iron till it becomes so hot as to ignite the coals in his furnace.

COLD BURNS.

Substances have the power of transmitting or conducting heat variously. Thus, a piece of stick may be thrust into the fire, and held without any great sensation of heat till it is consumed quite close to the fingers, whereas a bar of silver, of the same length, if thrust into the fire, will become too hot to be held beyond a few seconds. The reason why a book feels warmer than the marble slab on which it rests is, that the latter is a better conductor, and more rapidly abstracts the heat from our hand. Intense heat or intense cold is equally painful to the human frame, and both produce on its structure similar effects. In high northern latitudes, where the cold is such as to freeze mercury, the air, from being a bad conductor, occasions little injury to those parts of the body exposed to it; but when metallic substances are touched, so rapid is the abstraction of heat, that a sensation like that of burning is experienced, and the part is blistered. Hence it is said that cold can burn.

FREEZING IN SUMMER.

The atmosphere, no matter what its temperature, has always the power of absorbing a certain quantity of moisture. This process is known by the name of evaporation: by it moist bodies are deprived of their superabundant moisture, and that the more rapidly when the air is dry, warm, and moved by a brisk breeze. Evaporation is always attended by a vast loss of caloric; and thus a man may be frozen to death in the hottest day of summer —the hotter the day, the quicker the process. For, by dressing him in flannel moistened with ether, and exposing him to the rays of the sun, at the same time sprinkling him with more ether, the evaporation will be so rapid, and the quantity of caloric extracted from his body to form the vapours so great, that he will be shortly deprived of that portion of vital heat essential to existence. The experiment may be less dangerously tried by wrapping a bottle of water in lint dipped in ether, and exposed to the sun. In a few minutes the water will be frozen.

BOILING.

Under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea, water boils at a temperature of 212 degrees. As we ascend heights from the sea-level, the pressure of the incumbent air becomes less, and consequently water attains the boiling point at a proportionately lower temperature; that is, it flies off in vapour more quickly from there being less pressure on its surface. On the top of Mont Blanc, the boiling point is only 187 degrees; and still higher, it is less. Some curious mistakes have occurred through ignorance of this principle. In crossing the Andes in 1835, Mr Darwin found himself at so great an altitude, that water boiled at a very low temperature; "hence," says he, "our potatoes, after remaining for some hours in the boiling water, were nearly as hard as ever. The pot was left on the fire all night, and next morning it was boiled again; but yet the potatoes were not cooked. I found out this by overhearing my two companions discussing the cause: they had come to the simple conclusion that the tubers were bewitched, or that the pot (which was a new one) did not choose to boil potatoes."

By removing altogether the pressure of the atmosphere, fluids can be made to boil without the application of heat, as may be shown by the air-pump, or more readily by what is called the *pulse glass*. This consists of a small tube with a bulb at each end, containing spirits of wine, but exhausted of the air, and sealed hermetically. Should this instrument be held in a sloping direction, the liquid, by the mere heat of the hand, will begin to boil furiously; and the vapour, rising to the cold bulb at the other end, is immediately condensed. In this manner the whole of the liquid may be made to pass from the one bulb to the other.

Tar, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, boils at 220 degrees; yet at this great heat a person may plunge his naked hand without injury into it. The cause of this marvel is the slowness with which tar communicates its heat.

Mercury and bismuth boil at a low temperature, and may also be handled with impunity while boiling. Sulphuric ether in solution becomes a solid at 50 degrees, and will boil with the heat of the hand. By tinging this solution with a red matter, it may be made to resemble blood. At Naples, the priests show the performance of a miracle in the liquefying of the dried blood of St Januarius. With red-tinged solution of sulphuric ether and the heat of the hand, such a miracle is easily wrought.

TRANSFORMATION OF LIQUIDS.

A conjurer holds a tumbler of limpid liquid before one of his audience, and asks him to breathe upon it: by and by the fluid becomes turbid and milky, and ultimately a quantity of white powder is deposited at the bottom of the vessel. It is a marvel. And yet it was nothing more than a vessel of lime water, which, on being subjected to the carbonic acid expired by the performer, the carbonic acid and lime united chemically, and formed a deposit of chalk; in other words, a carbonate of lime.—Again: the magician obtains a simple infusion of red cabbage, and divides it, we shall suppose, into three vessels. To one he adds a few drops of colourless liquid, and the infusion becomes purple; to the second a few drops of another colourless fluid, and the infusion is changed into the brightest green; and to the third a few drops of a fluid equally colourless with the preceding, and the infusion instantaneously becomes a beautiful crimson. All this seems a marvel—the work of magic—but when told that the colourless solutions were respectively those of alum, of potash, and of muriatic acid, the wonder ceases; only one of the simplest experiments in chemistry has been performed.—Once more: the magician takes from a small phial a lustrous waxy-looking substance, cuts off a portion with his knife, and drops it on the table. Nothing happens, and consequently no marvel. He cuts off another fragment, drops it among water, and immediately the fragment ignites, and burns with vehemence till consumed. A wonder has been performed. And yet, when told that the waxy-looking substance is potassium, the metallic basis of potash, the marvel ceases. This potassium is a metal, but, having such an affinity for oxygen, cannot be kept exposed without uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and becoming common potash. Its union with the oxygen of the water is so excessively rapid, that light and heat are emitted, causing ignition; hence the marvel.

FIRE BOTTLES.

Various compositions have been invented for creating instantaneous fire or light, and these have excited less or more of marvel in their time, according as the inventor happened to manage his secret. We doubt much whether in these days of lucifer matches any discovery of the kind would excite the least surprise; but can readily understand how such appliances must still operate on the minds of the simple and uninformed. One of the earliest light-creators was the phosphoric fire or match-bottle, for which we find the following recipe:—Take a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, put it into a very small phial, and fill up the bottle with quicklime in powder. Set the bottle in the midst of some sand, contained in an iron vessel of any kind, and place the iron vessel over a gentle fire. The vessel should be loosely stopped with a cork, and while it is gradually warming, its contents should be occasionally stirred; but too great an access of air must be avoided, to prevent their catching fire. When the whole of the lime has become of a reddish-yellow colour, the phosphorus may be considered as having combined with it, and the bottle may be taken from the fire. It should be kept well-corked, and opened as seldom, and for as short a time as possible. When a brimstone match is introduced into this composition, and moved about a little, it will instantly be lighted.

Another mode of forming a fire bottle consists in mixing one part of sulphur with eight of phosphorus. A match introduced into this composition, and then rubbed upon a piece of cork, or any similar substance, is immediately lighted by the friction. These appliances may be considered as bringing us to the era of lucifer matches, which, though now in everybody's hands, were at one time the subject of no slight terror and wonder.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Spontaneous combustion is the term applied to those cases of ignition among certain substances to which no external application of another heated body has been made. In most cases it arises from the contact of oxides or acids with some of the most inflammable combustibles—some of which, as phosphoretted hydrogen, will inflame by mere exposure to the air, others by mixture.

When nitrous acid is mixed with half its weight of strong sulphureous acid, and then poured into oil of turpentine, the whole bursts into a flame, with violent splashings and explosions. Again, when iron filings and flowers of sulphur are kneaded with water into a paste, the iron will decompose the water, absorbing the oxygen, and disengaging sufficient caloric to set the sulphur, and consequently the hydrogen, on fire, even though buried underground. Coal containing pyrites (sulphuret of iron) has taken fire spontaneously in damp cellars and in ship holds—so also have exposed cliffs and underground workings. Charcoal, oily substances, and some substances—as tow, wool, &c.—which may happen to have oil spilled among them, when in large masses, are extremely subject to spontaneous combustion.

LAMP WITHOUT FLAME.

It was discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy, that a fine platina wire, heated red-hot, and held in the vapour of ether, would continue ignited for some time. This discovery has been practically applied in the formation of a lamp which burns without flame, of the following construction :—A cylindrical coil of platina wire, about a hundredth of an inch in thickness, is placed, part of it round the cotton wick of a spirit lamp, and part of it above the wick, and the lamp to be lighted so as to heat the wire to redness; on the flame being blown out, the vapour of the alcohol will keep the wire *red hot* for any length of time, according to the supply of alcohol, and with a very small expenditure thereof, so as to be in constant readiness to kindle German tinder, or paper prepared with nitre, and by this means to light a sulphur match, &c. at pleasure. This lamp, while it affords a sufficient light to show the hour of the night by watch, and to perform many other useful services, does not disturb persons unaccustomed to keep a light burning in their bedroom. It maintains a uniform heat, requires no snuffing, is perfectly safe, as no spark can fall from it, and is totally free from producing any unpleasant odour.

RESISTANCE TO FIRE.

With strong woollen clothing steeped in a solution of alum, and a mask and head-dress made of asbestos, a person may walk uninjured through fire, and breathe amidst flames.—By having a ball of tow, burning at its centre, rolled up in the mouth, a conjuror can at pleasure blow sparks of fire, and even flames from his mouth without inconvenience.—The holding of red-hot iron in the hands without being burned, as in the ancient trial by ordeal, is believed to have been a result of previously covering the parts with a thin calcarious paste, a bad conductor of heat.—After frequent trials, some persons can remain for fifteen or twenty minutes in an oven heated to 240 degrees, a temperature which will cook a beefsteak. All these things seem magical.

MAGNETISM.

The marvels wrought by the loadstone and artificial magnet would alone fill a volume. What also is more magical than the conveying of information along a wire, as in the electric or galvanic telegraph? A very pretty toy connected with natural magnetism, consists in placing a needle in the body of a little waxen swan, which swims on the surface of a basin of water. By holding a magnet in the hand, the swan will come to any side of the basin to which we choose to attract it—or, more properly, attract the concealed needle; and if a few crumbs be held in the hand, the little creature will appear to come for the food held out to it. (See the cut at the commencement of the present sheet.)

MECHANICAL AND OTHER PHENOMENA.

Paradoxical as it may appear, one pound may be made to balance a thousand, or, what is to the same effect, a boy, through the instrumentality of water, may exert a force greater than that of a dozen horses. This depends on the well known principle that fluids press alike in all directions, so that whatever pressure is exerted on any square inch of water contained in a vessel, is suffered alike by every other square inch of the contents. If, therefore, one square inch suffer a pressure of one pound, then ten square inches are pressed upon by a weight equivalent to ten pounds; and if the force on the original square inch be increased to ten pounds or to a hundred pounds, then do the ten square inches in question sustain a force equal to one hundred and one thousand pounds weight respectively. The result is the same whether the pressure be produced by actual force or by the dead weight of a column of water, as is exemplified by a simple instrument called the *hydrostatic bellows*. As represented in the accompanying figure, this instrument consists of two circular stout boards connected together with leather, in the form of a pair of strong bellows. A tube A communicates with the interior between the boards. Supposing the instrument to be strong enough, a person standing on the upper board may raise himself by pouring water into the tube, and filling it along with the bellows, B. It is usual to estimate the pressure by means of weights, W. If the tube hold an ounce of water, and has an area equal to a thousandth part of the area of the top of the bellows, one ounce of water in the tube will balance a thousand ounces placed on the bellows.

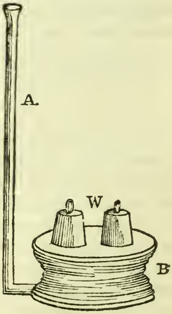


Fig. 8.

HYDRAULIC PRESS.

Taking advantage of the above principle, most powerful machines are now constructed for paper-makers, printers, and manufacturers of various kinds of goods, and used in giving a high degree of pressure or smooth-glazed finish to their respective articles. By such apparatus peat can be pressed into solid blocks resembling coal, and hay squeezed into so small compass, as to be stowed into a ship's hold with as little inconvenience as logs of wood. Instead of obtaining the primary force or pressure from the weight of a column of water, as in the hydrostatic bellows, it is more readily produced by the action of a properly-fitted forcing-pump; and in this manner the principle is now uniformly applied, under the title of the *hydraulic press.* The annexed figure represents the outline of such a machine. A B is the frame, consisting of four upright pillars supporting a cross top of great strength, and against which the pressure takes place in an upward direction. C, the material to be pressed, is forced upward by D, a round iron piston. This piston is very nicely fitted into an iron case E, which has a cavity F for receiving the water: the neck of the case grasps the piston so tightly, that no water can escape. A small pipe G conveys water into the hollow cavity from a forcing-pump H, which stands in a trough of water T. All that part of the apparatus below the base of the pillars is sunk out of sight in the ground. The pump apparatus is here represented as exceedingly simple, but in real machines it is very complex, and of great power.

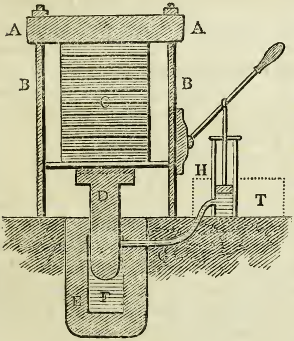


Fig. 9.

The pump, on being wrought, forces the water into the cavity. There the water, in endeavouring to escape, operates upon the moveable piston, which it causes slowly to rise with its burden. The pressure thus exerted by the liquid almost exceeds belief: unless the case for the water be of enormous strength, it will be rent in an instant, as if made of the weakest material. Indeed, to one unacquainted with the principle upon which the construction of the machine depends, its effects are quite as marvellous as the feats of the magician. When the weight has been raised to the required height, a stopcock is turned upon the pipe, and the apparatus remains at rest. The opening of the cock allows the water to return, and the weight accordingly sinks.

TO MAKE A BODY SINK OR FLOAT WITHOUT CONTACT.

Bodies which are lighter, bulk for bulk, than water, float on its surface; while those which are heavier sink to the bottom. If an object which barely floats suffers the least condensation in volume, it will sink; but if, after immersion, it regains its former bulk, it will rise spontaneously to the surface. Philosophical toys are sometimes constructed on this principle. A small glass vessel is fashioned in the form of a balloon, which is hollow, and the lower part of which is open; it is immersed in water with its mouth downwards, so that the air included within prevents the water entering beyond a certain point. This balloon is placed floating on the surface of water contained in a deep glass jar filled nearly to the top; the vessel is covered with a piece of bladder, so as to confine a small quantity of air between it and the surface of the water in the jar. A pressure being excited by the hand on the bladder, is transmitted by the air under the bladder to the water, and the water again transmits it to the water in the balloon; the air within being elastic, yields to the pressure, and contracts its dimensions, allowing a greater quantity of water to enter the balloon. The balloon thus displaces a less quantity of water, while its own weight and that of the included air remains unaltered. At length the water it displaces is less than its own weight, and it sinks slowly to the bottom of the jar. When the bladder is relieved from the pressure of the hand, the air in the balloon again expands, the water displaced by it increases, and it slowly ascends to the surface. By using the figure of a man, duck, fish, or other animal, a very amusing effect is produced, and one quite puzzling to the uninitiated.

THE SIPHON—TANTALUS'S CUP.

The siphon is a tube bent so as to form two limbs, one of which is a little longer than the other. If both limbs be filled with a fluid, and the shorter then immersed in a vessel of liquid, the whole contents will be run off by the longer limb merely by the force of the atmospheric pressure on the surface of the liquid in the vessel—a force equal to the weight of the fluid which is contained in the lower limb below the level of that in the vessel. A curious display of the properties of the siphon is seen in what is called the "cup of Tantalus"—a designation derived from the story of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, who was condemned by Jupiter to suffer perpetual thirst, though up to the chin amid water. To imitate this disappointment, a siphon having its two limbs parallel and contiguous, is fixed into the middle of a cup double its height;

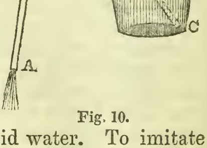


Fig. 10.

one limb receiving the liquid at the bottom of the interior, and the other discharging it through the centre of the bottom. Thus, when the outlet is stopped by means of a finger applied thereto, the cup may be offered quite full to the person on whom the joke is to be practised, observing that the siphon will not act until the liquor in the cup exceeds the level of its bend, when the whole will be drawn through the tube. The deception is rendered more complete by having the siphon so contrived that its action may commence only when the cup is inclined a little, as is usual when a person is about to drink; and by having it so constructed as to form the handle of the cup, the opening in the interior being concealed by some ornament, and the other end passing into a reservoir formed by a double or false bottom.

RESISTANCE OF BLOWS.

Action and reaction are always equal, and contrary; that is, the action of two bodies on each other is always equal, but in contrary directions. If a blacksmith strike his anvil with a hammer, action and reaction being equal, the anvil strikes the hammer as forcibly as the hammer strikes the anvil. Should the weight of the anvil be greater than the momentum of the hammer, then the anvil, by what is called the *vis inertiæ* of matter, will not be moved. Hence people have sometimes been astonished at a man lying on his back with an anvil placed on his breast, while another strikes it with a heavy sledge-hammer. Suppose the hammer weighs ten pounds, and moves with a velocity of sixteen feet per second, then it will strike the anvil with a force of 160 pounds; but the anvil perhaps weighs 220 pounds, consequently it will not be moved, and the man will receive no harm. But were a body of only a few pounds weight placed there, instead of the anvil, the blow would kill him.

WEIGHT.

If we were to tell an uninstructed person that what weighs a pound at one part of the world will weigh less at another, without any diminution in its bulk, he would most likely disbelieve what we said—the thing would appear impossible. Yet what we said would be true. Weight is merely a result of gravitation, and this gravitation is an invisible force, pulling at the particles of an object from the centre of the globe. The nearer any object is to the centre of the earth, the more strong is the pull upon it; the more distant it is, so is the pull the more weak. A body weighing a pound, therefore, at the level of the sea, would weigh less than a pound (that is, pulled down with less force) at the top of a high mountain, and it would weigh more than a pound (that is, pulled with an increased force) at the bottom of a deep mine. As the globe is considerably bulged out at the equator, causing the surface there to be several miles further from the centre than is the surface near the poles, it will on the same principle happen, that what weighs a pound on the surface near the poles, will weigh less than a pound at the equator. Thus, it may with truth be affirmed that an article weighing a pound at Edinburgh, will not weigh a pound at Ceylon.

MAGIC SQUARES.

A magic square is a figure made up of numbers in arithmetical proportion, so disposed in parallel and equal ranks, that sums of each row, taken either perpendicularly, horizontally, or diagonally, are equal, as in the adjoining one. Such squares seem to have been so called from their being used in the construction of talismans. It is probable they were so employed in consequence of the ranks always making the same sum—a circumstance extremely surprising in the more ignorant ages, when mathematics passed for magic. The magic square was held in great veneration among the Egyptians; and the Pythagoreans, their disciples, who, to add more efficacy and virtue to this square, dedicated it to the then known seven planets divers ways, and engraved it upon a plate of the metal that was esteemed in sympathy with the planet. The square thus dedicated was enclosed by a regular polygon, inscribed in a circle, which was divided into as many equal parts as there were units in the side of the square, with the names of the angles of the planet, and the signs of the Zodiac written upon the void spaces between the polygon and the circumference of the circumscribing circle. Such a talisman they vainly imagined would befriend the person who carried it about with him.

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

Besides magic squares, there are many other curious relations and properties of numbers in series, all of which appear exceedingly wonderful to the uninstructed. It is from a knowledge of these relations that jugglers and others can tell what number one fixes upon in a series, and that machines for calculating can be constructed to perform their offices with certainty and rapidity.

Did our limits permit, similar phenomena to those described under the above branches of science could be detailed almost indefinitely. In everything that appeals to the senses — sight, hearing, touch—we are liable to a thousand illusions, till reason, aided by experience, corrects the error, and places the phenomenon under some new or already discovered law of nature. There is nothing which shows the human mind in a more enfeebled and degraded position than a ready giving way to ignorant marvel; nothing so base in its progressive history, as the advantages which have at various times been taken of this weakness by the more enlightened; and nothing more dignified, than a determination to regard every appearance as a simple natural occurrence, which can, or may yet be, satisfactorily accounted for on scientific principles.

SCOTTISH TRADITIONARY STORIES.

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

THE age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic actions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution (from 1660 to 1688), when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scotch under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely that Grizel Cochrane was connected.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russel, and other illustrious men, who signalised themselves in England by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavoured in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1683, with a view to a colonising expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyle in raising the malcontents in Scotland.

This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.

By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russel, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyle, Sir John Cochrane, and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth—the last a patriot rivalling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles II., in February 1685, when the Duke of York, the object, politically, of their greatest detestation, became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyle with the west country Presbyterians, and, marching into England, to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyle lingered timidly in his own country, and finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his chief officers, made some unfortunate movements, which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise, in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in greater force, and renewed the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch.

They were now commanded by Lord Ross and Captain Clellan, and amounted to two troops, while Sir John Cochrane's men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners. Preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod walls as a defence against the furious attack of the enemy, whom, after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents, they at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane, however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with a great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighbouring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his own safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clellan killed in the late battle, and, filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets, bound and bareheaded, and conducted by the common executioner, he was lodged in the Tolbooth on the 3d of July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles II., had, from motives of honour, never conspired against him.

Where is the tongue that can express all the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave for ever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even to hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.

Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account, wrung his heart, and burning tears, which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an opportunity of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest intreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, insomuch that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison door unlocked, he lifted not his eyes towards it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailer, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manner. What, then, was his surprise and momentary delight when he beheld before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet when he looked on her face, and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearful than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview.

Sir John had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than his daughter became sensible that, in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made from him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father nor daughter was at all sanguine in their hopes from this negotiation. The Earl of Argyle had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents, though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.

Under these circumstances several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was penetrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would on all extraordinary occasions have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.

Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friends in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan whereby the arrival of the death-warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favour, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.

"Nothing is impossible to a determined mind," said she, "and fear nothing for me."

"But the inexperience of youth, my child," he replied, "may involve you in danger and in blame; and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sullying of your fair fame."

"I am a Cochrane, my father," said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more: he beheld in his child, so young, so beautiful, and so self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined; and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared to be following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.

At that time horses were used as a mode of conveyance so much more than carriages, that almost every gentlewoman had her own steed, and Miss Cochrane, being a skilful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother, in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman or some children, she had the good fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in twenty-four hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow woman, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public-house, from its mistress having no ostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. "Sit down at the end of that table," said the old woman, "for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb." Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water. "What," said the old dame, as she handed it to her, "ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house." "I am aware of that," replied her guest, "and therefore, when in a public-house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take." "Indeed—well that is but just," responded the dame, "and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct." "Is the well where you get this water near at hand?" said the young lady; "for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the lawing." "It is a good bit off," said the woman; "but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But for any sake take care and don't meddle with these pistols," she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, "for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them."

Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping, in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap. A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water, and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Fetching a compass of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination, "Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry firearms; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood," she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. "Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come."

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. "If," said he, as soon as he found his tongue, "you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if," he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle toward her, "ye are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire."

"Nay," said his young antagonist, "I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? For I have told you a truth—*that mail I must and will have.* So now choose," she continued, as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

"Nay, then, your blood be on your own head," said the fellow, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment the man sprung from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government despatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards

Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at any rate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.

BRUNTFIELD.

Among the many family quarrels which arose out of the civil contentions in Scotland during the reign of Queen Mary, there was one of a melancholy and remarkable nature which sprung up between Stephen Bruntfield of Craighouse and Robert Moubray of Barnbougle. Bruntfield was an adherent of the queen; Moubray attached himself to the more prosperous cause of the Regent Murray, who rewarded him with a gift of his deceased elder brother's estate, to the exclusion of his niece, Catherine Moubray. The cause of Moubray's enmity to Bruntfield is uncertain; it is only known that, having succeeded [December, 1596] in taking Craighouse for the regent, after a siege of two months, he barbarously slew its unfortunate proprietor while conducting him, under a promise of protection, to Edinburgh. The scene of this bloody deed is still pointed out at the upper part of a common in the southern environs of the city, called, from the circumstance, *Bruntfield* Links.*

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. His widow, the lady of Craighouse, had been an intimate of Queen Mary from her early years; was educated with her in France in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and finally the murder of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of her early years the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world.

---

* In Scotland, open downs are usually called Links.

One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over the mind of the lady of Craighouse—REVENGE—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling then known was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows. But it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child; but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who, having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the king [James VI.] a charge of murder against the laird of Barnbougle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary license, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary.

The intelligence of this sad event was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation:—"I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!" The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. "Roger," she said, "will have the death of his brother as well as that of his father to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful."

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a license being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in barras with Moubray: but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. "Heaven's will be done!" said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; "but, thank God! there still remains another chance."

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency was but lately dead; Bayard was still alive — Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Of the lives and actions of such men Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse — none complained less of the severities of campaigning — none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalised, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connexion of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and in many other respects qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle intreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. "My last and dearest," she at length said; "and thou too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight I dreamed that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The revered shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow* which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings."

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason, but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The laird of Barnbougle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and, instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law as to duelling so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required license.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth of Forth, opposite the castle of Barnbougle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level spot, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, sat upon a rising ground beside the enclosure, while the space towards the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the laird of Barnbougle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy in the highest degree unpleasing. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour, might have realised the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers, who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and, planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or the other.

The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his antagonist chiefly depended, and by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray to his mettle. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee in a half-stupified state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and stab beneath the breastplate his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sward before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or rather Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a sentiment as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. Overcome by her feelings, she almost immediately expired in the arms of her son.

The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them; and at their death they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings, the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

KING ROBERT'S BOWL.

About the year 1309, Robert Bruce, though invested three years before with the crown of Scotland, was only able to maintain a kind of outlaw's independence against the officers of the English king, and frequently roamed, with a small band of attendants, through the wilds of Galloway. In that remote corner of the kingdom, on the banks of the Urr, lived Mark Sprotte, a shepherd and a husbandman, but also, when occasion required, a warrior. It was the good fortune of this obscure peasant to be united to a woman possessing an affectionate character, and no small share of good sense and activity. One morning Bruce, in the course of his wanderings, was attacked near Mark's cottage by one of the English intruders—Sir Walter Selby.

Bruce was not the man to yield to one or even more opponents. The contest was fierce and dubious; the followers on each side were diminished to three, and these three were sorely wounded. Many a battle has been begun by a woman—this was ended by one. The clashing of swords, a sound not unusual in those unsettled times, reached the ear of the wife of Sprotte, as, busied at the hearth fire, she prepared her husband's breakfast. She ran down to the banks of the Urr, and there saw several warriors lying wounded and bleeding on the grass, and two knights, with their visors closed, and with swords in their hands, contending for death or life. They were both bold and stalwart men; but she in vain sought for a mark by which she might know the kindly Scot from the southron. The fire sparkled from their shields and helmets, and the grass was dropped here and there with blood. At length one received a stroke upon the helmet, which made him stagger. Uttering a deep imprecation, he sprang upon his equally powerful and more deliberate adversary, and the combat grew fiercer than ever. "Ah, thou false swearing southron!" exclaimed the wife of Mark Sprotte, "I know ye now—I know ye now;" and seizing Sir Walter Selby by a single lock of his hair which escaped from his helmet, she pulled him backwards to the ground, when he had no alternative but to yield himself a prisoner.

The two knights washed their hands in the Urr—and bloody hands they were—uttered short soldier-like acknowledgments to their saints for having protected them, and entering the cottage, seated themselves by the side of their humble hostess. "Food," said the Scottish knight, "have I not tasted for two days, else Sir Walter Selby, renowned in arms as he is, had not resisted Robert de Bruce so long." "And have I then had the glory," said the Englishman, "of exchanging blows with the noble leader of the men of Scotland?" "Leader of the men of Scotland!" exclaimed Dame Sprotte; "he shall ne'er be less than king in this house, and king too shall ye call him, sir, or else I will cast this boiling brose in your English face, weel favoured though it be." King Robert smiled, and said, "My kind and loyal dame, waste not thy valuable food on our unfortunate enemy, but allow the poor king of Scotland to taste of thy good cheer. And Sir Walter Selby too would gladly, I see, do honour to the humility of a Scottish breakfast-table. So spoons to each, my heroine. I have still a golden coin in my pocket for such a ready and effectual ally as thou art. And thou shalt also take thy seat beside me; this is not the first time I have had the helping hand of a kindly Sprotte." The dame refused to be seated; said "it was bad manners to sit beside a king, and such a king too—bless his merciful and noble face. Soon may he enjoy his rightful inheritance, and long may he bruik it!"

So saying, she placed a small oaken table before him, filled a large wooden bowl with the favourite breakfast of Caledonia, rich, hot, and savoury; then laying a silver spoon beside it, she retired to such a distance from the king as awe and admiration might be supposed to measure to a peasant.

"But, my fair and kind subject," said the king, "let this gentle knight partake with me."

"I should be no true subject," answered she, "if I feasted our mortal foe. Were I a man, hemp to his hands, the keep of Thrieve Castle for his mansion, and bread and water for his food, should be his doom; as a woman, I can only say I have vowed a vow that no southron shall feast within my door in my presence; and shall I be hospitable to the man who lately laid his steel sword with such right good will to my king's helmet?" "I commend thy loyalty," said de Bruce, "and thus shall I reward it. This land, thou knowest, is mine; the hill behind thy house is green and fair; the vale before thy house is green and fertile; I make thee lady of as much as thou canst run round while I take my breakfast. The food is hot, the vessel large, so kilt thy coats and fly." With right good will she shortened her skirts as desired, bound up her hair, and stood ready for flight on the threshold of her door. She looked back upon her guests with a comic expression, returned and locked fast all spoons save the one for the king, and then resumed her station at the door.

"Now," said Robert, "a woman's speed of foot against a king's hunger. Away!" And as he raised the spoon to his lips, she vanished from the door. The King's Mount, so green and beautiful now, was then rough with wild juniper and briers, and the path round the base was interrupted by shivered stones and thorn bushes. But the wife of Mark Sprotte loved her husband, and wished to become lady of the land. She had already compassed one-third of the hill, when she saw a fox running along with a goose she had fattened. "May the huntsman find ye yet, for coming across me at this unsonsie time!" said the dame; "but a rood of land is better than a fat goose;" and she augmented her speed till she approached the mill. The miller, wearied with grinding all night, lay sleeping on the Sheeling Hill, while the fire that dried his oats seized the ribs of the kiln, ran up the roof, and flashed red from between the rafters. "Burn away!" said she; "if I awake thee, thou wilt demand help, and a minute's work or explanation will scoup the green holm of Urr out of the inheritance which I hope to encompass before our king gains the bottom of the bowl." So the flame increased, the miller slept, and she reached the place where the hill sloped into the vale. A small wicket in the gable of her house had a board suspended by a leather hinge; she flew for a moment to this rude casement, lifted it warily up, and there she beheld the monarch and his enemy seated side by side, their helmets on the floor, their swords laid aside, and with one spoon between them, smiling in each other's face as they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare. She cried, "Fair play, my liege, fair play," and recommenced her race with renewed agility. "I like the fare not amiss," said Selby, "and still better the hale and hearty dame who prepared it. I shall never forget with what right good will she twisted her hand into my hair, and pulled me to the ground. I'll tell thee what, de Bruce; if half the men in Scotland had hearts as heroic as hers, we might turn our bridles southward."

"I am losing my land listening to thy eulogium," said the king with a smile. "See—the brook beside the willows, where we fought so long, and where so many of thy comrades and mine lie stark and bloody, she has passed it at one bound. The helmet of Lord Howard, whom with my own hand I slew there, is ornamented with silver and gold; she sees it glittering on the ground, but stoops not to unlace it. She knows she can strip the slain at her leisure, when she cannot win land. Seven English horses graze masterless among her corn; she stays not to touch their bridles, though they have silver housings, and belts of silver and gold, and though she never mounted a fairer steed than an untrained Galloway. On my royal word, this is a prudent woman!"

She had now nearly run round the hill, nearly encompassed the holm; and when she approached her own threshold, it was thus the king and Selby heard her commune with her own spirit as she ran: "I shall be called the lady of the Mount, and my husband shall be called the lord on't. We shall nae doubt be called the Sprottes of the Mount of Urr, while Dalbeattie wood grows, and while Urr runs. Our sons and our daughters will be given in marriage to the mighty ones of the land, and to wed one of the Sprottes of Urr may be the toast of barons. We shall grow honoured and great, and the tenure by which our heritage shall be held, will be the presenting of butter brose in a lordly dish to the kings of Scotland when they happen to pass the Urr."

"On thy own terms," said King Robert, "so loyally and characteristically spoken, my heroic dame of Galloway, shall the Sprottes of Urr hold this heritage. This mount shall be called the King's Mount; and when the kings of Scotland pass the Urr, they shall partake of brose from King Robert Bruce's bowl, and from no other—presented by the fair and loyal hands of a Sprotte. Be wise, be valiant, be loyal and faithful, and possess this land, free of paying plack or penny, till the name of Bruce perish in tale, in song, and in history: and so I render it to thee." And thus in one short morning did the ancestress of the Sprottes of Urr win the lands which have given sustenance and dignity to her descendants for more than five hundred years. King Robert's Bowl, as it is called, is still preserved in the family.

THE "BONNIE EARL OF MORAY."

The Earl of Moray, whose personal qualifications acquired for him the appellation of the "Bonnie Earl," was a son of Lord Doune, but succeeded to the title of Moray by marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the celebrated regent, brother to Queen Mary. As son-in-law to a person so distinguished, and inheritor of his estates, the young Earl of Moray naturally possessed a high degree of consideration in the state, and particularly with the Presbyterian party, of which the regent had been so long the leader. The earl's character, indeed, was such as to win him universal esteem: to the attractive beauty of his countenance and form, he added a most amiable disposition, and perfect skill in all the chivalric accomplishments of the age. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that he should have been one of the most popular noblemen of the day, especially as the nation in general had by that time irrevocably attached itself to the religious party of which he was a leading member. To the Presbyterian party the king, James VI., also belonged, though he was under the necessity, from the number and power of the nobles who still remained Catholics, of holding the balance of his favour evenly between the professors of the old and the new persuasions. Of these Catholic peers the Earl of Huntly was the chief, a man who bore rather a good character, but was at heart ambitious and vindictive. It was owing to a feud between Huntly and Moray that the circumstances which we are about to relate occurred, and which ended in the tragic and untimely death of the "bonnie Earl of Moray."

The real grounds of this feud consisted in the claims of the Gordon family to the possession of the earldom of Moray, of which they had been deprived when it was bestowed by Queen Mary upon the regent. This deep-seated cause of dissension had been long gathering strength from the minor animosities which arose out of it, and in particular was aggravated by an act of Lord Moray, which it is impossible to justify. In his capacity as sheriff, the Earl of Huntly endeavoured to bring to justice a person accused of violating the laws of the land. This felon was taken into protection by Moray, for some reason which is not recorded. Huntly, it may well be supposed, was highly displeased at this, and with a party of men proceeded to Moray's castle of Darnaway, for the purpose of getting possession of the felon's person. This expedition unfortunately terminated in widening the breach between the noblemen. John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, and then in attendance on Huntly, was killed by a shot from the Earl of Moray's castle. Whether Moray was personally blamed for this act, does not appear. Certain it is, however, that the hostility between the two families assumed from that hour a more decided character than it had ever worn before.

This event took place a short time previous to the year 1591, and was not immediately followed by any further exhibition of animosity. In the meantime Campbell of Calder, a friend of Moray, became an object of hostility to certain of the principal men of the Campbell family, on account of his being preferred as tutor of the young Earl of Argyle. Uniting in purpose with these men, Huntly formed a concerted scheme, in which, strange to say, the chancellor of the kingdom, Lord Thirlstain, concurred for taking off Moray and Campbell of Calder by one sweep of vengeance. The late Mr Donald Gregory, in his work on the Highlands, for the first time exposed the particulars of this double plot, than which nothing could be more strikingly illustrative of the character of a time when the highest men in the kingdom, so far from setting an example for the observance of the laws which they made, thought themselves at liberty on all occasions to violate them at their pleasure. By persuading the king that Moray had been concerned in the conspiracy of the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, Huntly obtained a commission to apprehend Moray, and bring him to Edinburgh for trial.

On the afternoon of the 8th of February 1591-2, Huntly, attended by a strong body of horse, set out from the house of the provost of Edinburgh, where the king then lodged for security. The object of the journey Huntly gave out was, to attend upon a horse-race at Leith; instead of which, he turned to the westward, and directed his course across the Queensferry to Dunnibrissle House, where he understood the Earl of Moray to have taken up his residence for a time with his mother. About midnight Huntly reached his destination. He surrounded the house with his men, and summoned Moray to surrender. Even had this been complied with immediately, the same consequences, it is clear, would have ensued, Huntly's determination being fixed. The enemy of himself and his house knocking at his gates at the dead of night —encompassing the walls with armed and vindictive retainers— such a summons as this was not one from which the young earl could expect moderation or justice to follow. He resolved to defend the house to the death. A gun, fired from within, mortally wounded one of the Gordons, and the passions of the assailants and their leader were excited to the highest pitch. To force an entrance, they set fire to the doors, and the house seemed to be on the point of being enveloped in flames. In this emergency Moray took counsel with his friend Dunbar, sheriff of the county, who chanced to be with him on that night. "Let us not stay," said Dunbar, "to be burned in the flaming house: I will go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me for your lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion." After giving utterance to this noble offer, the generous Dunbar did not hesitate an instant, but threw himself among the assailants, and fell immediately, as he had anticipated, beneath their swords. At first it seemed as if this act of heroic devotion would have accomplished its purpose. The young earl had passed out immediately after his friend, and had the fortune to escape through the ranks of the Gordons. He directed his flight to the rocks of the neighbouring beach, and most probably would have got off in the darkness, had not his path been pointed out to his foes by the silken tassels of his helmet, which had caught fire as he passed out through the flames of the house. A headstrong and revengeful cadet of the Huntly family, Gordon of Buckie, was the first, it is said, who overtook the flying earl, and wounded him mortally. While Moray lay in the throes of death at the feet of his ruthless murderer, Huntly himself came up to the spot, when Buckie exclaiming, "By heaven, my lord, you shall be as deep in as I," forced his chief to strike the dying man. "Huntly," says Sir Walter Scott, "with a wavering hand, struck the expiring earl in the face. Mindful of his superior beauty even in that moment of parting life, Moray stammered out the dying words, 'You have spoiled a better face than your own.'"

The perpetrators of this barbarous deed hurried from the scene, leaving the corpse of the earl lying on the beach, and the house of Dunnibrissle in flames. Though but little afraid of any consequences that might ensue, Huntly did not choose to return to Edinburgh to be the narrator of what had passed. The messenger he chose for this purpose, strange to say, was no other than the person on whom the deepest share of guilt lay—Gordon of Buckie. This bold man hesitated not to fulfil his chief's commands. He rode post to the king's presence, and informed his majesty of all that had occurred. Finding, however, that the night's work was not likely to acquire its doers any credit, he left the city as hastily as he had entered it. By some, it is supposed that Gordon could not have seen the king, who had gone out at an early hour to hunt. It is known at least that, with apparent unconsciousness of the deed that had been perpetrated, James pursued his sport for several hours in the early part of that day. On his return to the city, his majesty found the streets filled with lamentations for the murder of Moray, and strong suspicions entertained that he himself had authorised Huntly to perpetrate the deed. Dunnibrissle House being visible from the grounds of Inverleith and Wardie, it was alleged that the king must have seen the smoking ruins in his hunting; nay, that he had chosen that quarter for his sport, on purpose to gratify his eye with the spectacle.

The popularity of the late earl, on account of his personal qualities, and as a leading Presbyterian, rendered the people blindly severe for the moment to James, whom there is no real cause for supposing accessory to the guilt of the Gordons. The fact of the conspiracy which we have already mentioned at length, is almost a positive exculpation of the king. In a fine old ballad it is said that Moray " was the queen's luve." A traditionary anecdote is the only support which the ballad receives for a circumstance utterly discredited by history. James, says the story, found the Earl of Moray sleeping one day in an arbour with a ribbon about his neck, which his majesty had given to the queen. On seeking her majesty's presence, the king found the ribbon on *her* neck, and was convinced that he had mistaken one ribbon for another. But, continues the story, the ribbon worn by Moray was in truth the queen's, and had been only restored to her in time to blind his majesty, by the agency of some one who had noticed the king's jealous observation of Moray asleep.

To return, however, from tradition to history. The ferment caused in Edinburgh by the news of Moray's death was aggravated tenfold when, on the same day, Lady Doune, mother of the ill-fated nobleman, arrived at Leith in a boat, carrying with her the bodies of her son and his devoted friend Dunbar. The mournful lady took this step in order to stimulate the vengeance of the laws against the murderers of her son. When the news reached the king that Lady Doune was about to expose the mangled bodies to the gaze of the multitude, he forbade the bodies to be brought into the city, conceiving justly that the spectacle was not only an unseemly one, but that the populace were excited enough already. Defeated in her first wish, Lady Doune caused a picture to be drawn of her son's remains, and enclosing it in a piece of lawn cloth, she brought it to the king, uncovered it before him, and with vehement lamentations cried for justice on the slayers of "her beautiful! her brave!" She then took out three bullets found in Moray's body, one of which she gave to the king, another to one of his nobles, and the third she reserved to herself, "to be bestowed on him who should hinder justice!"

As far as he could, James fulfilled the demands of justice, though the times would not permit him to punish the leaders. Two servants of Huntly were executed for the deed; but the earl himself had fled to the north, where he was much more powerful than James, king of Scotland as the latter was. After some time, however, to recover the royal favour—which, to his credit, James obstinately withheld till some atonement was made—Huntly surrendered himself, and was confined for a time in Blackness castle. He was not brought to any trial, and was liberated on bail. Gordon of Buckie, the true murderer, lived for nearly fifty years after Moray's death, and in his latter days expressed great contrition for the act of which he had been guilty. From punishment by the hand of man, the unsettled state of society and of the laws succeeded in screening him.

Nearly at the same time with Moray's death, Campbell of Calder fell by the hand of an assassin. The young Earl of Argyle fortunately escaped the snares of the conspirators.

Such is the story of one of the numberless feudal quarrels and deeds of violence which disfigure the history of Scotland, and to which it is instructive, though painful, to look back from these comparatively peaceful and happy times.

AN INCIDENT IN THE QUEENSBERRY FAMILY.

Nearly a century ago flourished the famous Kitty Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, "charming, gay, and young," the friend of Gay, and the same of whom he said,

> "Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand,
> For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known."

This lady is well remembered by all who have read aught of song and story, and that class is happily a wide one now-a-days. The majority of the anecdotes told of the eccentric duchess are of a humorous character; but *all* are not of this order. She was concerned, at one period of her life, in a most melancholy tragedy, and this is the matter which we wish at present to speak about.

"Don't speak to me of the Mackays!" said the duchess one day to her husband in very peremptory tones; "a poor commoner's daughter to sit in my shoes, and wed the heir of the house of Queensberry, one of the first matches in the land! I will have no Mackays." "Ay, my dear," returned the duke, "but Drumlanrig is no child, and you may find it difficult to bring him round to your opinions on this subject." "Pooh, pooh! my lord duke; I think I have managed more difficult concerns in my day," returned the opinionative duchess, who had seldom known what it was to be thwarted in anything she took into her head; "just let your grace promise not to interfere with my proceedings, and I promise you that this silly heir of ours shall marry the lady whom *I* have chosen for him, and of whom you approve." "Well, my dear, I shall not meddle in the matter," replied the meek husband, "as I certainly would prefer his union with Lady Elizabeth Hope. But not at the expense of his happiness. Act fairly, my lady; convince and convert him, if you can; but all by fair means, and fair means only." "Fair means!" muttered the duchess, as her husband walked away; "all means are fair where the end in view is to cure a foolish boy of an unworthy fancy. Mackay, truly!"

The conversation here related took place at Drumlanrig castle, the magnificent seat of the Queensberry family in Dumfriesshire. As may be understood, the eldest son of the self-willed duchess, Henry Lord Drumlanrig, had fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable though not elevated station, and of great beauty and accomplishments. She returned, with equal ardour, the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. But when Lord Drumlanrig informed his parents of his attachment, one of them, as we have seen, was anything but pleased to hear of the circumstance. The duchess had already settled decisively in her own mind that Lady Betty Hope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, and no one else, should wed her son. What steps she took to bring this match about must now be told.

Lord Drumlanrig was at home with his parents. Miss Mackay was resident at a great distance from him, but her letters formed a cherished source of consolation. That consolation, however, was not destined to be lasting. The letters of the lady were discontinued, and no intreaty that he could use in his own had the effect of causing a renewal of her communications. The poor young nobleman was almost distracted with this loss of favour, for the obstinate silence of Miss Mackay seemed to him attributable to no other cause. Yet on this point his sentiments underwent many changes. Remembering how sincere seemed to be her attachment, he at one moment entertained hopes that all would be cleared up, and that some accident had caused the temporary cessation of her letters. At another period he saw no way of explaining the matter, excepting by supposing her faithless. This was the ultimate conviction which he reached;

and it brought great anguish along with it. If there remained a glimmer of hope in his mind, it was dispelled by tidings received from the duchess his mother. She came to him one day with a letter in her hand. "Stupid boy!" said she, in tones that seemed at once to express sympathy and reproof, "still moping for one who never cared one whistle about you! See here—can you bear to learn the truth?" "I can," said the son eagerly, "anything rather than this suspense!" "Then know that your Miss Mackay is married," returned the duchess. "Married! impossible!" cried the young lord. "It is rather unmannerly, my Lord Drumlanrig, to contradict me thus, especially when I can so readily prove my words to be true. Your Miss Mackay was wedded a fortnight since, and here is evidence of it. This letter is from a friend of mine, whose word cannot surely be doubted by you—especially as she could have no possible interest in telling a falsehood." The duchess then gave the letter to her son. He read it, and sank back on his seat in a state of speechless distress. All doubt was now at an end.

The duchess looked at him for some time in silence. "Well," said she at last, "I might, I think, have looked for more spirit in a son of mine. Have you one drop of my blood in your veins? If you had, contempt would be the feeling uppermost in your mind at this moment—contempt for one who has so clearly shown, what you were long ago told, that she never was worthy of you!" The duchess pursued this vein for some time, and at last was so far successful in rousing the young man's pride. She followed up her advantage by working on his filial affection, of which he was gifted with a large share, and prevailed on him to consent to visit Lady Elizabeth Hope, with the view of soliciting her hand.

Lord Drumlanrig proved but a cold wooer, but the duchess stood always at his elbow, to urge him on and supply all deficiencies. Besides, the young lady was too favourably disposed towards him not to overlook any little neglects of form on his part. Hence it was that the match was arranged very speedily, the duchess having but too good reasons for allowing no time to elapse unnecessarily ere all was settled. On the 10th of July 1754, Lord Drumlanrig was united to Lady Betty, to the great joy of his mother at least. As for the young nobleman, he had attained to seeming composure of mind, and no doubt all who looked on during the nuptial ceremony imagined that felicity could not fail to attend a union where the parties were so highly endowed with rank, fortune, and many other worldly advantages.

But the clever and unscrupulous Kitty was not permitted to plume herself long upon the success of her scheme. While Lord Drumlanrig and his bride remained in Scotland, under the eye of the duchess, all went on smoothly. Her grace took care to allow nothing to become known to her son but what she chose. The case was altered ere long. In October of the year 1754, about three months after his marriage, Lord Drumlanrig set out for

London with his lady. They travelled in their own carriage, and had reached the town of —— on the 19th of October. Here they rested for a short time, and Lord Drumlanrig walked out alone for the sake of a half hour of more active exercise than his carriage permitted to him. He was listlessly inattentive to everything around him, when a well-known figure met his eye, and sent the blood from his heart in more rapid tides. His first glance told him that the being who now stood before him had once been the object of his every thought and wish, and was still too often the subject of his meditations. It was Miss Mackay—or she who had once borne that beloved name. The lady saw her former lover almost as soon as he observed her, and, from the pallor that flashed instantly over her cheek, it was plain that the recognition was a matter of no common interest to her as well as to him. For a moment they seemed to hesitate how to act—whether to pass one another, or to speak; and both seemed to resolve on the latter course at the same moment. In truth, they had the very same motives for doing so—a question sprung to the lips of both, which called imperatively for an answer. After an agitated salutation, the lady was able faintly to pronounce the words, "My lord, it is not for us to meet or speak now; but there is one question to which I would fain have a reply, as the matter is important to my peace of mind. Was your conduct caused by any report or belief of unworthiness in me?" "Madam, it is I who should put that question to you, and it is one you have this instant anticipated me in asking." "My lord, you mock me," said the lady; "are you not wedded?" Lord Drumlanrig started, and hurriedly asked, "Are not *you*, madam, also wedded?" "I am *not*, my lord!" was the lady's answer. Lord Drumlanrig struck his forehead wildly, as he cried, "Then may God forgive those who have deceived us, and ruined the earthly peace of at least one of us!"

Further explanations passed between the unfortunate pair; and Lord Drumlanrig discovered that his mother must have systematically intercepted all his own letters, as well as those of Miss Mackay, and finally caused one to be written to herself, with the false statement of the lady's marriage. She, like himself, had only ceased to write in consequence of the obstinate silence of her correspondent. The poor young lady had remained faithful to the last, and had even so far resisted the natural promptings of womanly pride, as once and again to ask and offer explanations. The tidings of her lover's marriage closed all doubts. When these most harassing disclosures were made, the pair asked forgiveness from one another, and tore themselves asunder—never to meet again in that world which, but for the machinations of a proud and jealous woman, might have been to them a scene of unalloyed happiness!

The effect of this discovery upon Lord Drumlanrig was deplorable. He felt as if he could no longer bear the burden of existence. His poor young wife, though not charged by him with any share in the contrivances of the duchess, had become an object on which his eye could no longer rest with composure. In brief, the mind of the ill-fated young nobleman was so completely unhinged, that on the following day he shot himself in his carriage, by the side of his horror-stricken lady.

Books of heraldry mention that Henry Earl of Drumlanrig was killed by the accidental going off of his pistol; but the case is well known to have been very different. Lady Drumlanrig never recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's death. She survived him only about a year and a half, dying in April 1756. Thus the notable scheme of Kitty, "charming, gay, and young," destroyed the happiness of at least three unfortunate human beings, and caused the premature death of two of them, the one her own son.

STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

Early in the eighteenth century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetcy of Orton, a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while at the same time he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and even men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent ease and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts of wealthy relatives and friends, or by preying on strangers not sufficiently experienced or sage to be secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions, seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him, namely, the profession of arms, and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The —— dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping of course the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the duties imposed upon him, and giving no expression to the regrets which could not but occasionally arise in the breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure, and then recommenced his short perambulations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away the time until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation, than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

"Colonel," said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, "you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it." "How may this be, my good friend?" asked the veteran. "In respect of your attendant sentry," said the officer: "few princes can boast of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backwards and forwards in front of your quarters." The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. "What mean you?" said he; "you seem serious; and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been here ten times over already." "This may be," returned the visitor; "but I still assure you that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold." "Bless my heart, do you really say so!" exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man, and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. "A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!" continued the veteran; "how, in the name of wonder, came this about, and how did you discover it?" "I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton."

"Can this be true?" exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window, from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel. Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if it was true that he really addressed Sir Robert Innes. The youth, after colouring a little from surprise, and partly perhaps from other feelings, owned that the information given to the colonel was correct, and that he was really Sir Robert Innes. Colonel Winram was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Believe me, young gentleman, when I ask you to inform me personally of the true motives which induced you to enter the ranks, I have a sincere wish to serve you, and am not actuated by mere curiosity." Sir Robert answered his commander by simply stating, that, finding himself possessed of a title, without any of the requisite means for supporting it creditably, he had been under the necessity of quitting the society of his equals in station, but superiors in point of fortune. "I chose," said he, not without a degree of honourable pride, "to enter on the humble yet independent condition of a common soldier, rather than make any attempt at gaining a maintenance in my own degree by drawing on the bounty of others, and eating what must have been, at best, the bread of dependence."

A tear trickled down the brown cheek of the old colonel as he listened to the explanation. "I admire your candour, sir," said the veteran, "and I honour your sentiments. You must be replaced in your proper station—in that station to which you were born, Sir Robert, and to which you will be a credit and an ornament. Thank Heaven I have interest enough, I think, to procure you a cornetcy; and a cornetcy of British horse is a fitting station for any one—for the first noble in the land." The poor young soldier, in whose fortunes a great change was thus unexpectedly promised, could scarcely find language to thank his warm-hearted benefactor and commander. But the colonel did not give himself time to listen to thanks. "I think I am sure of the cornetcy on application," continued he; "but, at the worst, I can procure your discharge, and do something for you in other ways." Pursuing his kindly intentions farther, the colonel gave our hero a temporary release from regimental duty, and invited him to dinner on the following day, offering him for this purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes from his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted the invitation, but declined the use of the colonel's wardrobe, as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which was still capable of making a respectable appearance.

The young baronet dined with his commanding officer, not once, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse was obtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily a greater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram, who found his protegé fulfil all the high promise that had appeared in him at their first interview. Handsome, well-bred, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a gentleman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed by his brother officers, and all who met him in society. It was barely possible, however, for any one to view him with the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of this the following conclusive occurrence will give ample proof. After the new cornet had held his station for some months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to join him in an excursion to the country. The request was of course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set out in the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a considerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his daughter and only child was then, for the completion of her education, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school, and that he was going to visit her. The boarding-school was accordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had the honour of being introduced to the only child of his benefactor. She was a young lady in the very spring of womanhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the full graces of her person were scarcely yet developed. The Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had scarcely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating aspect than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's presence, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose carriage she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir Robert Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the conversation turned on the young lady, on whom her father expatiated with the fondness of a parent; and his observations being assented to somewhat warmly, the colonel, to the surprise of Sir Robert, hinted that his daughter might do worse than take him for a husband. The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overture. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. "Colonel Winram," said he, "I am poor—penniless—and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you; but——" The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. "Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking of. Margery happens to have a small fortune of her own, the bequest of a deceased aunt; and you have a title; a fair equivalent. I have always honoured ancestral dignities, at least when borne by such as yourself, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good daughter, and will be a good wife." While the words were yet on his lips, fortune suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and, by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twitched from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed animals sprang forward at full speed; but they went no great way ere their divergence from the mid line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road—which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usually ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly backward to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly, and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully participated by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly despatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was besides discovered to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sick-bed for several weeks. In that time he had such a nurse in his daughter, as often made him weep tears of gratitude to Heaven for its kindness in giving her to him. Our readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as this was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who had also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gentleman surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daughter; and did it willingly and consciously, having no alloy in his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the state of the young lady's affections was unknown to him. But, in his capacity of occasional attendant on the veteran, the young baronet appeared in almost as favourable a light to Miss Winram as she did to him, and the state of each other's affections was soon made manifest by the kindly interference of Colonel Winram.

Our story draws to a close. Sir Robert proposed, and was accepted. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch, and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its after-duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who afterwards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburgh; but eventually Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her son is the present possessor of that ancient title; and of her daughters, one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.

STORY OF CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

THE day had closed, and the snow fell heavily, as the pastor Skovronski, returning from a visit to his sister, who lived a short distance from Marienburg, reached the skirt of the wood surrounding the town. The cries of a child attracting his attention, he stopped his horse; but the noise of the wind rushing through the trees could alone be heard, and he proceeded on his way, believing that he must have been mistaken. Suddenly the horse stood still, and no urging or soothing on the part of the pastor could induce him to proceed. Supposing it was some obstacle hidden by the darkness of the night, he dismounted, and tried to force the animal forward; but his efforts were unavailing. He then perceived a slight elevation in the snow at the horse's feet, and, stooping down, found it to be a half-frozen child wrapped in linen. Taking it in his arms, he found that it was still alive. This accounted for the cries which he had just heard. He anxiously endeavoured, despite the darkness of the night, to discover those who, from misery or other causes, had thus abandoned their offspring in a desert place, covered with snow; but neither seeing nor hearing any one, the venerable pastor exclaimed in a loud voice, "If you who have deserted this child can now hear me, go in peace. In the name of the Great Being whom I serve, I promise that henceforth this child shall be my care."

Remounting his horse, with the child wrapped in his cloak before him, he quickened his pace, and soon arrived at his humble dwelling, though much later than usual.

"Mercy on me, Monsieur Skovronski, what could have delayed you until this hour?" said an old woman, as she advanced to hold the bridle while he alighted. "I have been imagining all kinds of misfortunes—that your sister Alexina was ill, that Biaska had fallen lame, or that you had been attacked by the Cossacks."

"Take this infant, Frederika," said the pastor, interrupting the old servant, and placing the child in her arms.

Surprise rendered her mute for an instant; but, like a torrent which has overflowed its banks, her words soon found utterance, and she exclaimed with volubility, "An infant, monsieur—an infant! And where have you found it? What are we to do with an infant in this place? Who is to take care of it? Who is to nurse it?"

"You, Frederika," quietly replied the old man as he followed her into the house.

"What a beautiful little girl, monsieur! It can scarcely be a year old. See, as she opens her large black eyes, with what astonishment she looks around her."

The old pastor smiled, and placing some more logs on the hearth, and looking after the comfort of his little charge, he commenced his frugal supper, during which he recounted to the old woman the manner in which he had discovered the infant.

"How strange, monsieur, that Biaska should have refused to advance, is it not?"

"Horses have a noble instinct," replied the pastor; "they may throw down a man or a child while running, but will never pass over a body, dead or alive, lying in their path."

"And when you called out to know if any one was at hand, did you see anybody?"

"No one."

"Even her dress tells nothing. It is fine, but bears no mark by which she might be known. What shall we call her, monsieur?"

"Give me the calendar, Frederika. This is St Catherine's day, the 25th of November. We shall call her Catherine."

The old woman retired with the child, and soon after the venerable pastor sought his pillow, and enjoyed the sleep of a man conscious of having performed his duty.

Early the next morning, it was known to all in Marienburg that their pastor had found a child in the snow, and that he had adopted it. The previous night a peasant, living in a cottage at the edge of the wood, had been awoke by the noise of a heavy body falling against his door, accompanied by groans, but the fearful and stupid man did not go to see what it was. On getting up next morning, he found a soldier dead outside his threshold. The pastor, hoping to discover some clue as to the history of his protegée, visited the cabin where the soldier lay, but could gain no information concerning him: and the only document which was found about his person was part of a letter, in which some vague allusion was made to "the children." The conjecture of the worthy Skovronski was, that the soldier had been overcome by the severity of the cold, and must have laid the child down, hoping, by some violent exercise, to warm his freezing limbs. But under that inclement sky death comes on the snow-storm, and will not be dallied with. The pastor gave orders for the decent interment of the stranger, and carefully preserved the fragment of the letter, unsatisfactory though it was, and breaking off just where the words "children, dear children," occurred. He hoped that, slight as the clue was, it might help at some future time to identify the child. From that time forward, however, he treated her with the kindness and affection of a parent; and so endeared to him did the little Catherine become, by her docility and sweet temper, that perhaps, as years passed on, he ceased to regret that the inquiries he made, whenever opportunity offered, failed to draw forth any information as to who the dead soldier could have been, or who his helpless charge. Nor is there much wonder at this, for war was ravaging the country, and the circumstance of an obscure individual of the army being missing, when hundreds and thousands were dying around them, was one little likely to attract attention.

Years passed away, and Catherine, grown a tall, beautiful girl, assisted Frederika in the management of the household affairs. At night she always sang cheerful songs for her adopted father with a very sweet voice; and nothing was found to disturb the smoothness of her happy disposition, unless indeed we except two or three occasions on which her father—so she always called him—was visited by attacks of illness which seemed to threaten his life. Then, indeed, her young heart was rent with sorrow. It was on these trying occasions that, prompted by her deep affection, and perhaps instructed by the experienced Frederika, she acquired a skill as a nurse which was surprising in a mere child—a skill which, under the influence of another strong affection and a remarkable destiny, proved in after-years of singular account. Strange it is to think of, and yet most true, that in reality there is not an action of our lives which is unimportant, or may not in its consequences influence our future!

One day, when Catherine was about thirteen years of age, the old pastor appeared restless after reading some letters which had been brought that morning; and calling Catherine, he said, "My dear child, my sister Alexina is old. She is often ill, and I should wish to have you near her for a short time."

"If such is your wish, my father, I shall go. I love your sister, for she is yours; but I confess I should prefer remaining with you."

"You shall return in a few days, Catherine, when I shall go for you myself—myself Catherine—understand me, only myself."

"Be it so, my benefactor:" and, with the natural gaiety of youth, she hastened to prepare for her departure.

The pastor accompanied her until they arrived at the place where, as an infant, he had found her. It was summer, and the green grass had replaced the snow which at that time covered the ground. Catherine knelt.

"Give me your blessing here, father," said she in a voice of emotion. "It was here that, thirteen years ago, you first heard my feeble cries. God hears this day the prayers I offer for your happiness, and will listen to me as you then listened, and repay you for all that you have since done for me, and prolong your days to give happiness to all those that surround you."

The old man's agitation was extreme, as, laying his trembling hands on the beautiful girl's head, he exclaimed, "Go in peace, my daughter. God is our master, and we must submit to whatever he wills. We cannot foresee in what manner He thinks right to dispose of his creatures. Whatever may happen, be assured that my sister will continue my work of charity and love. Go; and if Heaven wills that we shall not meet again, remember the last words of your poor old pastor, who, knowing his intellect inadequate to the training of thine, was content to model thy heart after his own. Be always good and obedient—be submissive, Catherine; and in whatever position it may be your fortune to be placed, always remember that thou once wert but a poor deserted infant, who in a few hours must have perished, had not God sent one of his humble servants to your assistance. Rise, my daughter; go in peace; always act rightly, speak truth, and do your duty, happen what may."

Raising the young girl from her knees, he kissed her forehead, and they separated.

"Catherine! Catherine! why do you remain at the door instead of assisting me in laying by these clothes, or spinning the rest of the flax? Do you think that my brother has sent you to me to do nothing but fold your arms and amuse yourself? Do you hear me, Catherine?"

The person who spoke was the old pastor's aged sister, who resided a few miles from Marienburg, in Livonia. The usually joyous countenance of the young girl whom she addressed bespoke intense anxiety.

"Oh, Madame Alexina, do you not hear the roaring of the cannon?" asked she, still remaining at the door.

"It is perhaps thunder, or some public rejoicing, Catherine. What day of the month is this?"

"The 20th of August 1702, Madame Alexina."

"No, it is not the king's birthday. Are you sure that it was cannon, Catherine?"

"Yesterday morning," said Catherine, half speaking to herself, and as if trying to recall something to memory, "the pastor Skovronski, after his usual visits to his friends, called me to his side. He had an air of anxiety and trouble. 'My child,' said he, 'we are at length going to part. My sister is in need of you. You will not leave her until I go for you *myself*—myself, Catherine.' I was struck by his repeating *myself;* and not answering him, he continued, 'God is our master.' When anything weighed on his mind, that was his expression. And then he made me depart so quickly too, without allowing me to speak to any one. And he appeared so agitated when he placed his hands on my head to bless me. Oh, I have seen him for the last time! Child that I am, to have left him. Again the cannon—again!"

Carried away by her feelings, she wept unrestrainedly.

"Mercy on me! weeping! You, too, who are ever laughing," cried the old lady with surprise. "Do you weep because my brother appeared a little agitated, and his hand trembled? It was because he loves you, and looks on you as a daughter."

"But why did he send me to you?"

"I am old—I am in need of you."

"He is also old; he, too, is in need of me."

"You love my brother better than you love me, Catherine. That is wrong," said the old Livonian in a half-reproachful voice. "That is wrong," she repeated.

"Pardon me, madame, but it is true," replied Catherine innocently; "and is it not right and natural? He who saved me, when an infant, from being frozen to death, and ever since has been to me as a father. Oh, I love the pastor of Marienburg as I would have loved my own father, if God had been pleased that I should have known one—as I would have loved a mother. I would freely give my life to save his. But do you not again hear the cannon?"

At this moment a horse stopped at the door of the cottage, and a young man, travel-stained, hastily dismounted. "The Russians are at Marienburg!" exclaimed he, rushing into the apartment. "I have escaped with difficulty to bring this letter from your brother, who has given his horse to expedite me."

"What of the pastor Skovronski?" asked Catherine hurriedly.

"Oh, how happy you ought to be, mademoiselle," said the messenger, "to have neither father, nor mother, nor family."

"You think so, Paul?" replied Catherine with a look of scorn which she did not attempt to conceal.

"Yes, mademoiselle; for you are not obliged to break your heart by leaving them."

"And wherefore do you leave them?"

"They besought me on their knees to do so, and now I tremble for them."

"Persons do not tremble for those whom they may defend," replied Catherine. "But tell me, what has occurred at Marienburg?"

"Why, mademoiselle, do you not hear the cannon? General

Scheremetief, with his army, is bombarding Marienburg. Oh, it is a cruel sight to behold!"

"My benefactor, my father!" cried Catherine sobbing.

"Thy benefactor, thy father," said Madame Alexina, having finished the perusal of the letter, "conjures thee by all that is sacred not to leave me. He thinks it is his duty to remain with those intrusted to his care, and asks for our prayers for his safety; and if God wills that his life should be the sacrifice, he leaves thee all he possesses."

"Madame Alexina," said Catherine, taking her hand and raising it to her lips respectfully, "you have a heart—you are good, and you will understand me. I return to Marienburg! In this I must be disobedient."

"But you have not heard what Paul has said—that the Russians are already in the town," replied Alexina, endeavouring to hold her hand.

"I'll go to find my benefactor."

"But by this time, mademoiselle," observed Paul, "all the inhabitants are either dead or taken prisoners."

"I shall then die with them, or be a prisoner," cried Catherine, raising her head, and speaking in a tone of determination. Slipping her hand from that of the old Livonian, she suddenly sprang on the horse which Paul had left at the door, and before either he or the old lady could recover from their surprise, she had disappeared.

The evening was closing as a horse covered with foam reached the border of the wood lying nearest to the gates of Marienburg. At the moment it emerged from the shade of the trees, a man suddenly seized the bridle.

"Where are you going?" demanded he of the rider in a peremptory tone.

"What is that to you?" was the reply in an equally peremptory voice.

Astonished by this boldness, the stranger's arm was raised to inflict summary punishment; but, on perceiving that it was a girl who spoke, he desisted, and repeated, though in a milder tone, "Where are you going?"

"What is that to you?" again repeated the young girl. "I am in haste, and I pray you to let me pass."

"You of course are not aware, then, that the town is in the hands of the Russians?" said the man, still retaining the bridle.

"Well, what then?" interrupted Catherine, for it was she indeed who spoke.

"That all the inhabitants are prisoners; and if you pursue your route, you also will be taken."

"Thank you for your advice; but know in your turn, monsieur, that he whom I look up to as a father is in the town, and I am determined to share his fate, whatever it may be."

"But if he is a prisoner?"

"I will be a prisoner too."

"But if he is dead?"

This supposition rendered Catherine mute; but recovering her courage and self-possession, she said with sweetness, "I have told you, monsieur, that I should like to share his fate."

"Go, then, and God preserve you," answered the man, letting go the bridle of the horse, which started off at once at full gallop.

She had not gone many paces when a loud "Who goes there?" was heard, and Catherine not answering, a ball whistled by her so close as to tear the sleeve of her dress. She immediately drew up the horse.

"Well, when I reply to you ''Tis I!' will you be much the wiser?" cried she.

She was immediately surrounded by a number of rough and barbarous-looking men.

"Dismount, my pretty girl, and follow us," said one who, from the tone he assumed, appeared to be their officer.

But Catherine, perceiving amongst the men him whom she had met at the border of the forest, and whom she immediately recognised by his noble and majestic bearing, contrasting so favourably with the rude men by whom he was surrounded, said, addressing him, "Monsieur, I pray you to speak to these men to let me go: you know that I am but a poor child, incapable of doing harm."

"I have told you what would happen if you pursued your route," replied the young unknown: then turning to the Cossack officer, he added, "Do your duty!"

"Your name?" asked the soldier of the young girl.

"Catherine," replied she quickly. "I am the adopted child of the pastor Skovronski. I left him yesterday morning by his wish—I return to-day by my own. Let me pass, I pray you."

The officer exchanged a glance with the stranger to whom she had first appealed, and then replied, "Thou art a Livonian. Livonia belongs this day to our czar, Peter I. of Russia—you are therefore a prisoner. Come, dismount, if you do not wish me to assist you, and follow us to prison."

"Touch me not!" said Catherine, her beautiful dark eyes flashing with a look beyond her years. Leaping from her horse, she added, "I did not return to Marienburg solely to be made a prisoner, but to find my adopted father. Conduct me then to him—in his house—in a dungeon—no matter where, so that I may be with him."

"It is not for prisoners to dictate their orders," replied the officer, amused by the boldness of the young girl.

Catherine reflected a moment, and then asked, "Who is your chief—your general?"

"General Scheremetief," said the stranger, advancing, having hitherto kept aloof, though listening with attention to the altercation between Catherine and the Cossack officer.

"I wish, then, to speak to the general."

Receiving a sign from the unknown, the Cossack ordered her to follow him, and marched in the direction of the town. As Catherine stopped at the gates while the officer was making inquiries as to where the general was to be found, an old woman perceiving her, uttered a cry of despair.

"Oh, my dear child, you will see your protector no more! My poor master!" said she, sobbing; "he is dead on the field of battle. I saw him fall, struck by a Russian bullet, at the moment that he was binding up the wounds of a poor Livonian. He is dead—my poor master!"

Catherine, pale and trembling, asked, "What do you say, Frederika?"

"Truth, my dear child, truth!—as will be found on looking for him among the dead."

"And have you, then, left him there without help—without prayers?" asked Catherine quickly.

"What could we do, mademoiselle? The bullets whistled about our ears, killing all they reached."

The Cossack officer said that the general was near them, and bade her follow him. She rather went before than came after him. On entering the tent, the first person she saw was the young unknown; but, without taking further notice of him, seeing that he was not the chief, she threw herself at the feet of the great general whose name had been echoed far and near.

"A grace, general! for pity's sake, a grace!" said she, raising her hands in the attitude of supplication.

"What does this child want?" demanded the general, turning to the officer who had conducted her to his presence.

"She requests to speak to you, general."

"It is true," replied Catherine. "I believed my protector—my father—to be a prisoner, and wished to share his prison; but I have since learned that he is among the dead. The favour I ask is, to be allowed to seek for his body, that it may be buried in the manner it deserves. Oh, if you had known how good he was—the poor pastor Skovronski!"

The tone of her voice was so peculiar, and her countenance so commanding, yet so ingenuous, that the general, moved at the sight of her youth and courage, said, "The camp is situated outside the walls; if I grant your request, what guarantee shall I have that you will not try to escape?"

"My word!" replied Catherine innocently.

"Go, then," said the general, beckoning her to rise; "but remember that you belong to me when you return."

The first person Catherine encountered on leaving the tent was old Frederika, the pastor's servant. "Come," said she, taking her hand; "come, show me the place where you saw him fall."

"Think not of such a thing, Catherine. Would you go among the dead at this hour?"

"Remain, Frederika, if you have any fear. I shall go alone; he may be yet alive."

"Let us go, then," said the old woman; "it shall not be said that a child had more humanity than I had."

The night was dark, and it was with difficulty they could see their way. When they got outside the town, they came upon a field covered with the bodies of men and horses, while the cries that arose told that many were still alive. The young girl was seized with horror, and stopped. "Oh, my God, guide me!" she exclaimed, and again advanced. Suddenly she heard footsteps following. "Who are you?" she cried, turning to some person whom the darkness prevented her from distinguishing, adding, "You are, no doubt, like us, an unfortunate. You seek perhaps some friend—a brother. I seek my father, and perhaps he is dead! Oh! why have I come without a light, as if I could distinguish my benefactor in this terrible darkness. Heaven guide me!"

"Wait for me; I shall soon return," said the person who had followed them.

He soon appeared, carrying a lantern, and Catherine recognised the stranger whom she had first met in the wood. The light discovered to the young girl the earth covered with the dead and dying; but, overcoming her repugnance to such a scene, she diligently pursued her search, Frederika being unable to recollect the spot where she had seen her master fall. The stranger followed in silence. Each moment the agitation of the young girl increased, and the sickening sights around her, joined to the fruitless search, overcame her fortitude, and sinking on the ground, she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

"Catherine," said the unknown, "you have undertaken a task too much for your age and strength; leave the search to me, and at daybreak, when the dead are separated from the wounded, I shall myself seek him with the assistance of some of the inhabitants of the town, who will be able to recognise their pastor, and perhaps he may not be amongst the dead."

"What I have commenced I shall finish," said Catherine; "but you, monsieur, whom do you seek?"

"Hear me, Catherine," replied the stranger. "I am but a soldier, and perhaps may have the courage of a soldier; but, on my word, yours astonishes me. You are not formed to be a slave, though a general may be your master. You are now beyond the camp: no person has seen you. Fly! If you want money, here it is."

"'Tis Heaven that has sent you," exclaimed the old woman, taking the purse from his hand. "Catherine, do not refuse such goodness: let us fly."

"Fly? when I have given my word not to do so. Do you consider that as nothing, monsieur?" said the girl with surprise.

"No—when given by a man," replied the soldier. "But it is of little consequence when broken by such as you—a girl without name, without birth. Think well of what you must endure if you return: the hopes of your youth changed into misery, and you yourself become a slave. I conjure you to fly."

But Catherine, firm to her purpose, replied, "I am ignorant for what God has destined me. I am aware that I am but a child, unknown, and without name; but ought the obscurity of my birth to authorise me in doing a wrong action? If I was a princess, I should keep my promise. Perhaps I have the heart of a princess. Monsieur, I shall keep my word." Then rising and turning to Frederika, she added, "Come, Frederika, let us continue our search; I feel myself stronger now."

At this moment a stifled groan was heard a short distance from where they stood. "Hush!" whispered Catherine, listening with breathless anxiety. The groan was repeated, and, like a young fawn, she sprang to the spot whence it proceeded, and throwing herself on her knees by the side of an old man stretched on the ground, she exclaimed, "Frederika, the light! It is he! Quick! quick! Oh, my father, my benefactor, speak to me! It is your child, your little Catherine, who calls."

Frederika held the light to the countenance of the old man, while Catherine, with an address and attention far beyond her years, endeavoured to find the wound from which the pastor was suffering. As she raised his arm to extricate him from the bodies lying around, he uttered a cry of pain, at the same time opening his eyes. "Where am I?" asked he. Recognising Catherine and Frederika, but not knowing the young soldier, he repeated, "Where am I?"

"With your friends," replied Catherine, kissing his forehead; "with your little Catherine. Oh rise, my father, and accompany us."

"Here, old man, take some of this *eau de vie*," said the soldier, placing a gourd to the lips of the pastor; "it will strengthen you."

The pastor obeyed; and, reanimated by the welcome draught, he endeavoured to rise. Catherine having taken his arm, he again exclaimed as if in pain; adding, in a gentle voice, "My arm is broken."

"Oh! what shall we do?" cried Catherine.

"Do not move, old man," said the soldier; "I shall return to Marienburg, and send two comrades to carry you to your home: I shall also send a surgeon, who will set your arm to rights. Adieu, Catherine," added he, retiring: "follow my advice—profit by your present liberty, and fly."

They had not to wait long for the promised assistance. Three men advanced, two of them carrying a litter, on which they laid the wounded pastor, and carefully conveyed him home, Catherine never leaving his side.

"It was God who inspired me," said she: "one would almost say that he took me by the hand, and led me to the border of the forest, that I might become a prisoner."

"You are a prisoner, then, my poor child?" said the old man with emotion.

"Yes, my father; and what I at first looked on as a misfortune, has proved a blessing. If I had not been taken prisoner, I should not have been carried before the general, and would have missed seeing Frederika, who told me of your death; and had I not seen her, I should never have thought of seeking for you on the field of battle. Do you not think, then, that God led me by the hand to where I found you?"

Catherine ceased speaking as the litter entered the interior of the parsonage. The pastor was removed to his bed, and the operation of setting his broken arm being quickly performed by the surgeon who had accompanied them, he and the two soldiers retired. After offering up a prayer, the old man sank into slumber, and the females watched by his bedside the remainder of the night.

When day appeared, Catherine sought her own little chamber; and, having changed her dress, and fastened her long black hair in a knot under her bonnet, she descended to the room of the pastor, who had just awoke.

"My dear benefactor," said she, kneeling by his bedside, "bless your poor Catherine, who is obliged to leave you for ever."

"What do you say, child?" asked the old man, astonished at her words, and seeing the tears which fell from the young Livonian.

"Yesterday, my father, I was taken prisoner, and now belong to the Russian general. He permitted me to seek for you, on giving my promise that I should return."

"Is it not foolish for her to do so, monsieur?" asked Frederika, overcome at the idea of losing her dearly-loved child. "I am now old, and want help; and who can assist me like Catherine? Who will sing for you the songs to which you have so often listened? Who will give you an arm to lean on when you walk, and amuse you as she could? No, Catherine, you must not leave us for an unhappy promise given at hazard—forced from you. You know it was forced from you. If it had been given freely, I should be the first to say go."

The pastor and Catherine listened without interruption to the old woman. Skovronski first spoke—"You have promised the general that you would return, my child?"

"Yes, my father," answered Catherine, sobbing; "and is it kind of Frederika to try to dissuade me from my resolution, by thus bringing to my memory all the happiness that I have enjoyed, and which I am about to lose for ever?"

"Go, my child; go, my dear Catherine," said the old man in a solemn voice; "do your duty, and God will bless you."

The pastor laid his hand on her head, and, as the poor girl sobbed, without having the power to rise from her knees, he added, in a tone of affection—"A promise given should never be broken, my child: the day advances—go, and may your heavenly Father watch over you."

Catherine arose, and kissing the lips of the old man, exclaimed—"Adieu, my father! adieu, Frederika!" and left the house precipitately.

As Catherine entered the tent of the general, she was met by the young soldier who had accompanied her in the previous night's search, and who started on seeing her. She had dried her tears, and, with a calm countenance, presented herself before the general, who was engaged giving audience, and listening to the prayers of some of the inhabitants of Marienburg.

"Is this you, little one?" said he, perceiving Catherine. "I feared that I should not have seen you again."

"I gave you my word," was the brief reply of Catherine.

The general smiled. "You are young and intelligent, and seem to be good-humoured: you ought to make a good servant. Let me see how you prepare a breakfast for me."

Catherine retired without speaking, and shortly returned to the tent, bearing a tray with the required *dejeûner*.

The general and the young unknown were the only occupants, but without remarking the familiarity which existed between him who was the leader of a great army, and one who, to judge by his dress, appeared but a simple soldier, Catherine arranged the table for the pair. "Some wine, my child," said the soldier, holding towards her his glass to be filled, and added, "How old are you?"

"Thirteen years," answered Catherine.

"With a heart of thirty! Why, general, if you had seen her last night searching amongst the dead for the body of her benefactor, pale and trembling, but full of courage, you would have admired her as I did. You had then no fear of the dead, my child?"

Catherine blushed as she replied, "I had no thought of fear; I thought but of finding my benefactor, the poor pastor Skovronski."

"As servant to a pastor, she ought to be familiar with the dead," said the general. "It is not the first time you have seen them?"

"I have not seen many," replied Catherine.

"Why should she be afraid?" said the soldier; "if she had to seek her benefactor in the midst of guns and swords, it might be different. I should like to see her in the centre of a battle with that little resolute face of hers."

"You have seen the effect produced on me by the bullets of your sentries," said Catherine smiling.

"It is unquestionably true, general; she appeared to care as little for them as I should myself. This child will be a noble-hearted woman. Scheremetief, will you sell your prisoner?"

"And what will you do with her?" asked the general, studiously avoiding to give a title to his guest.

"Make her my wife, the wife of a soldier! She is born for it! Well, what say you, my child?" added he, turning to Catherine, who seemed bewildered.

"I say—I say," replied she, hesitating, "that my choice is not difficult; I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the slave of a general."

"Bravo, Catherine; and from this moment you belong to me!"

"But——" said the general.

"I know what you would say, general," hastily interrupted the stranger; "you know I never do anything like anybody else. This young girl pleases me: she is courageous and gay, and her temper ought to be sweet and equal. We shall see if she does not prove sensible enough for a wife. It is decided: I shall make her my wife. Put down that tray, Catherine: put off your apron, and follow me. Henceforward, if you serve anybody, it shall be a husband."

The soldier rose from the table, and beckoning to Catherine to follow him, he left the tent. "Do you know who I am, Catherine?" said he, as they walked along.

"No; but you said that you wished to be my husband."

"Very well; but do you know my rank in the army?"

"It does not signify," said Catherine; "you cannot suppose that I am proud myself—a child without family, without name."

"Just so, my little one. You are content, then, to link your destiny with mine?" said the soldier, taking the hand of the young Livonian.

"Yes," replied Catherine, "for you have the air of a brave man; and I like you because you have been kind to me, poor child that I am."

"You are not sorry, then, that I am nothing but a poor soldier?"

"Too happy, provided that you permit me to follow you, and never leave you."

The soldier stopped before a tent more elevated than the rest. "This is the tent of the czar," said he; "remain where you are. It is right that I should ask his permission to marry you."

Catherine had waited but a few minutes, when a young officer advancing, said, "Mademoiselle, the Czar Peter wishes to see you."

She followed, and on entering the tent, saw a large number of officers standing, in the centre of whom was seated a man of about thirty years of age, whom she immediately recognised as her late companion. "Where, then, is the czar?" asked Catherine, turning towards the young officer.

"There!" said he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"There? That is my husband!"

"He is thy husband and the czar likewise, Catherine," said the emperor of Russia, for it was he; and added, "How astonished you appear. Does the news grieve you? Does my title prevent you from loving me?"

"I loved you as a soldier," said she; "I will also love you as an emperor." And Peter I., czar of Russia, taking the hand of the young orphan, presented her to his officers as the future empress of Russia!

It will readily be believed that Catherine did not forget the pastor Skovronski. True, he must still lose the society of his dear child; but what a difference between yielding her up to be the wife of a prince, from knowing that she was the servant of the conqueror—a slave! But, alas! he was not long spared to regret her absence. He never thoroughly recovered from the wounds he had received; and his sister, and the faithful Frederika, both nearly as old as himself, soon followed him to the grave. Catherine had no one in the world to divide her affection from her husband.

After their marriage, the czar placed her in a private dwelling in the city of Moscow, where he paid her frequent visits, and often came to transact public business with his officers. It was in this modest retreat that her two children were born; Anne in 1708, and Elizabeth in 1709. When Peter made war on the Turks in 1711, he had a wish that his wife should accompany him; and during this campaign she distinguished herself in a manner too remarkable, and too honourable to herself, for us to pass it over.

From the skill in military tactics of Peter the Great and his generals, and also from the admirable discipline of his troops, a body of eight thousand Russians had sustained the attack of a hundred and fifty thousand Turks. The loss and suffering on each side had been great, yet it could not be said that either party had gained the victory. The Russians, however, were in circumstances of peculiar distress. They were surrounded by an immense body of their foes, and thus shut out not only from every means of procuring provisions, but even from approaching the river Pruth, which was close at hand, and on which they depended for a supply of water. Thirst and starvation were more dreadful to encounter than Turkish swords; and it seemed that, after all, they would become the slaves of the Mahommedans.

All the memoirs of the time agree that the czar, divided within himself what steps to take—if he could indeed anyway avoid the impending destruction for himself, his wife, and his army—retired to his tent oppressed with grief, having given positive orders that he should not be disturbed—his proud spirit naturally disliking a witness to the distraction of his mind. But notwithstanding his command, Catherine felt that, as his wife, her place was at his side, and accordingly she forced her way to him. She found him suffering from one of those epileptic fits to which at all times he was subject, and which she had on former occasions often alleviated by her presence of mind and watchful attention. The convulsions were unusually violent, aggravated no doubt by the anguish of his mind; and probably, when Peter recovered, he felt that, under Providence, he owed his life to Catherine's resolution.

She had come, however, as a counsellor; and a wife who, like her, had faced death in its most frightful shapes, and exposed herself to every danger, like the meanest soldier, had a right to be heard. She showed admirable sense and penetration of mind, by pointing out to her husband that the enemy had themselves suffered so much, and were doubtless so impressed with the daring of the Russians, and perhaps even ignorant of their desperate condition, that there was every probability they would listen to overtures for a truce. It is really surprising that no one else seemed to have thought of this project: but the instances in Catherine's life were very numerous in which she evinced great superiority of mind to those about her—a superiority which her husband seemed to have recognised when he first saw her at Marienburg, and so quickly determined to make her the sharer of his throne.

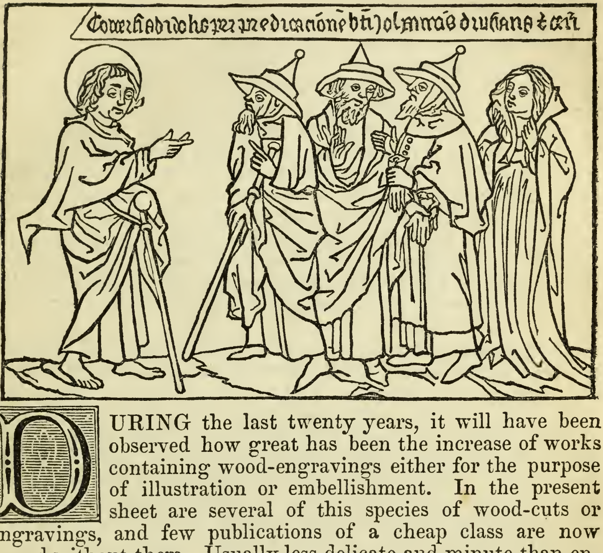
Catherine was well aware that it had been a custom for ages throughout the East, when any people applied for an audience of the sovereign, or his representative, to approach with a present. Accordingly, she mustered the few jewels she had brought with her on this military expedition, in which neither magnificence nor luxury was admitted, and to these she added two black foxes' skins, and whatever money she could collect—the latter being designed for a present to the kiaia, an officer under the grand vizier. She then made choice of a Russian officer on whose fidelity and intelligence she could rely, who, accompanied by two servants, carried the presents to the grand vizier, and delivered the money into the kiaia's own hand. The Turks agreed to the truce, and the Russians were saved. So sensible was Peter of the services rendered by his wife on this occasion, that, though naturally averse to displays of magnificence, looking upon regal shows as money idly spent, he caused her to be solemnly crowned as a commemoration of the event; and in the declaration which he issued, we find these words—"She has been of the greatest assistance to us in all our dangers, and particularly in the battle of Pruth."

The fragment of a letter which had been found on the dead soldier when Catherine was an infant, had been carefully preserved by her; but she had long given up all expectation of discovering her kindred. A romantic incident, however, brought to light the meaning of the word "children." An envoy from a foreign court to Peter the Great being on his return home through Courland, put up at an inn, where he heard the voice of some person in distress, whom the people of the house were treating in an insulting manner. He heard the stranger make answer, in a tone of resentment, that they would not use him thus if he could once get speech of the czar, at whose court he had more influence than they imagined. On this the envoy had the curiosity to ask the man some questions, and from the answers he let fall, and on examination of his countenance, he thought he traced in him some resemblance to the Empress Catherine. Soon afterwards he was writing to one of his friends at St Petersburg, and could not forbear relating the adventure. This letter by some accident reached the hands of the czar, who immediately sent an order to the governor of Riga, to endeavour to find out the person who was mentioned. The governor took such prompt measures, that he soon discovered the stranger, who proved to be the son of a Lithuanian gentleman who had been killed in the wars of Poland, leaving two young children, a boy and a girl, then in the cradle.

Peter certainly spoke the truth when he said he never did anything like other people; for the manner in which he sent for the stranger, whom he suspected to be a relative of his wife, and wished to welcome, was to cause him to be arrested on the charge of some pretended crime, and brought as a prisoner to his court; though orders to his guards were privately given to treat him well.

On questioning him, the czar was so persuaded that he was Catherine's brother, that he called him towards him, saying, "Come hither and kiss the hand of the empress, and embrace your sister." It is said that Catherine fainted with surprise, and that, when she came to herself, the czar exclaimed, "This is but natural; and if your brother has merit, we will make something of him; if he has not, we must leave him as he is." A speech very characteristic of Peter the Great. It is to be supposed that he had some merit, since we find he was created a count, and married to a lady of quality. The adventures of his childhood and youth are not recorded; but whatever guardians he had found, must have known who he was, or he could not have suspected that the orphan whom all the world knew Peter had married was his sister. Peter the Great died in 1725, and left to Catherine the title of empress, which she sustained with dignity; and after reigning two years and some months, expired on the 27th of May 1727, at the age of thirty-eight.

Wood-Engraving.


Conu'si ab idolis p' p'dicacōne b̄ti Johānis drusiana & ceti

DURING the last twenty years, it will have been observed how great has been the increase of works containing wood-engravings either for the purpose of illustration or embellishment. In the present sheet are several of this species of wood-cuts or engravings, and few publications of a cheap class are now issued without them. Usually less delicate and minute than engravings on copper or steel, wood-cuts possess a peculiar value, from the comparative ease with which they can be printed. While plate embellishments require to be produced by a process so tedious, that a man can with difficulty execute 250 impressions in a day, a wood-engraving can be printed with great rapidity by a machine to the extent of many thousands daily. The chief value of the wood-cut, however, consists in its being adapted for printing along with letterpress. It is inserted among the types by the compositor, and impressions come from it along with the letterpress which it is intended to illustrate. Hence, a wood-cut is to be described as *a type*—a thing which produces representations by being stamped on paper, after having been inked for the purpose. The reason why wood-engravings possess these qualities over metal plates is, because the figures or marks to be shown in print are left raised on the wood, the parts not to be printed being cut away. This is the reverse of the principle of metal-plate engraving, in which the figures or marks are sunk, and hence the difficulty of effecting impressions with any degree of rapidity.

The art of carving figures in relief on the face of a piece of wood, and then stamping the figures, blackened with ink, on paper or some other light fabric, is of great antiquity. The Chinese have for ages stamped or printed books in this rude manner. In Germany, the first attempts at printing with a press were effected by wooden blocks, which, however, were soon abandoned, in consequence of the invention of printing by moveable types. Previously, the subjects stamped in Germany were for the greater part of a devotional kind, such as representations of saints, for distribution by the clergy as aids in devotion. One of the earliest wood-cuts known was found in a convent not far from Augsburg, with the date 1423 upon it; it is a representation of St Christopher, and is now, or was lately, in the possession of Earl Spenser. Besides being employed to illustrate devotional subjects, wood-engraving was used in Germany for marking the figures on playing-cards; and, what is somewhat remarkable, the rude figures of these early times are represented with little or no improvement of taste on the playing-cards of the present day.

Immediately before, and also after the invention of printing, the practice of issuing small books composed entirely of woodcuts, representing Scripture subjects, was common in different continental countries. The people not being able to read, were in this manner impressed with glimmering ideas of sacred history. Remarkable incidents mentioned in the books of Moses, the gospels, and the apocalypse of St John, were thus made known to the less instructed classes, but generally in connexion with legends of the middle ages. Some works of this class were called "*Biblia Pauperum*"—Poor Men's Books; and copies of them are now extremely rare. One of them, on a reduced scale, representing St John preaching to three men and a woman, as is expressed in the Latin blazon over their head, forms the illustration at the head of the present sheet.

By such devices was the piety of our unlettered forefathers excited: the instruction being communicated to the understanding through the eye, as it is now more generally conveyed through the ear.

Wood-engraving, for the sake of illustrating printed copies of the Scriptures, was brought to extraordinary perfection by Albert Durer at the end of the fifteenth century. Instead of hard outlines, the figures were now finely shaded, and an elegant picture produced. Throughout the sixteenth century the art flourished in Holland, Germany, and Italy, and had many eminent professors. As printing advanced, it may be said to have declined; the eye and the feelings were less appealed to than formerly; the intellect of the people was opening, though it may be admitted their taste was not correspondingly improved. Towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century the art of wood-engraving had fallen into neglect; but in the eighteenth century it began to revive in France and England, and some good illustrations were produced. It remained, however, not in a brilliant condition, till it was taken up by Thomas Bewick of Newcastle-on-Tyne—an extraordinary self-taught enthusiast in the art. Bewick began a series of illustrations for a history of quadrupeds about 1785, and the work, when issued in 1790, attracted much attention. This work, and others on natural history, executed by Bewick, were remarkable for possessing a small order of engravings on wood, called *tail-pieces*, from being given at the terminations of chapters. Many of these sketches abounded in dry humour, and were highly relished by the increasing body of general readers. At the conclusion of the present sheet we give a copy of one of these tail-pieces—a poor sheep in the starvation of winter picking at an old broom—a scene, trifling as it seems, which tells a woful tale of suffering.

Wood-engraving was now raised to the rank of a regular profession in England, and was greatly advanced by Nesbit, Harvey, Branston, and Thomson, both as respects elegance of design and execution. In France and England its professors have latterly been numbered by hundreds.

We now proceed to explain how the art is practised.

PRACTICE OF WOOD-ENGRAVING—THE WOOD.

The pieces of wood employed in wood-engraving are usually termed *blocks*. These are invariably of the box-tree—a species of wood exceedingly fine in the grain. The tree is cut across in slices with a fine saw, and the slices, after being planed smooth on the surface, are cut into square blocks of the required size. The blocks must be exactly one inch in depth—such being the height of the printing types in which they are to stand. When a block of more than from six to eight inches square is wanted, it is necessary to join two or more pieces together, as the box-tree is too limited in diameter to furnish blocks of a large size. Blocks ready for use, of any required size, are to be had from the carpenters who supply printers with furniture for their presses, likewise from turners of fine wood, and other tradesmen. The price of a block of half the size of the present page is about eighteenpence.

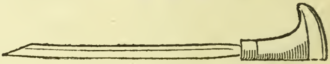
As in every other article, there are good and bad qualities of wood: that which is preferable ought to be as smooth on the surface as the finest paper, perfectly level, perfectly dry, and of a uniform yellow colour, without knots or flaws. When the tint is a darkish-red, the wood will most likely prove brittle; and when very light, it may be spongy, and will absorb ink when the cut comes to be printed. Some of the light tinted wood has the appearance of satin-wood. Upon this no attempt should be made to engrave, it being utterly useless. Wood of various colours—as, for instance, that which is dark in the middle of the disk, and gradually getting light towards the edges—if not well dried or seasoned, is also not good; when of this kind, the cuts will warp, and be useless to the printer. After being used, the printer, for his own sake, should carefully wash and dry the cuts, and lay them aside in a cupboard.

TOOLS.

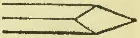
The following are the articles required by the engraver on wood:—

1. A round flattish pad, made of leather, and filled with sand, on which to rest the block while engraving it.

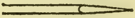
2. Gravers. A graver is a tool about four inches long, made of steel, with a small head or handle of wood. One side of the handle is flat, to allow the tool to rest steadily when set down. The blade or steel part of the tool is various in shape; some blades are thin, others are more thick. As it is the point of the blade which cuts, the more sharp the blade is, so may the edge be ground fine in proportion. Six or eight degrees of fineness are usually employed; the finest being for the more delicate lines and markings, and the broader-pointed for cutting broad and bold lines. One or more of the gravers require to be slightly bent in the blades, to permit excavating hollowed parts. The shape of the point of this tool, as seen on its upper side, is here represented.



A slightly bent graver.



3. Tint-tools. These are tools of various degrees of fineness, suitable to the fineness or coarseness of the tint required to be cut. While it is the object of gravers to cut lines in various directions, and of various lengths, also markings of a miscellaneous kind, tint-tools are chiefly employed to cut parallel lines close together, representing the tints of the sky. The tint-tool has a thinner blade than the graver, and, as is shown in the annexed cut, is much more tapering and sharp at the point.



4. A flat or gouge tool, for cutting away blank spaces at the edges, and trimming the cut.

5. A hone or Turkey stone, on which to sharpen the various tools, and bring their edge to any required degree of slope.

6. A burnisher.

7. An inking slab, a dabber, and a small quantity of fine printing ink, as afterwards specified.

8. India paper, on which to take proofs.

9. Two or three fine and hard black-lead pencils.

A sufficient stock of the foregoing apparatus for an amateur learner need not cost above twenty or thirty shillings.

PROCESS—DRAWING.

Equipped with the proper tools and a few small blocks, the learner is ready to begin his operations. There is, however, something to be done preliminary to engraving: this is the drawing of the figures to be engraved on the wood. The ability to draw with neatness and precision, also a knowledge of effect in light and shade, are indispensable in the amateur wood-cutter, or any one who desires to rise in the profession. There are indeed wood-engravers who do not ordinarily draw, the designs being put on the blocks by artists of celebrity, but to this class we do not address ourselves.* We are solicitous that no young persons, male or female, who wish to instruct themselves in wood-engraving, should think of making the attempt till they can draw on the wood the subjects which they propose to execute.

This degree of skill is not alone necessary for the purpose of rendering wood-engravers independent of artists; it is also requisite to enable them to give effect to the designs which artists put on the wood. Sometimes the designs are not made by black-lead pencils, but by various shades of Indian ink, laid on with camel-hair pencils; and the effect of these various shadings requires to be brought out by lines and marks of different kinds —all the invention of the engraver.

Besides mere drawing, modern improvements have added another branch to this department of the art, which is called "lowering." The surface of the block being perfectly level, it is obvious that, while being printed at a press equally true and even, every line left standing on the cut receives an equal degree of pressure. The finest lines forming a sky, for instance, receive an equal weight and impress with the deepest and broadest shadow. Now, this is manifestly not as it should be; for fine lines ought to be printed lightly, and dark ones heavily. To obviate this, in printing the commoner class of cuts, the pressman lays small patches of paper below his sheet, opposite the spots to be printed more darkly than others; but this mode of patching fails to a considerable degree in making fine work, and a surer plan for bringing up the effect at press, consists in slightly lowering certain parts of the surface of the block.

---

* We regret to say that among artists generally, there are few who seem able, or who are inclined, to furnish wood-engravers with drawings. All who are acquainted with the practice of wood-engraving, will agree with Mr Jackson in the following strictures:—"In this respect [drawing on wood] we are far, very far behind our French neighbours: the more common kind of French wood-cuts containing figures are much superior to our own of the same class; the drawing is much more correct; more attention is paid to costume; and in the details, we perceive the indications of much greater knowledge of art than is generally to be found in the productions of our second-rate occasional designers on wood. It cannot be said that this deficiency results from want of encouragement; for a designer on wood, of even moderate abilities, is better paid for his drawings than a second-rate painter is for his pictures. The truth is, that a taste for correct drawing is not sufficiently cultivated in England: our artists will be painters before they can draw, and hence comparatively few can make a good design on wood. They require the aid of positive colours to deceive the eye, and prevent it from resting upon the defects of their drawing. It is therefore of great importance that a wood-engraver should have some knowledge of drawing himself, in order that he may be able to correct many of the defects that are to be found in the commoner kind of subjects sent to him to be engraved. The superiority of French artists in all that relates to design, is as apparent in their lithographs as in their wood-engravings."

Lowering may be effected as follows:—Sketch the design on the block, and then scrape away with the scooper those parts to be printed lightly; for example, the sky and the edges of trees, the whole in various degrees, according to the degree of required lightness. We desire to add, that beginners should not trouble themselves with this process, as it applies only to an advanced class of exercises. If lowered, the designs will require to be resketched on the wood; but whether lowered or not, the surface of the block must be prepared in the manner now to be described.

The surface of the block being too smooth to receive the markings of a pencil, it is roughened, and at the same time delicately whitened all over with moistened powder of Bath brick and flake white, and the palm of the hand is afterwards passed over the block, to remove from it any gritty particles. When dry, it is ready for the drawing, which is now put upon it, care being taken that nothing is marked which is not to stand in relief. On being finished, the drawing appears to be a minute and perfect sketch on a white ground.

Besides being able to draw, the learner should be acquainted with the practice of copying and reducing from prints. For example, a wood-engraving three inches long by two inches broad, is required to be made from a print twelve inches long and eight inches broad. In this, as in all other cases, it is necessary to copy everything in exact proportion. A square frame, on which threads are stretched lengthwise and crosswise, leaving square openings, is laid on the print. Small squares to the same number are now lightly traced on the wood, and whatever parts lie within any opening in the frame, are copied within the corresponding opening or square on the wood: thus a copy in exact proportion is obtained.

As pencil-drawing is very apt to be blurred or partly effaced by touching with the hand, it is necessary to cover the block, while working upon it, with a piece of paper. A slip of smooth hard writing-paper is the best for this purpose; it should be neatly folded over the edges, and tied firmly round with a thread. On beginning to cut, tear off a piece of the paper from the part to which the tool is to be applied; and so remove the paper as the work proceeds.

ENGRAVING—FIRST EXERCISES.

Persons with weak sight use a strong magnifying glass when engraving, or when closely examining the appearance of their work. We would recommend beginners to avoid using a glass, if possible, for it injures the sight with the naked eye. Persons with ordinary eyesight require no glass in wood-cutting.

The work may be best executed with a strong steady northern light. In cutting by lamplight, a shade should be employed, to throw the light down, and the light may be concentrated by being made to shine through a globe of water, the light coming to a focus on the block.

The engraving is done at a table or bench of convenient height, placed below or near the light just mentioned. The engraver, seated on a chair, holds and moves about the block on the pad with the left hand, while he operates with the tool in the right, as is represented in the annexed cut. Great steadiness of hand is of the utmost importance, for the least cut in a wrong direction may mar, if not ruin, the effect to be produced. Until the learner becomes familiar with his tools, he should proceed gently and patiently, pushing the graver cautiously forward at a uniform depth, and clearing out small chips or thread-like parings.

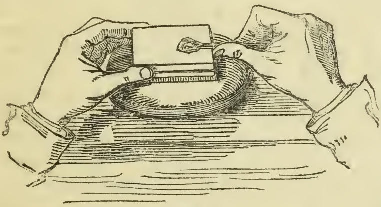


Fig. 1.

In picture-painting, innumerable tones, tints, lights, shades, nearness, and distance, are produced by applying a variety of colours, and any error can be rectified by a new touch of the brush. In wood-engraving, every kind of effect must be produced by a mere variation in the marking, first with the pencil, and afterwards with the graver; the result in printing being a variety of dark marks and lines on a white ground. The skill of the wood-engraver is therefore tested to no mean degree. On the careful and judicious disposition of his lines, and the lightness and strength of his masses of darkened parts, depend the entire effect of his labours.

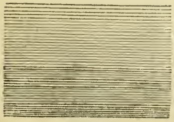


Fig. 2.

In executing a wood-cut, the parts drawn upon remain, and the blank spaces which the pencil has not touched are cleared away.

The first lessons of a learner should consist in engraving straight parallel lines with a tinting tool; as is exemplified in fig. 2. The degree of darkness is regulated by the thickness of the lines, and the spaces cut out between them.

Let the lines be cut smooth and clean, free of ruggedness or breaks.

Not till pretty well grounded in the art of cutting straight parallel lines, should the learner proceed to the next steps in advance, which will consist in cutting bent and waving lines. Figs. 3, 4, and 5, show the nature of this progression.

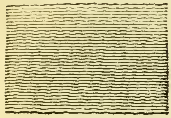


Fig. 3.

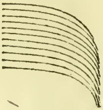


Fig. 4.

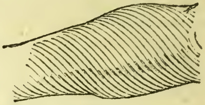


Fig. 5.

Having cut one or more of these early exercises, the parts of the block not to be printed must be lowered with a flat or gouging tool, so as to leave no parts so high as the lines.

Perfected in the art of cutting lines straight, bent, and waved, the learner may proceed to cross-hatching, which consists in cutting lines at different angles, and of different lengths, across other lines, with the view of expressing graduated depths of shade. The varieties of hatching are endless, from light tones, up to the darkest shadows. Fig. 6 represents a familiar kind of cross-hatching.

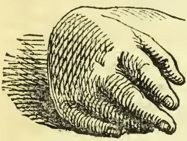


Fig. 6.

These specimens are given, more for the purpose of showing what cross-hatching is, than of inducing learners to prosecute this kind of engraving. Cross-hatching should always be sparingly employed, and in no case when an effect can be attained by simple lines; for it introduces complexity, and often too much minuteness of detail. "A good engraving," as Jackson observes, "viewed as a *work of art*, is *not* good in proportion, as many of its parts have the appearance of fine lace."

With this caution, it should be mentioned, that if cross-hatching is found indispensable, the learner will require to execute it with particular care; for there is a difficulty in cutting out the whites, so as to leave continuous lines sweeping across, as in the above figure. If possible, rest the tool on the whites afterwards to be cut away; and when nothing remains as a fulcrum, a small piece of card may be laid on the block as a protective. Take care also not to undermine any already cut lines; for if undercut, they may break off in printing.

Apparent faults in wood-engravings can with great difficulty be remedied; and it is better for them to remain, or to execute another engraving, than to attempt improvement. Experienced engravers are sometimes able to correct errors in their cuts by what is technically called plugging. A small piece of wood is dexterously drilled out of the block, and a new piece is inserted in its stead, and glued, to prevent shifting. On this new piece the correction is executed.

TAKING PROOFS.

When an engraving is finished, the workman will be gratified by seeing how it looks on paper, and this gratification he can afford himself, without the aid of the printing press. The materials necessary for this operation are, as already stated, a small quantity of the finest printing ink; a smooth stone or slab to distribute it on (the back of a large strong earthenware saucer will, however, answer the purpose); a "dabber," composed of wool, tightly tied up in white leather or fine silk; some India or Chinese paper; a burnisher; and a piece of card. Having smeared a small quantity of ink on the dabber, beat it for some time on the stone, that it may be distributed equally over the surface. Holding the cut steadily on the sand-bag, strike it gently with the dabber, taking care not to use any pressure whatever; the ink will thus be imparted evenly upon the *surface* of the lines, without descending to their sides. Having cut a piece of India paper to the required size, breathe upon its smoothest side, lay it on the block, place the card on the back of the paper, and commence rubbing the back of the card with the burnisher. A very steady hand is requisite to do this effectually, for if the India paper be allowed to move, the lines will be blurred or doubled. When every part of the object on the block has been sufficiently rubbed, the operation is finished, and the proof may be removed.

A precaution may be necessary in taking proofs by the above plan, which is, to leave a border of the whites standing round the edge of the block, as something for the hand and the burnisher to bear upon. To prevent the black mass (which will of course be inked with the rest) from appearing on the finished proof, a rough one must be taken first, and the subject of the engraving cut out of it with scissors. After inking the block for the clean proof, the black border must be covered with what is left of the first impression, which protects the former from the ink during the burnishing process. Of course the border on the block must be cut away in finishing the wood-cut for press.

After using, the slab should be cleaned with ley of potashes, or turpentine, and the dabber must be kept clean and soft. If these precautions are not attended to, the proofs will soon become coarse in appearance, and the cuts will be clogged. The most perfect dabber is the ball of the hand; but few will choose to soil their hands with printers' ink. Cuts are best cleaned with turpentine, and they should be dried before being put aside.

OUTLINE FIGURES.

In commencing to cut figures and scenes, it is advisable to copy from wood-engravings of a simple and expressive kind. Almost all beginners commit a serious mistake in attempting to imitate the finer class of wood-engravings, which abound in minute marking. They should learn to bring out an effect in light and shade *with as few lines and hatchings as possible*, never making two or more small marks where one of a bolder stretch would answer. The first figures attempted should only be in outline, as is exemplified in the annexed engraving of the leaves of a plant.

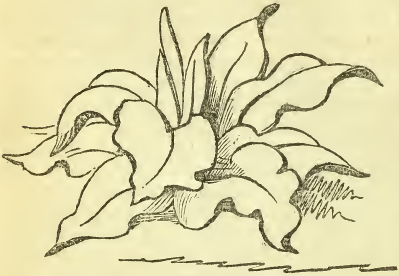


Fig. 7.

Here it will be observed what effect is produced by a few thin and thick lines, with a very slight shading.

Outline figures, such as that at the head of the present sheet, or that of the statue of James Watt, in fig. 8, may also at this stage of advancement be engraved; after which figures with

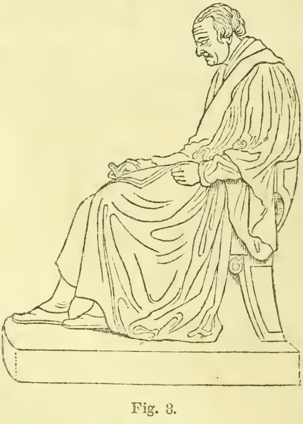


Fig. 8.

shading, or small groups of rural objects, as in fig. 9, may be executed.

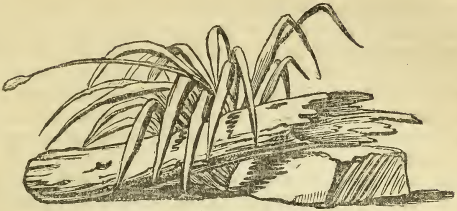


Fig. 9.

Another class of exercises consists in cutting sketches of round and oval objects, in which there are strong depths of shadow and strong lights, as in fig. 10.

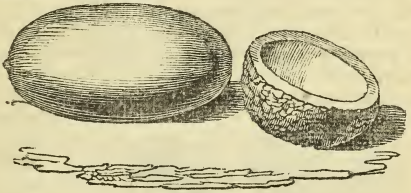


Fig. 10.

It will be observed in these examples, as well as in other cuts of a simple class, that three gradations of shade require to be studied. After the pure white comes the lightest shading, consisting of only a few scratches. Next we have the gray or middle tone. Lastly we have this mid tone shading down to the pure black. Pure blacks are portions of wood scarcely, if at all, touched by the graver.

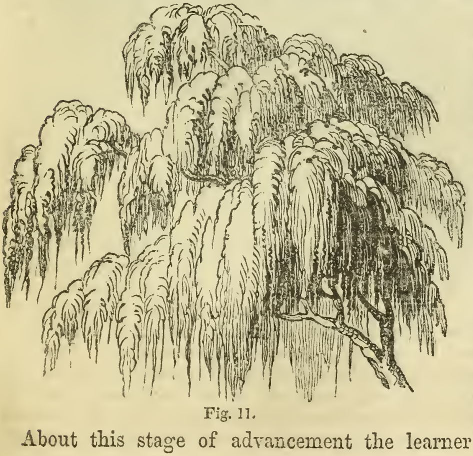


Fig. 11.

About this stage of advancement the learner may exercise himself in drawing and cutting foliage of different kinds. As is well known to the draughtsman, foliage is represented differently, according to the nature of the tree. In fig. 11, in the preceding page, the willow is represented by perpendicular markings, terminating in a point, to give the idea of its pendant foliage. A broad mass of light is usually preserved, and an increase of markings is given to one side of each subdivision of foliage, with considerable power of characteristic markings on the shade-side of the tree, besides an occasional repetition of touch for effect.

The fir has been represented by short angular markings connected with each other, much like the zig-zag scratch with a pen to obliterate an incorrect word. These markings are continued in agreement with the projections of the branches, are repeated with increased power on the shade-side of the tree, and a few slight markings are given on the extremities, and beneath the masses, to indicate foliage on the farther side of the tree. The elm has been represented by escalops in a semicircular direction, so distributed as to give the idea of thick foliage.

The oak has been represented, as in fig. 12, by a character which partakes of angular and broken circular markings, intermingled with dots and sharp touches. The lighter parts are pencilled tenderly, and the shade portions are repeated upon, with additional power given by sharp angular markings.

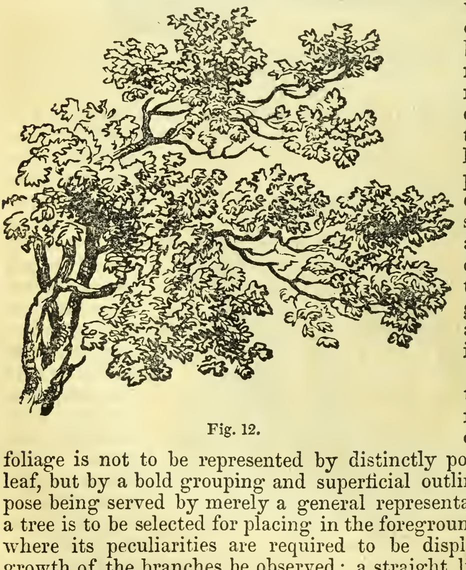


Fig. 12.

We mention these varieties for the purpose of showing that foliage is not to be represented by distinctly portraying every leaf, but by a bold grouping and superficial outlining; the purpose being served by merely a general representation. Suppose a tree is to be selected for placing in the foreground of a drawing, where its peculiarities are required to be displayed. Let the growth of the branches be observed; a straight line is rarely to be seen, nor do they spring from each other with uniformity;

there is usually an undulating line, often graceful, or a wild luxuriance, ever pleasing, in these supports to the foliage. Let the effect of the leaves which may compose a principal mass be indicated, not the outline of a leaf or leaves, which would prove labour in vain, but what is seen as much by the imagination as the eye; that is, not the detail, but the effect. If too much regularity appear, destroy it by projecting a touch or two on the extremities, and attack any formality by additional markings, in conformity with the character adopted. Oftentimes the mere waving of the pencil, or a powerful repetition with the broad point, will not only remove a monotonous appearance, but communicate characteristic spirit and effect.

ADVANCED EXERCISES.

After outlined and shaded figures, the learner may proceed to figures with shadings and backgrounds, requiring a variety of light and dark lines. In beginning figures or objects with backgrounds, it is necessary to cut an outline round it, as a boundary to other lines coming against it; but this outline should not be seen in the impression of the engraving. This outlining prevents the figure from appearing to adhere to the background, and is indispensable.

In this department of study the learner may engrave human figures, animals of different kinds, and rural and street scenes with skies; as, for example, small copies like that of Paul preaching at Athens, fig. 13; in this, however, as in many other things, much must be left to the taste, the patience, and the skill of the engraver. Beyond this it is unnecessary to offer any hints in this small and rudimentary tract. Those who wish to pursue the profession of wood-engraving, will find it advantageous to consult the elegant and elaborate treatise of Mr Jackson on the art, illustrated with three hundred engravings. (Charles Knight, London. 1839.)

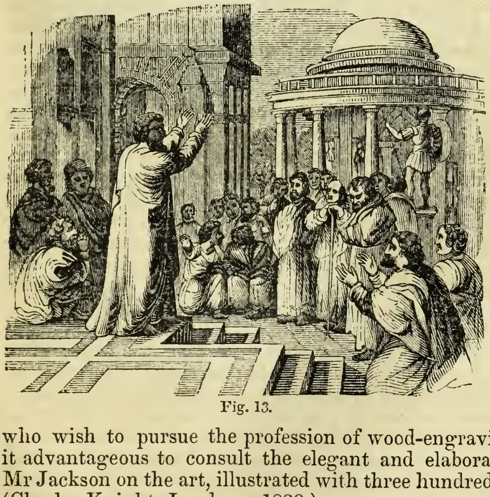


Fig. 13.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AS A PROFESSION.

Wood-engraving is carried on as a profession chiefly in London, where there are some extensive establishments devoted to this line of business. In these, as in all other large concerns, it is not unusual to have a division of labour; a cut being made to go through several hands, from the drawing to the finishing. By such means cuts can be produced with surprising rapidity; but it may be doubted if this wholesale system of production is advantageous to art. The too-common failing of wood-cuts is their want of character and truth. They may be neat, elegant, and highly finished, but not striking for their fidelity, and too ambitiously imitative of steel or copper-plate engravings. Wood-cuts should possess a character of their own, which cannot be mistaken; and to attain this character for their productions, ought to be the aim of every artist.

Another, and perhaps more serious fault of many wood-cuts, is their not being adapted to the kind of printing for which they are intended. There are now two kinds of letterpress printing, very different from each other—printing by flat pressure with the hand-press, and printing with cylinder machines, moved by steam power. At the hand-press, cuts can be worked off with the greatest possible deliberation and care; and if inked by means of soft balls, any degree of colour can be imparted to them. At the printing machine no such pains can be taken: a common or easily-working ink must be employed; the rollers run over the forms with uncompromising speed; and the cylinders, turning out ten or eleven sheets per minute, give a depth of impression which is fatal to delicacy of lines. Now, the misfortune is, that wood-engravers do not sufficiently study these distinctions. In sending home their cuts to their employers, they give along with them proofs on India paper, which look exceedingly beautiful; and if the cuts were to be printed on India paper with fine ink, the work would be quite answerable. Such, however, is not the case. Perhaps as many as nine-tenths of all the cuts executed are for machine printing, with which it is impossible to do them on all occasions justice. Hence the many blurred and ineffective cuts which are seen in books, all the tones being confounded, and often only a gray haze pervading the work. Not that these cuts are badly executed, but that they are suited to an entirely different process of working. So far as our own experience goes as publishers, this appears, in the present posture of affairs, to be an almost incurable evil. Unless when the drawings were effected by Mr Franklin, or when both drawing and cutting were executed on our own premises, we have rarely been able to procure wood-cuts, no matter at what expense, exactly adapted to a necessity of our condition—the printing of long impressions by cylinder machines.*

We mention these circumstances with the view of doing all in our power to inspire amateur learners with a correct idea of the deficiencies as well as the excellencies of wood-engraving in its present state of advancement. We wish to show them not only what they should attain, but what they ought in prudence to avoid. Already it has been stated that, without a knowledge of drawing, all attempts to prosecute wood-engraving successfully must prove fruitless. Let us repeat and impress this fact on the mind of every one who thinks of taking a graver in hand. Let all who are deficient in this qualification procure instruction; and we know of no better seminaries than the schools of design now generally established throughout the country. Learn, we say, to sketch with fidelity from nature, to copy from prints and paintings, to acquire taste in grouping, and disposition of light and shade, and to design subjects in illustration of passages in stories, &c. Having acquired a certain proficiency in these departments, which involve much miscellaneous knowledge, the amateur may proceed to wood-cutting, *but not till then.*

The surmounting of so many preliminary impediments will no doubt require time and trouble, but no attainment of any value can be acquired without industry and patience. The attainment in the present instance is worthy of more than the usual degree of labour. It is the acquiring of an art which may be turned to most important uses. To those in easy circumstances, it may be a delightful and elegant exercise. To others less fortunate in worldly condition, it may become a ready means of subsistence. There are few things on which human labour raises the value so highly as wood-engravings. A small piece of wood, worth no more than two or three shillings, may, by a few days of skilful industry, become worth as many pounds. Surely, to be able to impart this high value to an object next to worthless in its raw state, must be deemed no mean talent.

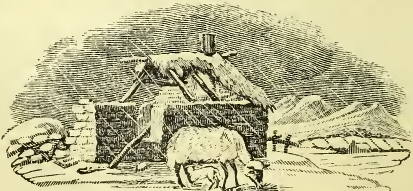
The ease with which wood-engraving can be executed within the domestic circle, peculiarly adapts it as an occupation for ladies. On this point we cannot do better than offer the following passages from an article on wood-engraving in the London and Westminster Review for 1838:—

"To that large portion of educated gentlewomen of the middle classes who now earn a subsistence chiefly as governesses, we wish to point out this art as an honourable, elegant, and lucrative employment, easily acquired, and everywhere becoming their sex and habits. We have already done honour to the exquisite delicacy and elegance of the engravings of Mary Ann Williams; we venture to say that few women of taste, whatever their rank in life, can look on 'Le Jardin du Paria au lever de l'Aurore' without envying the artist her power of producing a scene so beautiful, and of exciting in thousands the pleasing emotions inseparable from it. Apart from all pecuniary considerations, to be able to do it is an elegant accomplishment; and the study of the principles and details of taste which it implies, is a cultivating and refining process to every mind. All that can be taught of the art may be learned in a few lessons, and thus an acquirement made which will afford no slight protection against misfortunes to which, in this commercial country, even the richest are exposed —and a means of livelihood obtained which, without severing from home, without breaking up family assemblies, is at once more happy, healthy, tasteful, and profitable, than almost any other of the pursuits at present practised by women. The lady we have named is not alone in the practice of this art: we might name also Eliza Thomson, and Mary and Elizabeth Clint, who have furnished excellent engravings for the 'Paule et Virginie;' and we have heard of several daughters of professional and mercantile men, not likely to be dependent on their own exertions for support, who have wisely, by learning this art, acquired both an accomplishment and a profession. The occupations, we may also add, are few indeed to which gentlewomen of this class can more worthily devote themselves, than to an art which is peculiarly fitted to enhance the enjoyments and refinements of the people, by scattering through all the homes of the land the most beautiful delineations of scenery, of historic incidents, and of distinguished persons."

---

* It is but justice to mention, that the greater number of our wood-cuts have latterly been the production of Mr John Adam, a rising and almost self-taught artist, a native of Arbroath, who has been several years in our employment.

In consequence, we believe, of these recommendations, many females have turned their attention to wood-engraving, and in 1841-2 there were produced two small volumes, "A Handbook for Hampton Court," and "A Handbook for Westminster Abbey," wholly illustrated by lady-professors of this delicate art.



POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in 1754. His parents were in a humble rank of life, and for a number of years in his youth he encountered numerous struggles in his effort to attain a respectable position in society. By the kindness of some friends who admired his poetical productions, and the amiableness of his character, he was appointed to a small living in the church; and, after several changes, he ultimately was installed in the rectory of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, where, after a faithful discharge of his duties for nineteen years, he died in 1832. His poetical productions, which are numerous, are nearly all devoted to the illustration of humble life in the English rural districts; each subject being treated more in the stern reality of truth, than in the imaginative colouring usually given by poets of greater fancy. In the present sheet we present a few of his early and most popular pieces, including his charming poem the Library, which cannot but be read with pleasure and advantage. The adjoining cut is a representation of the birthplace of the poet.

THE VILLAGE.

THE village life and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the muse can give no more.

Fled are those times when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains;
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.
On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?
Yes, thus the muses sing of happy swains,
Because the muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasants' pipes: but peasants now
Resign their pipes, and plod behind the plough;
And few amid the rural tribe have time
To number syllables and play with rhyme;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labours of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade?
From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that gazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts;
Then, shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?
No; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not:

For you, ye poor of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
  Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
  So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.
  Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen wo displayed in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.
  Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough the intoxicated swain;
Want only claimed the labour of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.
  Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games played down the setting sun;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engaged some artful stripling of the throng,
And fell beneath him, foiled, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned the sound?
Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To show the freighted pinnace where to land;

To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
To gain a lawless passport through the land.
Here wandering long amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine and wrong and fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,
On the tossed vessel bend their eager eye;
Which to their coast directs its venturous way,
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.
As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried, ah, hapless they who still remain!
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!
But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famished land;
Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
Where plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few;
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.
Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go, then, and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the Dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;

Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.
Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet urged along, and proudly loath to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field;
Till long-contending Nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.
Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely not wholesome, plain not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire;
Or theirs—that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers—that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand!

Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts—due respect and ease:
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree;
On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
He once was chief in all the rustic trade,
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allowed;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again, and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand;

And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.*
  Oft may you see him when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow;
When roused by rage, and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.
  "Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon withered leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind:
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow swains are gone;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.
  "These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:
Wants of their own demand their care; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my wo;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid."
  Thus groan the old, till, by disease opprest,
They taste a final wo, and then they rest.
  Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
  Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;

---

* A pauper who, being nearly past his labour, is employed by different masters for a length of time proportioned to their occupations.

Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of wo,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;

His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.
But ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which "bold bad" men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year?"
Ah no! a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask.
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night:
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that even the pious feel?
Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er;
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, oh Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer claims his humble bow;
Thou art his lord—the best of tyrants thou!
Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor;

The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight, and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detained by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblessed.*

No longer truth, though shown in verse, disdain,
But own the village life a life of pain;
I too must yield, that oft amid these woes
Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose,
Such as you find on yonder sportive green,
The squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between;
Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends,
On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends:
Then rural beaux their best attire put on,
To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won;
While those long wed go plain, and by degrees,
Like other husbands quit their care to please.
Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,
And loudly praise, if it were preached aloud;
Some on the labours of the week look round,
Feel their own worth, and think their toil renowned;
While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,
Are only pleased to find their labours end.
Thus, as their hours glide on with pleasure fraught,
Their careful masters brood the painful thought;
Much in their mind they murmur and lament,
That one fair day should be so idly spent;
And think that Heaven deals hard, to tithe their store
And tax their time for preachers and the poor.
Yet still, ye humbler friends, enjoy your hour,
This is your portion, yet unclaimed of power;
This is Heaven's gift to weary men opprest,
And seems the type of their expected rest:
But yours, alas! are joys that soon decay;
Frail joys, begun and ended with the day;
Or yet, while day permits those joys to reign,
The village vices drive them from the plain.
See the stout churl, in drunken fury great,
Strike the bare bosom of his teeming mate!
His naked vices, rude and unrefined,
Exert their open empire o'er the mind;

---

* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common: that it has been a subject for complaint in any place, is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively. Nevertheless, it is just to remark that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts is totally unknown.

But can we less the senseless rage despise,
Because the savage acts without disguise?
  Yet here disguise, the city's vice, is seen,
And slander steals along, and taints the green.
At her approach domestic peace is gone,
Domestic broils at her approach come on;
She to the wife the husband's crime conveys;
She tells the husband when his consort strays;
Her busy tongue, through all the little state,
Diffuses doubt, suspicion, and debate;
Peace, timorous goddess! quits her old domain,
In sentiment and song content to reign.
  Here too the squire, and squire-like farmer talk,
How round their regions nightly pilferers walk;
How from their ponds the fish are borne, and all
The ripening treasures from their lofty wall;
How meaner rivals in their sports delight,
Just rich enough to claim a doubtful right;
Who take a license round their fields to stray,
A mongrel race! the poachers of the day.
  And hark! the riots of the green begin,
That sprang at first from yonder noisy inn;
What time the weekly pay was vanished all,
And the slow hostess scored the threatening wall;
What time they asked, their friendly feast to close,
A final cup, and that will make them foes;
When blows ensue that break the arm of toil,
And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.
    Yet why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
  Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
  To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
  How near in vice the lowest are allied;
  Such are their natures, and their passions such,
  But these disguise too little, those too much:
  So shall the man of power and pleasure see
  In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
  In his luxurious lord the servant find
  His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
  And each in all the kindred vices trace,
  Of a poor, blind, bewildered, erring race;
  Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
  Die, and are equal in the dust at last.
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you call the great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and danger shakes the brave.

* * *

THE LIBRARY.

When the sad soul, by care and grief opprest,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain, for rest;
When every object that appears in view,
Partakes her gloom, and seems dejected too;
Where shall affliction from itself retire?
Where fade away, and placidly expire?
Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain,
Care blasts the honours of the flowery plain:
Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove and murmurs in the stream;
For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air:
No storm-tossed sailor sighs for slumbering seas,
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected wo, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus in the calms of life we only see
A steadier image of our misery;
But lively gales and gently-clouded skies,
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;
And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs employed,
Dwells on the past, or suffered or enjoyed,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.
  Not hope herself, with all her flattering art,
Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart;
The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
And anxious searches for congenial cares;
Those lenient cares which, with our own combined,
By mixed sensations ease the afflicted mind,
And steal our grief away, and leave their own behind;
A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
Without regret, nor even demand a cure.
  But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This books can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:

Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.
  Come, child of care! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene!
Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure in all her cares behold!
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic the diseased in mind;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage;
Here alteratives, by slow degrees control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul;
And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude:—
Silent they are, but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound;
Here all that live no more; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.
  Blest be the gracious power who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!—
Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may sing
Their mutual feelings in the opening spring;
But man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend:
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
Ages remote and nations yet to rise.
  In sweet repose, when labour's children sleep,
When joy forgets to smile and care to weep,
When passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
And fear and guilt partake the balm of rest,
Why then denies the studious man to share
Man's common good, who feels his common care?
  Because the hope is his that bids him fly
Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy;
That after-ages may repeat his praise,
And fame's fair meed be his for length of days.
Delightful prospect! when we leave behind
A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind!
Which, born and nursed through many an anxious day,
Shall all our labour, all our cares repay.
  Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
Not all the children of a vigorous mind;
But where the wisest should alone preside,
The weak would rule us and the blind would guide;

Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and show
The poor and troubled source from which they flow;
Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,
And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
But though imperfect all, yet wisdom loves
This seat serene, and virtue's self approves :—
Here come the grieved a change of thought to find;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose;
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.
With awe, around these silent walks I tread;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead:
"The dead!" methinks a thousand tongues reply;
"These are the tombs of such as cannot die!
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time."
Hail, then, immortals! ye who shine above,
Each in his sphere the literary Jove;
And ye the common people of these skies,
A humbler crowd of nameless deities;
Whether it is yours to lead the willing mind
Through history's mazes, and the turnings find;
Or whether, led by science, ye retire,
Lost and bewildered in the vast desire;
Whether the muse invites you to her bowers,
And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;
Or godlike wisdom teaches you to show
The noblest road to happiness below;
Or men and manners prompt the easy page
To mark the flying follies of the age:
Whatever good ye boast, that good impart;
Inform the head and rectify the heart.

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,
And mighty folios first, a lordly band;
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain;
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos;
While undistinguished trifles swell the scene;
The last new play and frittered magazine:
Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state:
Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
Are much admired, and are but little read;
The commons next, a middle rank are found;
Professions fruitful pour their offspring round;
Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,
And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd.

First let us view the form, the size, the dress;
For these the manners, nay, the mind express;
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close-pressed leaves, unclosed for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well-filled page;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,
Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold:
These all a sage and laboured work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame:
No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.
Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
And slumber out their immortality;
They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
His morning study, and his midnight oil,
At length an author's ONE great work appeared,
By patient hope and length of days endeared;
Expecting nations hailed it from the press,
Poetic friends prefixed each kind address;
Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
And ladies read the work they could not lift.
Fashion, though folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;
From crowds and courts to wisdom's seat she goes,
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.
For lo! these favourites of the ancient mode
Lie all neglected like the *Birth-Day Ode;*
Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain;*
Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain;
No readers now invade their still retreat,
None try to steal them from their parent seat;
Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.
Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by,
And rolled, o'er laboured works, the attentive eye;
Page after page the much-enduring men
Explored, the deeps and shallows of the pen;
Till, every former note and comment known,
They marked the spacious margin with their own;
Minute corrections proved their studious care;
The little index pointing, told us where;

---

* In the more ancient libraries, works of value and importance were fastened to their places by a length of chain, and might so be perused, but not taken away.

And many an emendation showed the age
Looked far beyond the rubric title-page.
Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
Cloyed with a folio number once a-week;
Bibles with cuts and comments thus go down;
Even light Voltaire is numbered through the town:
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study and from men of straw;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets and plays and politics and rhymes:
But though to write be now a task of ease,
The task is hard by manly arts to please;
When all our weakness is exposed to view,
And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by;
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay?

To thee, DIVINITY! to thee, the light
And guide of mortals through their mental night;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide,
To bear with pain and to contend with pride;
When grieved, to pray; when injured, to forgive;
And with the world in charity to live.
Not truths like these inspired that numerous race,
Whose pious labours fill this ample space;
But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
For dubious meanings learned Polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love;
The brands of discord far around were hurled,
And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world.
Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
With wit disgusting, and despised without;
Saints in design, in execution men,
Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight;
Spirits who prompted every damning page,
With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage:
Lo! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground!
They prey, they fight, they murder, and they weep,
Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep:
Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart;

And each, like Jonas, is displeased if God
Repent his anger or withhold his rod.
  But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
And zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought;
Here all the rage of controversy ends,
And rival zealots rest like bosom friends;
An Athanasian here in deep repose,
Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes;
Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
And thin partitions angry chiefs divide;
Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet.
Great authors for the church's glory fired,
Are, for the church's peace, to rest retired;
And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race,
Lie "crumbs of comfort, for the babes of grace."
  Against her foes religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends;
If learned, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness who have soundest heads;
But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men;
Who the blest gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more.
  Near to these seats behold yon slender frames,
All closely filled and marked with modern names;
Where no fair science ever shows her face,
Few sparks of genius, and no spark of grace;
There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
And stretch their widening wings ten thousand strong;
Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain;
Some skirmish lightly, fly, and fight again;
Coldly profane, and impiously gay,
Their end the same, though various in their way.
  When first Religion came to bless the land,
Her friends were then a firm believing band;
To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,
And all was gospel that a monk could dream;
Insulted reason fled the grovelling soul,
For fear to guide, and visions to control:
But now, when reason has assumed her throne,
She in her turn demands to reign alone;
Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,
And being judge, will be a witness too;
Insulted faith then leaves the doubtful mind,
To seek for truth, without a power to find:
Ah! when will both in friendly beams unite,
And pour on erring man resistless light?

Next to the seats well stored with works divine,
An ample space, Philosophy! is thine;
Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
We trace the mortal bounds of wrong and right;
Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,
To the bright orbs of yon celestial way!
'Tis thine the great, the golden chain to trace,
Which runs through all, connecting race with race;
Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
Which thy inferior light pursues in vain:—
How vice and virtue in the soul contend;
How widely differ, yet how nearly blend!
What various passions war on either part,
And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart;
How fancy loves around the world to stray,
While judgment slowly picks his sober way;
The stores of memory and the flights sublime
Of genius, bound by neither space nor time;
All these divine Philosophy explores,
Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.
From these descending, to the earth she turns,
And matter in its various form discerns;
She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound;
'Tis hers the lightning from the clouds to call,
And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.
Yet more her volumes teach—on these we look
As abstracts drawn from nature's larger book:
Here first described the torpid earth appears,
And next the vegetable robe it wears;
Where flowery tribes, in valleys, fields, and groves,
Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves;
Loves where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain,
Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain;
But as the green blood moves along the blade,
The bed of Flora on the branch is made;
Where, without passion, love instinctive lives,
And gives new life, unconscious that it gives.
Advancing still in nature's maze, we trace,
In dens and burning plains, her savage race;
With those tame tribes who on their lord attend,
And find in man a master and a friend:
Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
A moral world, that well demands our view.
This world is here; for, of more lofty kind,
These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind;
They paint the state of man ere yet endued
With knowledge—man, poor, ignorant, and rude;

Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
And all its cares and all its comforts tell:
Here we behold how inexperience buys,
At little price, the wisdom of the wise;
Without the troubles of an active state,
Without the cares and dangers of the great,
Without the miseries of the poor, we know
What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow;
We see how reason calms the raging mind,
And how contending passions urge mankind:
Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire;
Some, lured by vice, indulge the low desire;
Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
The guilty chase, now keep the good in view;
For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
They lead a puzzled, vexed, uncertain life;
For transient vice bequeathes a lingering pain,
Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.

Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge the soul,
New interests draw, new principles control;
Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief,
But here the tortured body finds relief;
For see where yonder sage Arachnè shapes
Her subtle gin, that not a fly escapes!
There Physic fills the space, and far around,
Pile above pile, her learned works abound;
Glorious their aim—to ease the labouring heart,
To war with death, and stop his flying dart;
To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,
And life's short lease on easier terms renew;
To calm the frenzy of the burning brain,
To heal the tortures of imploring pain,
Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,
To ease the victim no device can save,
And smooth the stormy passage to the grave.

But man, who knows no good unmixed and pure,
Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure:
For grave deceivers lodge their labours here,
And cloud the science they pretend to clear:
Scourges for sin, the solemn tribe are sent;
Like fire and storms, they call us to repent:
But storms subside, and fires forget to rage;
These are eternal scourges of the age:
'Tis not enough that each terrific hand
Spreads desolation round a guilty land;
But, trained to ill, and hardened by its crimes,
Their pen relentless kills through future times.

Say ye, who search these records of the dead,
Who read huge works, to boast what ye have read;
Can all the real knowledge ye possess,
Or those (if such there are) who more than guess,
Atone for each impostor's wild mistakes,
And mend the blunders pride or folly makes?

What thought so wild, what airy dream so light,
That will not prompt a theorist to write?
What art so prevalent, what proof so strong,
That will convince him his attempt is wrong?
One in the solids finds each lurking ill,
Nor grants the passive fluids power to kill;
A learned friend some subtler reason brings,
Absolves the channels, but condemns their springs;
The subtle nerves, that shun the doctor's eye,
Escape no more his subtler theory;
The vital heat, that warms the labouring heart,
Lends a fair system to these sons of art;
The vital air, a pure and subtle stream,
Serves a foundation for an airy scheme,
Assists the doctor, and supports his dream.
Some have their favourite ills, and each disease
Is but a younger branch that kills from these:
One to the gout contracts all human pain,
He views it raging in the frantic brain;
Finds it in fevers all his efforts mar,
And sees it lurking in the cold catarrh:
Bilious by some, by others nervous seen,
Rage the fantastic demons of the spleen;
And every symptom of the strange disease
With every system of the sage agrees.

Ye frigid tribe, on whom I wasted long
The tedious hours, and ne'er indulged in song;
Ye first seducers of my easy heart,
Who promised knowledge ye could not impart;
Ye dull deluders, truth's destructive foes;
Ye sons of fiction, clad in stupid prose;
Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
Light up false fires, and send us far about;
Still may yon spider round your pages spin,
Subtle and slow, her emblematic gin!
Buried in dust and lost in silence, dwell,
Most potent, grave, and reverend friends—farewell!

Near these, and where the setting sun displays,
Through the dim window, his departing rays,
And gilds yon columns, there, on either side,
The huge abridgments of the Law abide;

Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
And spread their guardian terrors round the land;
Yet, as the best that human care can do,
Is mixed with error, oft with evil too;
Skilled in deceit, and practised to evade,
Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made:
And justice vainly each expedient tries,
While art eludes it, or while power defies.
"Ah! happy age," the youthful poet sings,
"When the free nations knew not laws nor kings;
When all were blest to share a common store,
And none were proud of wealth, for none were poor;
No wars nor tumults vexed each still domain,
No thirst of empire, no desire of gain;
No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
Drove modest merit from its proper state;
Nor into distant climes would avarice roam,
To fetch delights for luxury at home.
Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe,
They dwelt at liberty, and love was law!"
"Mistaken youth! each nation first was rude,
Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
To whom no joys of social life were known,
None felt a care that was not all his own;
Or in some languid clime his abject soul
Bowed to a little tyrant's stern control;
A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he raised,
And in rude song his ruder idol praised;
The meaner cares of life were all he knew,
Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few:
But when by slow degrees the arts arose,
And science wakened from her long repose;
When commerce, rising from the bed of ease,
Ran round the land, and pointed to the seas;
When emulation, born with jealous eye,
And avarice, lent their spurs to industry;
Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
Those to control, and these to succour trade;
To curb the insolence of rude command,
To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand;
To awe the bold, to yield the wronged redress,
And feed the poor with luxury's excess."
Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungoverned man along;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are formed and placed on every side;
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;

More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below;
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,
The stately fabric shakes and falls away;
Primeval want and ignorance come on,
But freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.

Next, History ranks—there full in front she lies,
And every nation her dread tale supplies;
Yet history has her doubts, and every age
With sceptic queries marks the passing page;
Records of old nor later date are clear,
Too distant those, and these are placed too near;
There time conceals the objects from our view,
Here our own passions and a writer's too:
Yet in these volumes see how states arose!
Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes;
Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
Lo! how they sunk to slavery again!
Satiate with power, of fame and wealth possessed,
A nation grows too glorious to be blessed;
Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.
Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,
The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace;
The headlong course, that maddening heroes run,
How soon triumphant, and how soon undone;
How slaves, turned tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
And each fallen nation's melancholy tale.
Lo! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood;
There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
Stand the profane delusions of the stage:
Yet virtue owns the Tragic Muse a friend,
Fable her means, morality her end;
For this she rules all passions in their turns,
And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns;
Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul;
She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre while they break her laws;
For vice in others is abhorred of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall.
Not thus her sister Comedy prevails,
Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails;
Folly, by dulness armed, eludes the wound,
And harmless sees the feathered shafts rebound;

Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
Yet well the muse portrays, in fancied scenes,
What pride will stoop to, what profession means;
How formal fools the farce of state applaud,
How caution watches at the lips of fraud;
The wordy variance of domestic life,
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife;
The snares for innocence, the lie of trade,
And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.
With her the virtues too obtain a place,
Each gentle passion, each becoming grace;
The social joy in life's securer road,
Its easy pleasure, its substantial good;
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

But who are these? Methinks a noble mien
And awful grandeur in their form are seen,
Now in disgrace: what though by time is spread
Polluting dust o'er every reverend head?
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by?
Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,
What seems so grave, should no attention draw!
Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of Romance.
Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head:
Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round:
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes;
Lo! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate:—
"And who art thou, thou little page, unfold?
Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold;
Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
The captive queen:—for, Claribel is mine."
Away he flies; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds:
The giant falls; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys:
Dukes, lords, and knights, in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love;
She comes! she comes! in all the charms of youth,
Unequalled love and unsuspected truth!
Ah! happy he who thus in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitched, in early rapture dreams,

Where wild enchantment waves her potent wand,
And fancy's beauties fill her fairy land;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And fear and ignorance afford delight.
But lost, for ever lost to me these joys,
Which reason scatters and which time destroys;
Too dearly bought; maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead.
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew;
Even the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again;
And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
Fly reason's power, and shun the light of truth.
With fiction then does real joy reside,
And is our reason the delusive guide?
Is it then right to dream the sirens sing?
Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing?
No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
That makes the imagined paradise its own;
Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes;
The tear and smile, that once together rose,
Are then divorced; the head and heart are foes;
Enchantment bows to wisdom's serious plan,
And pain and prudence make and mar the man.

While thus, of power and fancied empire vain,
With various thoughts my mind I entertain;
While books my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
Pleased with the pride that will not let them please;
Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes;
For lo! while yet my heart admits the wound,
I see the critic army ranged around.
Foes to our race! if ever ye have known
A father's fears for offspring of your own—
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt,
With rage as sudden dashed the stanza out—
If, after fearing much, and pausing long,
Ye ventured on the world your laboured song,
And from the crusty critics of those days
Implored the feeble tribute of their praise;
Remember now the fears that moved you then,
And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

[From the "Parish Register."]

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen:
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed:
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them, and her worth retained;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away:
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
  At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sighed, and looked consent.
  Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank, and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:

Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—intreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire, and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before:—
    Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
    Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms;
With water burdened, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits;
In vain—they come—she feels the inflating grief
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distressed,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repressed;
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;

Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid;
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
" And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:"
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED FELON.

[From " The Borough."]

Yes! even in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, " Not guilty," and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
Now comes the dream again: it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber where he once arrayed
His youthful person; where he knelt and prayed;

Then too the comforts he enjoyed at home;
The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;
The hours of innocence; the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind;
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled;
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;

Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss! Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises—"Save me, Edward, save!"
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

TRADES.

[From "The Borough."]

Of manufactures, trade, inventions rare,
Steam-towers and looms, you'd know our borough's share—
'Tis small: we boast not those rich subjects here,
Who hazard thrice ten thousand pounds a-year;
We've no huge buildings, where incessant noise
Is made by springs and spindles, girls and boys;
Where, 'mid such thundering sounds, the maiden's song
Is "Harmony in Uproar"* all day long.
  Still common minds with us in common trade,
Have gained more wealth than ever student made;
And yet a merchant, when he gives his son
His college-learning, thinks his duty done;
A way to wealth he leaves his boy to find,
Just when he's made for the discovery blind.
  Jones and his wife perceived their elder boy
Took to his learning, and it gave them joy;
This they encouraged, and were blest to see
Their son a Fellow with a high degree;
A living fell, he married, and his sire
Declared 'twas all a father could require;
Children then blessed them, and when letters came,
The parents proudly told each grandchild's name.
  Meantime the sons at home in trade were placed,
Money their object—just the father's taste;
Saving he lived, and long, and when he died,
He gave them all his fortune to divide:
  "Martin," said he, "at vast expense was taught;
He gained his wish, and has the ease he sought."
  Thus the good priest (the Christian scholar!) finds
The estimate that's made by vulgar minds;
He sees his brothers, who had every gift
Of thriving, now assisted in their thrift;
While he, whom learning, habits, all prevent,
Is largely mulct for each impediment.
  Yet let us own that trade has much of chance;
Not all the careful by their care advance;

---

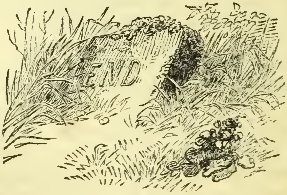
* The title of a short piece of humour by Arbuthnot.

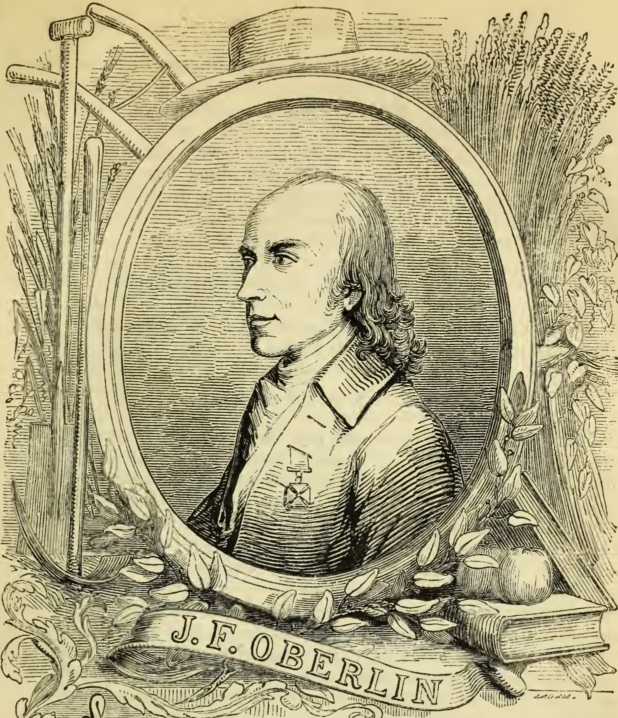
With the same parts and prospects, one a seat
Builds for himself; one finds it in the Fleet.
Then to the wealthy you will see denied
Comforts and joys that with the poor abide;
There are who labour through the year, and yet
No more have gained than—not to be in debt;
Who still maintain the same laborious course,
Yet pleasure hails them from some favourite source;
And health, amusements, children, wife, or friend,
With life's dull views their consolations blend.
  Nor these alone possess the lenient power
Of soothing life in the desponding hour;
Some favourite studies, some delightful care,
The mind, with trouble and distresses, share:
And by a coin, a flower, a verse, a boat,
The stagnant spirits have been set afloat;
They pleased at first, and then the habit grew,
Till the fond heart no higher pleasure knew;
Till, from all cares and other comforts freed,
The important nothing took in life the lead.
  With all his phlegm, it broke a Dutchman's heart,
At a vast price, with one loved root to part;
And toys like these fill many a British mind,
Although their hearts are found of firmer kind.
  Oft have I smiled the happy pride to see
Of humble tradesmen, in their evening glee:
When of some pleasing, fancied good possessed,
Each grew alert, was busy, and was blessed;
Whether the call-bird yield the hour's delight,
Or, magnified in microscope, the mite;
Or whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize
The gentle mind, they rule it and they please.
  There is my friend the Weaver; strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires:
See! to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the raptures of the day—
Eager he looks; and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower, by nature formed, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies;
Which broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep.
  Above the sovereign oak a sovereign skims,
The purple emperor, strong in wing and limbs:
There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and Paphia silver-queen;
With every filmy fly from mead or bower,
And hungry Sphinx, who threads the honeyed flower;
She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
Views every bell, and hums the approving sound;

Poised on her busy plumes, with feeling nice
She draws from every flower, nor tries a floret twice.
  He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame,
His is untaxed and undisputed game;
Nor less the place of curious plant he knows;
He both his Flora and his Fauna shows;
For him is blooming in its rich array,
The glorious flower which bore the palm away;
In vain a rival tried his utmost art,
His was the prize, and joy o'erflowed his heart.
  "This, this is beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes
On this my glory! see the grace! the size!
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion long;
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between;
This is no shaded, run-off, pin-eyed thing,
A king of flowers, a flower for England's king:
I own my pride, and thank the favouring star,
Which shed such beauty on my fair Bizarre."
  Thus may the poor the cheap indulgence seize,
While the most wealthy pine and pray for ease;
Content not always waits upon success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.
  Walter and William took (their father dead)
Jointly the trade to which they both were bred;
When fixed, they married, and they quickly found
With due success their honest labours crowned:
Few were their losses; but although a few,
Walter was vexed, and somewhat peevish grew;
"You put your trust in every pleading fool,"
Said he to William, and grew strange and cool.
"Brother, forbear," he answered, "take your due,
Nor let my lack of caution injure you."
Half friends they parted—better so to close,
Than longer wait to part entirely foes.
  Walter had knowledge, prudence, jealous care:
He let no idle views his bosom share;
He never thought nor felt for other men—
"Let one mind one, and all are minded then."
Friends he respected, and believed them just,
But they were men, and he would no man trust:
He tried and watched his people day and night—
The good it harmed not; for the bad 'twas right;
He could their humours bear, nay, disrespect,
But he could yield no pardon to neglect;
That all about him were of him afraid,
"Was right," he said, "so should we be obeyed."

These merchant maxims, much good fortune too,
And ever keeping one grand point in view,
To vast amount his once small portion drew.
William was kind and easy; he complied
With all requests, or grieved when he denied;
To please his wife he made a costly trip;
To please his child he let a bargain slip;
Prone to compassion, mild with the distressed,
He bore with all who poverty professed,
And some would he assist, nor one would he arrest:
He had some loss at sea, bad debts at land;
His clerk absconded with some bills in hand;
And plans so often failed that he no longer planned.
To a small house (his brother's) he withdrew,
At easy rent—the man was not a Jew;
And there his losses and his cares he bore,
Nor found that want of wealth could make him poor.
No, he in fact was rich, nor could he move,
But he was followed by the looks of love;
All he had suffered, every former grief,
Made those around more studious in relief;
He saw a cheerful smile in every face,
And lost all thoughts of error and disgrace.
Pleasant it was to see them in their walk
Round their small garden, and to hear them talk;
Free are their children, but their love refrains
From all offence—none murmurs, none complains;
Whether a book amused them, speech, or play,
Their looks were lively, and their hearts were gay;
There no forced efforts for delight were made,
Joy came with prudence, and without parade;
Their common comforts they had all in view,
Light were their troubles, and their wishes few:
Thrift made them easy for the coming day;
Religion took the dread of death away;
A cheerful spirit still insured content,
And love smiled round them whereso'er they went.
Walter, meantime, with all his wealth's increase,
Gained many points, but could not purchase peace;
When he withdrew from business for an hour,
Some fled his presence, all confessed his power;
He sought affection, but received instead,
Fear undisguised, and love-repelling dread;
He looked around him—"Harriet, dost thou love?"
"I do my duty," said the timid dove;
"Good heaven, your duty! prithee, tell me now—
To love and honour—was not that your vow?
Come, my good Harriet, I would gladly seek
Your inmost thought—why, can't the woman speak?

Have you not all things?"—"Sir, do I complain?"
"No, that's my part, which I perform in vain;
I want a simple answer and direct—
But you evade: yes! 'tis as I suspect.
Come then, my children! Watt! upon your knees
Vow that you love me."—"Yes, sir, if you please."—
"Again! by heaven, it mads me! I require
Love, and they'll do whatever I desire:
Thus too my people shun me: I would spend
A thousand pounds to get a single friend:
I would be happy—I have means to pay
For love and friendship, and you run away:
Ungrateful creatures! Why, you seem to dread
My very looks; I know you wish me dead.
Come hither, Nancy! you must hold me dear;
Hither, I say; why, what have you to fear?
You see I'm gentle: come, you trifler, come;
My God! she trembles! idiot, leave the room!
Madam! your children hate me: I suppose
They know their cue: you make them all my foes:
I've not a friend in all the world—not one:
I'd be a bankrupt sooner; nay, 'tis done;
In every better hope of life I fail;
You're all tormentors, and my house a jail:
Out of my sight! I'll sit and make my will.
What! glad to go? Stay, devils, and be still:
'Tis to your uncle's cot you wish to run,
To learn to live at ease and be undone;
Him you can love, who lost his whole estate,
And I, who gain you fortunes, have your hate;
'Tis in my absence you yourselves enjoy:
Tom! are you glad to lose me?—tell me, boy:
'Yes!' does he answer?—'Yes, upon my soul!'
No awe, no fear, no duty, no control!
Away! away! ten thousand devils seize
All I possess, and plunder where they please!
What's wealth to me?—yes, yes! it gives me sway,
And you shall feel it—go! begone, I say."





AS the traveller pursues his way along the upper part of the Rhine towards Switzerland, he observes on his right a long range of lofty mountains overlooking the great plain through which the river winds its way. These mountains are the Vosges, and the plain at their feet is Alsace, a province originally belonging to Germany, but partly wrested from it by France during the famous thirty years' war, which terminated in 1648; and more fully acquired by the wars of Louis XIV., ending in 1697. On each of these occasions Alsace was the scene of dreadful cruelties and sufferings. Towns and villages were universally sacked and destroyed, every article of value was carried off, the country was laid waste, and the distracted people either fled or were murdered. So utterly ruined was the territory, that it long lay without more than a hundred families, who drew a miserable and precarious subsistence from the soil. Strasburg, the capital of Alsace, did not escape these disasters; but, as a seat of trade, it more speedily recovered them; and, fortunately, its cathedral, a stupendous Gothic edifice, has survived all the civil and religious storms that have blown over the adjacent country.

At the revolution of 1789-92, Alsace was divided into the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine; but although the political connexion with Germany had been dropped, the population generally, that of Strasburg included, remained essentially German in language and manners; the Lutheran form of faith continued also in some parts to prevail, and not only so, but to be protected and supported by the state in terms of the treaty which united the district with France. In this peculiarly privileged and remote-lying part of the French territories, the scene of our present sketch is laid.

EARLY LIFE OF OBERLIN.

John Frederick Oberlin, the son of a respectable teacher, and one of a large family, was born in Strasburg on the 31st of August 1740. Reared with great tenderness and care by his excellent father, who devoted his leisure hours to the familiar instruction of his family, young Frederick (as he seems to have been called), while still in infancy and boyhood, showed the greatest benevolence of disposition; and he never enjoyed so much happiness as when he was relieving distress, or performing some other act of kindness towards his fellow-creatures. Various anecdotes are related of his self-denial in parting with all his savings, when a school-boy, in acts of charity. One day, observing that a poor market-woman was in great distress in consequence of two boys having rudely overturned her basket of eggs, he ran home for his small box of savings, and poured the whole contents into her lap. On another occasion, observing that a poor old woman was unable, for want of two sous, to buy an article of dress which she seemed desirous of possessing, he privately slipped two sous into the hand of the dealer, who forthwith made the woman happy in her purchase. Neither on this nor any similar occasion did he stop to receive any tokens of gratitude. The delight he experienced in doing good, and what was pleasing in the sight of God, was the only reward at which he aimed. Besides this benevolence and piety of disposition, he entertained a horror of injustice, and possessed the courage to defend and succour the oppressed, at the risk of injury to his own person. For these and other excellent qualities, young Oberlin was greatly indebted to the considerate training of his parents; but particularly to the admonitions and guidance of his mother, a woman whose sole happiness lay in forming the minds and habits of her children.

Lively in temperament, and reared amidst a military people, Oberlin inclined at first to the profession of a soldier; but from this he was dissuaded by his father, and willingly addicted himself to a course of study suitable for a more peaceful pursuit. French, his vernacular tongue, he learned to write with great force and elegance; and besides the German language, he acquired a proficiency in Latin and Greek, with a competent knowledge of general science, and various other accomplishments. Partly from the wishes of his parents, who were of the reformed or Lutheran church, and partly from his own inclinations, he resolved on devoting himself to the duties of a clergyman. For this purpose he attended a course of theological study at the university of Strasburg, and in 1760 was ordained to the sacred ministry.

Being still young, and possessing little experience of the world, Oberlin did not feel warranted in immediately assuming the pastoral office; for the space of seven years he devoted himself to private teaching, and for some time acted as tutor in the family of a distinguished surgeon, where he obtained that knowledge of medicine and surgery which proved so valuable to him in after-life. While thus occupied, he was offered the chaplainship of a regiment, and this he was about to accept, as likely to place him in a sphere of considerable usefulness, when a new field of operation was laid before him by his friend M. Stouber, and the idea of a military chaplaincy was abandoned.

M. Stouber had been, since 1750, the curé or pastor of a wild hilly canton among the Vosges, called by the French the Ban de la Roche, from the castle of La Roche, around which the Ban or district extends; and named by the Germans the Steinthal, or Stoney Valley, from the rocky and generally sterile appearance of its surface. The canton comprised two parishes, Rothau, in which was one church, and another in which were three churches, distributed among the villages of Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, and Bellefosse. The principal part of the district was Lutheran, and enjoyed the privileges to which we have already adverted.

As respects its physical features, the Ban de la Roche formed part of the western declivities and ramifications of the Haut Champ, an isolated group of mountains, rising 3600 feet above the level of the sea, and separated by a deep longitudinal valley from the eastern side of the chain of the Vosges. Waldbach, the principal village, is placed on the acclivity of the Haut Champ, at the height of 1800 feet; and Rothau is 1360 feet. The other villages or hamlets already mentioned occupy points more or less elevated. From the great height of the district, it possesses various climates, from that of a southern latitude on the lower slopes, to that of an extreme northern one in the higher parts. Such is the difference between the seasonal influences in the lower and upper tracts, that at Belmont the harvest is a month later than at Foudai. The whole canton contains between eight thousand and nine thousand acres, of which from three thousand to four thousand were covered with wood, two thousand occupied as pasture, and the remainder was enclosed. At the time to which we refer, sixteen hundred acres were under cultivation, producing principally rye, oats, and potatoes; and fourteen hundred were laid out as meadow and garden ground. To some extent this disposition of the land was an improvement on what had been its condition at the beginning of the reign of Louis XV., when the whole district was in the wildest state, and almost inaccessible, there being no road even from village to village, and scarcely any land under cultivation.

When M. Stouber went to the canton in 1750, cultivation had made some little progress; but the general aspect of affairs was miserable in the extreme. Although situated within a day's journey of Strasburg, the Ban de la Roche was in as primitive and backward a condition as if it had been a hundred miles from any civilised spot. The people, holding little intercourse with the world beyond their mountains, were deplorably ignorant and wretched, and without any wish to be otherwise. Being shocked with their low intellectual condition, one of Stouber's first inquiries was for the principal school-house; and he was shown a miserable hut, crowded with children, without books, and apparently having no instructor. "Where is the master?" he asked. "There he is," said one of the pupils, pointing to an old man lying on a bed in a corner of the cottage. "What do you teach the children, my good man?" asked Stouber. "Nothing, sir." "Nothing!—how is that?" "Because I know nothing myself," answered the old man. "Why, then, have you been appointed schoolmaster?" "Why, you see, sir, I was the pigkeeper of Waldbach for many years, and when I was too old and infirm for that employment, I was sent here to take care of the children!" Such was the chief educational establishment in the Ban de la Roche, and the others were little better, for they were schools kept by shepherds, and open only at certain seasons of the year.

To remedy this lamentable state of affairs, Stouber set about the institution of proper schoolmasters; but this was attended with great difficulty; for so low had the profession of the teacher sunk in public estimation, that no one would undertake the office. He at length, by an ingenious device, proposed to abolish the name of schoolmaster, and institute that of *regent* in its stead; which was readily assented to, and *Messieurs les regents* were forthwith named. He then drew up a set of alphabet and spelling books for the use of the pupils; but never having seen such works before, the peasantry imagined they concealed some species of heresy or divination. That which chiefly puzzled and alarmed them, were the rows of unconnected syllables, which meant no sort of language; and on this account they long opposed the introduction of the lessons. When they began to perceive that, by conquering the syllables, the children were able to read whole and connected words, their jealousy of the strange lesson-books gradually gave way; and finally, when they saw that the children could read any book fluently, they not only abandoned all opposition, but begged to be taught to read also. A great victory had now been achieved: a bigotted prejudice, the result of ignorance, had, by kindness and perseverance, been successfully rooted out. Having thus brought the population into a reading humour, M. Stouber procured fifty Bibles from Strasburg, and dividing each into three parts, strongly bound in vellum, he was able to distribute a hundred and fifty books among the families throughout the canton. The taste for reading the Scriptures being by this means created, there soon arose a demand for Bibles, and some hundreds were advantageously disposed of.

In the space of six years, a considerable change for the better was thus made on the social condition of the district, which M. Stouber expected still to improve, when he was appointed pastor of Barr in Lorraine. He was not long in this new situation, when he regretted that he had left the Ban de la Roche; and some time thereafter, when the pastorship of that canton was again vacant, he gladly returned to it, to the great joy of many of his old parishioners. He now remained four years, fulfilling his important duties, and daily improving the minds of the people committed to his charge. Unfortunately, his wife, who was an active co-operator in his plans, died, leaving him forlorn and dispirited; and being offered the situation of pastor to St Thomas's church, in Strasburg, he accepted it, though greatly fearful that, by his departure, the Ban de la Roche would relapse into the condition from which he had been instrumental in raising it. Pondering on this unhappy prospect, it occurred to him that if Oberlin, with whose abilities he was well acquainted, could be prevailed on to accept the vacant charge, no fears need be entertained for the continued wellbeing of the district.

On arriving in Strasburg, M. Stouber hastened to call on his young friend, whom he found in a humble lodging, which contained a small bed, with brown-paper curtains, and a little iron pan, with which Oberlin cooked his supper of brown bread, with a little water and a sprinkling of salt—the whole furniture being such as might be expected in the apartment of a student who preferred independence with narrowness of circumstances, to finery with dependence on others. Stouber observed at a glance that Oberlin was precisely the person he expected to find, and frankly communicated his wishes. Oberlin was charmed with the proposition. He would have declined accepting any rich and easy benefice. A parish in which all the inhabitants were poor and ignorant, was quite the thing he had been waiting for. His hour of usefulness had come. In a short time he was installed in the cure of the Ban de la Roche, and, like a primitive apostle setting out for the wilderness, went to assume the trust committed to his charge.

BEGINS OPERATIONS IN THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

Oberlin arrived at Waldbach, where he was to reside, on the 30th of May 1767, being at the time in his twenty-seventh year. His parsonage-house was a plain building of two storeys, standing on the face of a woody bank near the church, with a garden adjoining, and all around were lofty hills, partly covered with pines, with here and there pieces of pasture and patches of cultivated land. It was a wild rural scene, with a stillness only broken at intervals by the faint sound of the sheep or cow-bells, swept by the breezes along the rugged sides of the mountains.

Notwithstanding the previous efforts of M. Stouber, the united parish seemed to be physically as well as socially in a condition considerably behind that of most other parts of the country. In every population there are two orders of men—one, who with little difficulty are open to a conviction that improvements are desirable, and another, who, either from excess of ignorance or perversity, can tolerate no change whatsoever. On the former of these Stouber had worked with beneficial effect; they appreciated the blessings of the elementary education he had introduced, and were willing to go into the new schemes of melioration which Oberlin proposed to execute. The enemies of innovation, the suspicious, and the prejudiced, who had all along given a grumbling opposition to parochial improvement, of whatever kind, now resolved to adopt active measures to prevent their new pastor from carrying his projects into operation. Their plan, which was quite accordant with the malignity that usually animates such persons, was to waylay their pastor, and inflict on him a severe personal chastisement. Fortunately, Oberlin procured information of their design, and his conduct on this occasion strongly marks the character of this excellent man. A Sunday was fixed on for the execution of the deed. When the day came, he took for his text that fine passage admonitory of meekness, from the fifth chapter of St Matthew: "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." After the service, the malcontents met at the house of one of the party, where perhaps the sermon they had just heard might furnish them matter of coarse pleasantry, in reference to the occasion which the preacher would soon find for putting in practice the lessons which he had taught so well. What must have been their astonishment when the door opened, and the pastor presented himself in the midst of them! "Here I am, my friends," said he, with that calmness which strikes respect into the most violent; "your design on me I am acquainted with; you have wished to deal with me in a practical manner, and to chastise me because you deem me culpable. If I have in fact violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself up to you, and save you the meanness of resorting to an ambuscade." These simple words produced their full effect. The peasants, ashamed of entertaining evil intentions against so good and candid a man, intreated his forgiveness, and promised never again to cherish a doubt of his affection for them.* In this manner Oberlin overcame the stubborn and evil dispositions of his more ignorant parishioners, with the best results; showing in his own conduct an exemplification of the precepts which it was his duty to enjoin. It even happened that those who had formerly been his enemies, or connived at plots against him, being anxious to reinstate themselves in his good opinion, and conscious that they had no better means of succeeding than by warmly seconding his views, were henceforward among the foremost to offer him assistance.

Aided, however, as Oberlin was by many of his parishioners, there were such difficulties to encounter in executing his benevolent plans, that only the most unwearied patience and self-denying virtue could have surmounted them. His idea of the clerical character was not alone that of a minister of the gospel. Suiting himself to the necessities of his position, he perceived that it was his sacred duty to unite, in his own person, the character of religious pastor with that of secular instructor and adviser, physician, and husbandman. To an earnest inculcation of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, he added the principles of philosophy, and the resources of a mind skilled in practical science. One of his earliest schemes required him to combine the functions of a civil engineer with that of a day labourer. The account given of his enterprise on this occasion marks the sagacity of his mind and the humility of his disposition.

Looking around on the general condition of the canton, he observed that one of its chief defects was the want of roads communicating with the lower and more improved parts of the country. The only existing thoroughfares were absolutely impassable during six or eight months of the year; and even in summer they were in so wretched a state, that they were never used except when urgent necessity compelled the natives to repair to the neighbouring towns. So long as this state of things lasted, it was evident that there could be no solid improvement or prosperity in the district. Assured of this fact, Oberlin called together his parishioners, and proposed that they should themselves open a road a mile and a half in length, and build a bridge over the river Bruche, so that they might no longer be imprisoned in their villages three-fourths of the year. The boldness of the proposal filled the assembly with astonishment—the thing appeared to them impossible—and every one found an excuse in his private concerns for not engaging in the undertaking. Some hinted that the roads were well enough as they were; for there is nothing too absurd for the discontented to say on such occasions. Not discouraged, Oberlin pointed out to the meeting the advantage which all would derive from having an outlet for the produce of their fields, and the facility with which they would then be able to procure a multitude of comforts and conveniencies of which they were still destitute. He concluded his address by taking up a pick-axe, exclaiming, "All those who feel the importance of my proposal, come and work with me." At these words his parishioners, ashamed of their pretences, and electrified by his action, hastened to get their tools and to follow him. Oberlin had already, like a good engineer, traced the plan; and when he arrived at the ground, nothing remained but to commence operations. This was done in a style of lively enthusiasm. Each man occupying his assigned post, set to work in earnest, at each stroke making a sensible effect on the soil. The scene of labour attracted all idlers to the spot; and every one, not to be behind in the good work, lent it a helping hand. There was a moral grandeur in the spectacle of so much well-directed industry. It was no small holiday work that was undertaken. To form the required thoroughfare, there was not alone much digging; it was necessary to blast the rocks; to convey down enormous masses, in order to construct a wall to support the road along the banks of the Bruche; to build a bridge in another canton; and to defray all the expenses. Nothing was deemed impossible by Oberlin and his heroic band of improvers. The pastor, who on the Sunday exhorted his auditors never to weary in well-doing, and reminded them of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, was seen on the Monday with a pick-axe on his shoulder, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, with an energy that braved danger and despised fatigue. Reversing the ordinary maxim of *enjoying ease with dignity*, he had a firm faith in that more glorious, because more truthful precept, that *labour is in itself worship*. Nor did he alone work with the hands. His head was as constantly scheming ways and means. There were expenses to be met; but he interested his friends in Strasburg and elsewhere, and he did not appeal to them in vain. There are many people who will assist in a good work when their feelings can be interested in its execution. Oberlin, therefore, had the satisfaction of finding many to sympathise in his benevolent projects; and funds were provided. In spite of weather and every obstacle, in two years the work was completed. A good road was made, and a substantial bridge built, affording an easy communication with Strasburg. Roads were then made to connect together the several villages, which had previously been entirely separated from each other during the heavy snows. Walls also were built to prevent the soil on the steep declivities from being washed down by the mountain torrents; and channels were formed to receive or carry off the waters which, after great rains, rushed down with destructive violence.

---

* Notice of a French Memoir of Oberlin in Eclectic Review, October 1827.

Roads being now made, the peasantry of the Ban de la Roche might send their produce to market; but what produce had they worth sending? A little corn and some bad potatoes. Oberlin's work was only beginning. The bad potatoes were a sore grievance, even as respected home consumption. Before the introduction of the plant, the inhabitants of the canton had subsisted to a great extent on wild apples and pears, and many were afraid they should have to return to this primitive kind of food. In the course of years the potato had so far degenerated, that fields which had formerly yielded from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels, now furnished only between thirty and fifty bushels; these were, besides, of a very bad quality. Oberlin, attributing this circumstance to its true cause, procured some fresh seed from Germany, Switzerland, and Lorraine, to renew the species. The plan was successful: in a few years the inhabitants reared the finest potatoes that could be grown, and found in Strasburg an advantageous sale for all they could produce.

Along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes, he considerably improved the means of cultivation. The district was greatly in want of agricultural implements. Oberlin witnessed with great pain the distress of his poor flock when they had the misfortune to break any of their utensils. They were without ready money to purchase them, and they were obliged to lose much time in going to a distance to obtain them. To put an end to this evil, he opened a store of various utensils; sold every article at prime cost; and gave the purchasers credit till their payments came round.

As this may be said to finish Oberlin's preliminary measures for the improvement of his parish, we may here pause to mention a certain event which bore intimately on his own happiness.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

When Oberlin accepted the charge of the Ban de la Roche, he was unmarried. Madame Oberlin, his mother, sometimes spoke to him on the subject of matrimony, as she was aware that a country clergyman may be greatly assisted by a wife of congenial temperament; and her son declared that he would not be unwilling to enter the married state, provided she could select an object worthy of his regard. Different young ladies were accordingly proposed; but none was exactly the kind of being on whom he could set his affections. Oberlin departed for his parish still a bachelor.

About a year afterwards, his house, which was under the charge of his younger sister, was visited by Madeleine Salomé Witter, daughter of a professor in the university of Strasburg, who had been dead some years; her mother also was no more. This young lady, who was a friend of the Oberlin family, possessed a sound understanding, and had a highly cultivated mind, deeply imbued with religious principles.

Oberlin was not a man who could act the part of a dangler in the delicate affair of courtship. He admired Mademoiselle Witter, but he felt diffident as to the propriety of making the young lady his wife, or of even acquainting her with the state of his feelings. On some points they did not agree, and this seemed a fatal objection. Yet, on reflection, he considered that perfect unity of disposition was perhaps not to be obtained, and that in marriage one must always risk a little. The risk, thought he, however, is in this case too great, and he accordingly tried to lay aside the idea. It would not do. A voice seemed continually to whisper in his ear—"Take her for thy partner." What a perplexity!

The day approached when Madeleine was to leave the parsonage, and Oberlin was still in a state of indecision. Next day she was to go, and, like many more in similar circumstances, poor Oberlin lay awake half the night pondering on the difficulties of a situation which his conscientiousness alone rendered difficult. At length he resolved to be guided by the readiness with which Madeleine would listen to his proposals; accepting her cheerful and instantaneous assent as a leading of Providence.

Next morning after breakfast, Oberlin found the object of so much solicitude sitting in a summer-house in the garden. Placing himself beside her, he began the conversation by observing, "You are about to leave us, my young friend. I have, however, had an intimation, which I am inclined to accept as the Divine will, that you are destined to be my partner for life. If you can decide on this step, so important to us both, I hope you will give me your candid opinion of it before your departure." Madeleine, who had probably expected some such disclosure, rose from her seat, and, blushing as she approached Oberlin, placed one hand before her eyes, and held the other towards him. He clasped it in his own. The resolution to address her had been happily taken. This important matter being settled, the marriage took place on the 6th of July 1768; and neither party had cause to regret its occurrence. Madeleine's good sense led her to accommodate her views on all subjects to those of her beloved husband, and she became truly devoted to his interests, assisting him in all his labours of benevolence, and tempering his zeal with her prudence.

FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

Oberlin's marriage took place while he was occupied with his great engineering plans, and these being completed, along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes and better agricultural implements, a great preliminary step was achieved. There remained much to be done. The people had only been put in the way of being improved; they were not distinctly improved yet.

Considering what next should be done, Oberlin perceived that the introduction of trades into the canton would contribute essentially to the progress of civilisation. There were no wheelwrights, masons, nor blacksmiths in the district, nor within a considerable distance of it. He therefore selected a certain number of lads, of suitable talents, put upon them decent apparel, and apprenticed them in the adjacent towns: this scheme also was successful. In a few years good workmen were prepared in the above-mentioned trades, as well as joiners and glaziers; and these came and set up establishments in the Ban de la Roche. The consequence was, that the inhabitants got every piece of work done at home, instead of being put to the trouble and expense of having it executed at a distance. Carts, ploughs, and other articles used in husbandry were made and mended, and many comforts introduced which were formerly all but unknown.

Thus prepared with artisans, Oberlin's next solicitude extended to the houses of his poorer parishioners. They were generally cavernous, damp dwellings, partially sunk in the sides of the mountains, and without cellars sufficiently deep to preserve potatoes, the staple winter food of the inhabitants, from the frost. It was evident that the people could neither be cleanly nor healthful, nor even be in a fit frame of mind, religiously speaking, while daily exposed to the humidity and the discomforts of such dens. There can be no expectation of moral improvement while the human being is treated, or treats himself, like a brute. The sagacity of Oberlin detected this important fact in social economics ere he had been long in the Ban de la Roche—a fact only now beginning to dawn on the more intrepid minds of Britain and other countries high in civilisation. To render the dwellings more airy, light, dry, and cheerful, and consequently more healthful both to body and mind, was now Oberlin's self-imposed duty. As in every other effort, there was some degree of opposition; but it all disappeared before the kindly influence of the good pastor. In a short time, neat cottages with glazed windows, chimneys, and dry flooring, were substituted for the old dismal huts; each provided with closets, to contain earthenware and other useful articles; and having a frost-proof cellar, in which potatoes could be safely stored. The improved health and appearance of the people soon justified all his benevolent anticipations of this important measure.

While engaged in these operations, he was also able to push forward the practice of horticulture and other branches of rural economy. His attention was particularly directed to the planting of fruit-trees, the improvement of the breed of cattle, the management and the increase of manure, the growth of natural and artificial grasses, and the more extensive culture of potatoes, and likewise of flax—the two productions most suitable to the sandy soil of the district.

Little as the people were now inclined to question the propriety of Oberlin's projects, they could not readily enter into his ideas of improving on the growth of fruit-trees; that being a subject on which he, a native of a town, could not be expected to know so much as themselves. As practical proof seemed therefore necessary, he commenced operations on two gardens belonging to his own residence, and so close to a public pathway that all could observe his labours. With the assistance of a favourite and intelligent servant, he dug trenches, four or five feet in depth, and surrounded the young trees that he planted in them with the species of soil which he considered best adapted to promote their growth. He likewise procured slips of apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees, and made a large nursery-ground of one of his gardens, which he prepared for the purpose.

The expectations of the reverend horticulturist were not disappointed. The trees planted with so much care, grew and flourished in a manner never before seen in the canton; and the peasantry, who had frequent occasion to pass the spot, could not help being surprised at the contrast between the scanty supply of their own and the rich produce of their pastor's grounds. Guided by a desire to have equally fine crops of fruit, they now inquired how they should proceed, and Oberlin, with great willingness, not only explained the process for them to adopt in laying out their gardens and in planting them, but gave them young trees and grafts from his nursery. Thus the taste for planting fruit-trees was happily diffused, and became a favourite employment in the canton. The change for the better was very remarkable. Cottages which had been hitherto bare and desolate in their aspect, were surrounded with little orchards and gardens; and in place of indigence and misery, the villages and hamlets gradually assumed an air of rural elegance and felicity.

To stock the gardens with vegetables more suitable to the soil and climate than what had hitherto been cultivated, was also a wish of Oberlin; and he did not rest till he had introduced a variety of herbs serviceable for food, or of value in the arts. The method of obtaining oil from beech-nuts was also one of the useful practices which he at this time extended throughout the district. Both for the sake of rotation in cropping, and for winter fodder for cattle, he introduced the growing of clover from seed imported from Holland; and to give materials for clothing, he encouraged the growth, as well as the dressing of flax.

Having, by his various plans, considerably meliorated the prejudices and enlightened the minds of his parishioners, he now formed an agricultural society, composed of the more intelligent farmers: this association he connected with a society at Strasburg, which, by way of encouragement, placed at his disposal the sum of 2500 francs, to be distributed among the peasants as prizes in horticultural operations. The beneficial effect of this measure induced Oberlin to institute a prize, to be awarded to those who should rear the finest ox; and he likewise took measures to induce the farmers to convert the least productive grass lands into arable fields, and by means of the clover, already noticed, to feed the beasts in their stalls. By this last mentioned practice he hoped to increase the amount of available manure, for the sake of the arable land; nor were his hopes disappointed. Attention to manures he knew to be one of the primary principles in agriculture, and on this subject he spared no pains to enlighten the people. He induced the practice of gathering together all vegetable refuse, such as the leaves of trees, the stalks of rushes, moss, and fir cones—all which, when fermented in heaps, might be converted into a useful compost. Acting on his favourite maxim, that nothing should be lost, he also, to increase the compost heaps, instructed the children to tear old woollen rags into shreds, and to cut up old shoes; for all which he paid them sixteen sous, or eightpence, for a bushel, and one sou for the smallest quantity they could collect. A short time afterwards, in order to induce the rising generation to persevere in the course of improvement which had been begun in the district, he commenced the plan of lecturing, for two hours every Thursday morning, on agriculture, vegetable physiology, and other useful branches of science.

It will readily be supposed that these various enterprises were interspersed over a pretty long series of years. Unlike an ordinary class of improvers, who act with great zeal for a time, and then, when they have either satisfied a whim, or gained some paltry meed of applause, relax, if not altogether cease their efforts, Oberlin was animated by an unwearying and ever buoyant spirit of social melioration. Nor, while giving so much time and anxiety to the temporal welfare of his flock, did he neglect the more weighty matter of religious instruction. The earnestness of his clerical ministrations was almost unexampled; and this, coupled with the amiableness of his character and his boundless benevolence, gained for him from his parishioners the title of *Papa Oberlin*, or *Cher Papa* (Dear Papa), by which he became universally known.

Hitherto we have said nothing of Papa Oberlin's benevolent and judicious schemes for training the young. These, however, early engaged his attention. He was most solicitous of erecting a school-house in Waldbach, which might answer as a model for one in the other four villages; but the raising of the requisite funds for this undertaking was a matter of some difficulty among a poor population; from his own income, which was never above 1000 francs (L.40) annually, and already burdened with many claims, he could also derive little assistance. There were no landed gentry to whom he could apply; but, as in former cases of urgent necessity, friends at a distance extended a helping hand; and the school-house was at length erected and furnished. Not only so, but in the course of a few years a similar school-house was erected in each of the other villages; and such was the progress of improved sentiment among the inhabitants, that they came voluntarily forward to second the efforts of their pastor, and to take on themselves the trouble and expense of supporting the establishment. To complete his scheme of education, he instituted arrangements for cultivating young men as teachers: thus providing not only for the present, but the prospective conducting of these useful seminaries.

Having effected these important measures, Oberlin paused for a time to witness their operation, being hopeful that they would realise all he could wish for the secular instruction of the young. The schools answered every expectation; but something else was desirable. He observed with regret, that while parents were engaged in their daily labours, and the elder children at school, the infants were either neglected, or left in the charge of old women, incompetent, from their infirmities and their ignorance, to pay them the attention and give them the instruction they required. Education, as he justly considered, begins in the nursery, and children may be taught right from wrong—to be meek or passionate, cleanly or the reverse, before they are out of their cradle. To see an evil, was with Oberlin only preliminary to providing a remedy. He resolved to institute in his parish a number of *salles d'asile*, or *infant schools*, under properly qualified conductrices.

In commencing operations, he received the assistance of his wife, who sought out and instructed women of mature age, and of a kindly disposition, to act as schoolmistresses. Having hired an apartment in each of the five villages and three hamlets in the canton, Oberlin placed in each one of these women, whom he termed a conductrice. At first, the schools were opened only one day in the week, as the conductrices were obliged to labour during the other days for their subsistence; but afterwards means were found for more frequent instruction. Having been previously initiated in the branches of knowledge best adapted to the purpose, the conductrice taught the children by turns whatever appeared most suited to their infant capacities. In the instructions there was a happy blending of labour with intellectual exertion. Children naturally love to finger or work at something, and, as is observed, if not provided with some kind of trivial but harmless employment, they will almost inevitably work mischief. To amuse their minds—to keep them from meddling with each other—and, in some instances, to keep them from falling asleep, as well as to accustom them to industrious habits, the elder boys were taught to pick or card wool and cotton, and the girls to spin, sew, and knit. Those who were too young for this species of labour, were placed in positions to see the work going on; for, next to working themselves, all children are fond of looking at others at work.

While so employed, their conductrice related and explained little stories from the Bible, or from other sources; also pleasing anecdotes in natural history—the whole of a kind likely to suppress the animal propensities, and cultivate in the minds of the pupils a love of justice, mercy, and peace; likewise to show the wise and superintending care of Providence, and the beauty and harmony which reign throughout creation. She also taught them to sing and repeat hymns; instructed them in some of the leading facts in geography and botany; and trained them to be cleanly in person, and respectful and polite in their general behaviour. Another point in the juvenile education was, the inculcating of a love of what was beautiful in nature. A taste for flowers was in particular cultivated, tending greatly to modify the dispositions, and improve the artistic abilities of the young.

The germs of much useful knowledge and moral excellence were in this manner planted in the minds of the pupils, and proved of incalculable advantage to them as they grew up. So far from being weary of these meetings, the children were delighted to attend, and their parents were equally pleased with their progress. Having been thus prepared by early discipline, they were, at the age of seven years, admitted into the higher schools, where they were carried forward through a sound elementary education. Among other benefits originating in this course of instruction, was a marked improvement in the language of the people. Formerly, the language spoken was a *patois* or jargon, scarcely understood by strangers, and a great impediment to general intercourse. The conductrices in the infant schools, by never allowing a single word of patois, and teaching the pupils to speak pure French, almost entirely banished this unintelligible jargon, and introduced the common language of the country, which is now spoken in the canton.

Oberlin did not set all this mechanism of education in motion, and then leave it to itself. He kept a watchful superintendence over the whole, and reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the appropriate function of religious instructor. He collected all the children, who were not mere infants, once a-week at Waldbach, for general examination in their studies; and every Sunday the children of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church to sing the hymns and recite the lessons of piety they had learned, and to receive fresh religious instruction and admonitions. These assemblages were not, as may be imagined, meetings of gloom and fear, as the method of communicating religious knowledge too often unfortunately is. So universally was Oberlin beloved, so mild, persuasive, and indulgent were his exhortations, that the children were happy in being permitted to attend, and doubly happy when they were rewarded with a smile from the cher Papa.

From the same collected memoir whence we gather some of these interesting particulars,* we learn that Oberlin, with renewed assistance from Strasburg, was enabled to establish a library for the use of the children in the different schools, and also to furnish an electrical machine and other philosophical instruments. Oberlin likewise has the credit of having at this time struck out an original idea, which has since been perfected in Scotland. This was the establishment of small itinerating libraries. A neat and handy collection of books being put into a case, was left at a village for three months, for the use of the inhabitants. At the end of this time it was removed to another village, and another collection of books, different from the former, took its place. Thus collections of books, some of which were printed at Oberlin's own expense, were made to circulate through the canton, and a continual fund of amusement and instruction kept up.†

The arrangements for the intellectual cultivation of his people were not yet terminated. A crowning point to his labours in the department of literature, was the composing and publishing of an almanac for the use of his parishioners. This interesting annual was divested of all the falsehoods and superstitions with which almanacs are usually filled; and, like that of "Poor Richard," was replete with useful advices, and hints on many subjects of interest.

Here we may again pause in our recital of Oberlin's benevolent enterprises, to notice some matters of a personal nature.

FAMILY HISTORY—PERSONAL TRAITS.

Oberlin had been married sixteen years, during which time he had born to him a family of three sons and four daughters, when his beloved Madeleine was taken from him by death. This sad event, which occurred in 1784, was sudden and unforeseen, and filled the humble parsonage with grief, not however the sorrow of despair. At the period of his marriage he composed a prayer, craving the divine blessing on his union, and concluding with the affecting wish, that it might not be the fate of himself and partner to be long separated from each other, but that the death of one might swiftly follow that of the other. In this his hopes were not realised. For the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he lived for the lengthened period of forty-two years after the death of his wife, and as a widower surrounded by his family.

The loss of Madame Oberlin was in some degree supplied to her children by a young woman, an orphan, named Louisa

---

* Memoirs of John Frederick Oberlin. London: Houldsworth. 1833. Fourth edition—a work drawn up with great taste, by a female writer, to which we would refer for many details too minute for the present biographic sketch.

† An account of the plan of Itinerating Libraries, pursued in some parts of Scotland, will be found in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, No. 17, old series.

Schepler, who had already been eight years in the service of the family. Formerly, she had been a conductrice in one of the infant schools; but this occupation not suiting her health, she became a domestic in the house of Oberlin. Kind attached servants are among the rare things of this world, though less rare in France than in Britain. Louisa Schepler appears to have been singular in her attachment, even in a country where fidelity and long service are far from uncommon. No sooner did she accept the office of housekeeper to the cher Papa, than she resolved to devote the remainder of her existence to his service; not, however, as a paid domestic, but if possible as a friend. She accordingly refused all offers of marriage, and, what was equally remarkable, could with the greatest reluctance be persuaded to accept of any recompense. Her services, she determined, should be entirely given from an affectionate devotion towards her master and his children.

In a world of selfishness and rapacity, how charming to alight on a character so singularly simple and disinterested as that of the humble Louisa Schepler! Louisa was happy in conducting the household of Oberlin, and Oberlin uniformly treated her as a friend. Nine years had thus passed away since Louisa had assumed the domestic management of the family, when, on New-year's Day 1793, she addressed a letter to her benefactor, of which the following is a translation:—

"DEAR AND BELOVED PAPA—Permit me, at the commencement of a new year, to request a favour for which I have long been desirous. As I am now in reality independent; that is to say, having now no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beseech you, my dear papa, not to refuse me the great favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I intreat you, give me any more wages; for as you treat me like one of your children in every other respect, I earnestly hope you will do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my person. My shoes and stockings, and sabots,* will cost something; but when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father. I intreat you, dear papa, to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter, LOUISA SCHEPLER."

The cher Papa acceded to this request of Louisa, and ever afterwards she was treated by him as one of his own children; sitting at the same table, advising in all family concerns; still aiding, however, as a busy and faithful domestic, who knew her proper duties and place.

A few passages from the journal of a French gentleman who visited the Ban de la Rochė in 1793, will convey a pleasing idea of the personal appearance, habits, and family arrangements of Oberlin. We use the translation of the fair writer of his memoirs.

---

* Wooden shoes. These are often worn by ladies and domestics in France, as outer shoes or clogs, to keep the feet from feeling cold on the earthen or tile floors.

"His countenance is open, affectionate, and friendly, and bears a strong impress of benevolence. His conversation is easy, flowing, and full of imagination, yet always adapted to the capacity of those to whom he is speaking. In the evening, we accompanied him a league on his way back to Waldbach. We had a wooded hill to ascend; the sun was just setting, and it was a beautiful evening. . . . Sometimes we stood still to admire the beauties of nature, and at others to listen with earnest attention to his impressive discourse. One moment was particularly affecting; when, stopping about half-way up the hill, he answered in the softest tone, 'Yes, I am happy.' These words are seldom uttered by an inhabitant of this world, and were so delightful from the mouth of one who is a stranger to all the favours of fortune, to all the allurements of luxury, and who knows no other joys than those which religion and benevolence impart, that we longed to live like him, that we might participate in the same happiness. . . .

"The following morning we set off to return the visit which he had paid us on the preceding day. We found the worthy pastor in his morning-gown; it was plain, but whole and clean. . . . The house stands well, and has, from the garden side, a romantic view: in every part of it is that kind of elegance which is the result of order and cleanliness. The furniture is simple; yet it suggests to you that you are in the residence of no ordinary man. The walls are covered with maps, drawings, and vignettes; and texts of Scripture are written over all the doors. . . . His study is a peculiar room, and contains rather a well-chosen than numerous selection of books in French and German, chiefly for youth. The walls are covered with engravings, portraits of eminent characters, plates of insects and animals, and coloured drawings of minerals and precious stones; it is, in short, literally papered with useful pictures relative to natural history and other interesting subjects.

"The dinner commenced with a blessing. His children, two maid-servants, and a girl who receives her instruction there, were at the table: there was a remarkable expression of softness in all their countenances. . . .

"I am writing this at his table, whilst he is preparing leather gloves for his peasant children. His family are around him, engaged in their different avocations; his eldest son, Frederick, is giving a lesson to some little ones, in which amusement and instruction are judiciously blended; and the cher Papa, without desisting from his employment, frequently puts in a word. He took me this morning into his workshop, where there is a turner's lathe, a press, a complete set of carpenter's tools, also a printing-press, and one for bookbinding. I assisted him in colouring a quire of paper, which is intended for the covers of school-books. He gives scarcely anything to his people but what has been in some measure prepared by his own or his children's hands.

"He will never leave this place. A much better living was offered to him. 'No,' said he; 'I have been ten years learning every head in my parish, and obtaining an inventory of their moral, intellectual, and domestic wants; I have laid my plan: I must have ten years to carry it into execution, and the ten following to correct their faults and vices.' . . .

"Yesterday I found him encircled by four or five families who had been burned out of their houses: he was dividing amongst them articles of clothing, meat, assignats, books, knives, thimbles, and coloured pictures for the children, whom he had placed in a row according to their ages, and then left them to take what they preferred. The most perfect equality reigns in his house—children, servants, boarders, are all treated alike; their places at table change, that each in turn may sit next to him; with the exception of Louisa, his housekeeper, who of course presides, and his two maids, who sit at the foot of the table. All are happy, and appear to owe much of their happiness to him. They seem to be ready to sacrifice their lives to save his."

This letter refers to a period in which the usually quiet district of the Ban de la Roche was disturbed, like other parts of France, by the shock of the Revolution. Owing, however, in a great measure to the tastes and habits implanted in the people by Oberlin, this fearful convulsion passed over the canton with comparatively small effect. Oberlin was himself, in the first instance, exposed to its perils, and the losses it occasioned. Like the rest of the French clergy, he was deprived of his income, and for some years depended on the voluntary but scanty offerings of his parishioners. While public worship was everywhere forbidden as illegal, and many of the clergy imprisoned, Oberlin's accustomed ministrations at Waldbach and the other villages were not interrupted, neither was he exposed to any personal privation. At the commencement of the Revolution he was indeed summoned before the council of Alsace, to clear himself of entertaining views hostile to the movement; but he was not only acquitted of taking any part against the new order of things, but complimented on the excellence of his character, and requested to persevere in his charitable labours.

It would appear from his memoirs, that Oberlin was on the whole favourable to republican principles; and perhaps he gave them the strongest token of his approbation in allowing his eldest son, Frederick, to enter the army as a volunteer; in which situation he was among the first who were killed. His remarkable conduct as respects the famous assignats (paper notes) issued by the French Directory, was, however, as much a matter of benevolence as of political principle. Lamenting the depreciation of this visionary paper money, on account of the national credit, and feeling for the losses incurred by his poor parishioners in having accepted the assignats as payment, he commenced the practice of buying up every assignat at its nominal value, or, what was nearly the same thing, giving agricultural implements and other articles in exchange. Incredible as the fact may appear, he continued to accept this utterly worthless paper for a space of twenty-five years, and by this means, at a great sacrifice to himself, cleared the Ban de la Roche and its environs of every assignat. The enthusiasm which induced this singular act of patriotism and benevolence, prompted him also to retain the notes he acquired, and to inscribe on them a few words expressive of his thankfulness in being able to withdraw them from circulation. The following sentence is a translation of one of these inscriptions:—"Thus, thanks be to God, my nation is discharged in an honest manner of this obligation for 125 francs."

Fortunately, in carrying out his numerous schemes of piety and benevolence, Oberlin was not interrupted by bad health. He possessed a vigorous constitution, which enabled him to exercise a universal supervision over all the affairs of his parish, to preach at different stations on the same day, to lecture at different times through the week, and to perform innumerable journeys of charity and mercy. He was, like all great men, methodic in all his undertakings, and did not spend needlessly a moment of time. Everything he did was exact, neatly accomplished, and to the point. He considered himself constantly under the eye of God, and that it was incumbent on him to do nothing heedlessly. In writing, for example, he felt it his duty to form every letter with care. Time he justly reckoned to be of the utmost value. On finding himself obliged to go to Strasburg, which was almost always to perform some service for his parishioners, he generally travelled during the whole night, that he might be home to his usual duties with as little delay as possible. No kind of weather deterred him from making visits to his parishioners. As a clergyman to afford religious consolation, or as a physician to render medical assistance, his activity was as astonishing as his zeal. Latterly, he sent a young man to college as a student of medicine, and when he was fully qualified, he relieved him of this onerous branch of duty.

Oberlin, as we have said, belonged to the German Lutheran church; but his tenets did not perhaps correspond precisely with that or any other confession. He took his belief directly from the Bible, particularly the evangelists, and neither plagued himself nor others with theological subtleties. Pure and simple, his Christianity was eminently practical, and in listening to him, one almost felt himself already within the air of paradise. Once a week, on Friday, he conducted a service in German, for the benefit of those inhabitants of the vicinity to whom that language was more familiar than French. Nothing could be more primitive or affectionate than these meetings, which resembled the assemblage of a family circle. The women listened to him while going on with their work; and now and then the pastor would break off his discourse, and after taking a pinch from his snuff-box, send it round the congregation. After having pursued his discourse for half an hour, he would stop and say, "Well, my children, are you not tired? Have you not had enough?" His auditors would generally reply, "No, Papa; go on; we should like to hear a little more;" and the good old man would resume, putting the same question at intervals, till he observed that attention was beginning to flag; or, perceiving that he spoke with less ease, the audience thanked him for what he had said, and begged him to conclude.

It need scarcely be stated of the cher Papa, that he was eminently tolerant of all forms of belief. Among his parishioners there were some Roman Catholics; and many of that persuasion, under their respective priests, bordered on the Ban de la Roche. He was equally kind to all; and on some occasions, at great personal risk, defended Roman Catholics, in the prosecution of their religious observances, from indignity and injury. On one occasion he also manfully interposed to prevent a Jew pedlar from maltreatment. Taking the poor man's packet of goods on his back, he led him from the scene of tumult, and did not quit him till he was placed beyond the reach of danger. At all times his house was open as a place of refuge to the persecuted or distressed; and during the heats of the Revolution, he was known to have thus saved many persons from a cruel and ignominious death.

OBERLIN CONTINUES HIS LABOURS.

Oberlin, as we have seen, began his labours in the Ban de la Roche in 1767, and continued them till the period at which we have now arrived, which was in the early part of the present century. Every year he had been able to make a small but sensible advance in his comprehensive schemes, and now could look around with pleasure on the result. The fame of his astonishing intrepidity and perseverance was also spread abroad over many lands—a fact, however, of which he was unmindful and unconscious—and he was visited by travellers from different countries, curious to see the effects which it was said he had produced.

An English traveller, who visited the canton with a companion, relates a conversation which he had with the driver of his voiture in approaching the residence of Oberlin, which we translate as follows, although losing the vivacity of the original:—

Driver.—You are going to see our good pastor Oberlin, gentlemen?

Traveller.—Yes, we are going to see him. Do you know him?

D.—Do I know him? Yes, I know him well. I have heard him preach frequently.

T.—But you are a Catholic, are you not?

D.—Yes; we are all Catholic at Shirmeck; nevertheless that does not hinder us from hearing sometimes the good pastor of Waldbach.

T.—Do you find that he preaches well?

D.—Yes, I think very well. Often he draws the hot tears from our eyes.

T.—You have been a soldier, I should think?

D.—Yes, monsieur, I have been a soldier; and I am sorry to say when one is a soldier he easily gets into bad habits.

T.—From all that I have seen until this time, bad habits are easily acquired by all.

D.—That is possible. For me, I tell you frankly that I have been no better than others; and when I hear the pastor Oberlin preach, he makes me feel that I am not too good at the present time. He says what is quite right; it is true what he says—very true.

T.—Well; but do you not think that what he says is essential to be known? Do you not believe that the person who tells us of our errors is one of our best friends?

D.—To be cured, one must know the malady.

T.—Certainly. You are, then, happy in having a minister who makes you feel the truth?

D.—You are right; and I assure you that M. Oberlin is a man who makes himself useful in all sorts of ways.

T.—Tell me, what has he done?

D.—What has he done! He has done all that can be done. In the first place, this road here has been made by him.

T.—Well, but that is not absolutely the best in the world.

D.—That may be; but see you, sir, it is not many years since we could not have passed with a small car in this direction. Monsieur the pastor surveyed all this road, and, moreover, wrought at it with his own hands, for an encouragement to others.

T.—And this little bridge that we are going to cross?

D.—Yes, certainly, that bridge also; that was erected by him.

T.—He ought to be rich, to make so many things?

D.—That may be yes and no.

T.—How?

D.—We may say yes, because if he had all that he has given to others, he would be very rich. We may say no, because he cares for nothing, absolutely nothing: he gives all to the poor—all; yes, monsieur, all! When you see his house, don't expect to see anything very glorious.

Leaving the low country, and ascending the valleys of the Steinthal, the visitors were at every turn delighted with the spectacle which presented itself. The well-cultured fields, and their variety of produce; the neat cottages, with their trim gardens and blooming orchards; and the generally good roads and pathways leading to the villages and hamlets; all were remarkable, and the more so from the contrast with the backward and slovenly state of things in the country which had been left. The visitors were not less pleased with the cleanly and decent appearance of the people, their sober deportment, polite address, and correct speech. The children likewise partook of the universal influence, being gentle and obliging, and were seen in clusters going home merrily from school, the stronger leading those who were young and tender. In looking into the houses of the peasantry, everything was orderly and tidy; the beds clean and tastefully decorated, the furniture carefully polished, and the floor dry and comfortable. There was no appearance of wealth —that, indeed, being nowhere visible in the rural districts of France—neither, however, were there any signs of abject poverty, certainly not of either slothfulness or misery. And all this, together with a moral improvement not evident on the surface, was the work of the good pastor Oberlin.

It is an ascertained law that mankind increase at a quicker rate than the means for their support—that is, taking any particular spot on the earth's surface as a basis of the calculation. To prevent famine, therefore, one of two things becomes necessary; either that the redundant population be provided with employment from other quarters, or that they emigrate. That such a law has been impressed on human society for the purpose of peopling the unreclaimed but habitable parts of the globe, there can be no reasonable doubt. In usual circumstances, the inhabitants of any particular spot manifest extraordinary reluctance in dispersing themselves; and they too often cling to their homes long after reason and necessity would have bidden them depart. Such was now the condition of the Ban de la Roche. At the time of Oberlin's settlement, the parish contained from eighty to a hundred families; now, it comprised five or six hundred, numbering altogether about three thousand of a population. Here was a perplexing problem. Oberlin felt that the very improvements he had instituted had probably hastened the arrival of the period when the land could support no more inhabitants with a reasonable share of comfort. From whatever cause, the fact of over-population was becoming evident. Every little bit of land was occupied by its family; and the family patches were in the course of subdivision. There was as yet no actual want, because all less or more assisted each other, and the economical habits of the people led them to make the most of the small means at their disposal. Potatoes being their chief fare, the only immediate danger to be apprehended was a failure in the crops of that vegetable. In 1812 the calamity of a greatly deficient harvest fell upon France; corn rose to an exorbitant price; and in some parts of the country potatoes were sold for a sou a-piece.

The Ban de la Roche suffered in common with other districts, but to a less extent, in consequence of Oberlin having introduced a vigorous variety of the potato. From this cause alone the people did not die of famine, as they must otherwise have done.

While thankful for the narrow escape which his parishioners had made on this occasion, the good pastor was the more alarmed for the continued welfare of his flock; and as they did not seem inclined to emigrate, he set about contriving means for introducing employment from without. The plaiting of straw, knitting, and dyeing with the plants of the country, were accordingly introduced. A more successful branch of industry which followed, was the spinning of cotton by the hand, for the manufactories of Alsace. In having women and girls taught the art of spinning, Oberlin was indefatigable; and such was his earnestness, that he gave prizes to the best spinners in addition to their ordinary wages. He had the gratification of seeing his plan succeed. In a short time the spinners became so expert, that in a single year the wages paid by a manufacturer for spinning cotton in the Ban de la Roche amounted to 32,000 francs (L.1280). Weaving by the hand was next introduced, and promised to be equally remunerative, when a stop was put to the whole of this prosperity by the introduction of machinery at Shirmeck. Hand labour could wage no effectual war with this cheaply-wrought and powerful enginery, and the inhabitants sunk to their former state of privation.

At this juncture it is impossible to avoid pitying Oberlin as well as his parishioners, whose duty, however, was clearly before them. The young and more able-bodied amongst them ought to have shifted to localities where their labour in the mechanic arts, or on the soil, would have earned them the bread of which they stood in need. A lucky turn in affairs saved them from the penalty of their neglect. While still smarting under the bereavement of their labour, the Ban de la Roche had the good fortune to be visited by a M. Legrand, a ribbon manufacturer from Basle in Switzerland, and so charmed was he with the character of the cher Papa Oberlin, and the orderly habits of the people, that he forthwith induced his two sons, to whom he relinquished his business, to remove their manufactory to the Steinthal. This proved to be a more permanent and suitable undertaking than that of cotton-spinning. Ribbons are woven by hand-looms, and these being dispersed amongst the cottages of the peasantry, in which also the winding of the silk weft for the weavers is conducted, employment was found for some hundreds of people, old and young, in their own dwellings—a plan everyway more advantageous than that of working in large factories. As in some of the Swiss cantons, the Ban de la Roche now exhibited a happy mixture of agricultural and horticultural labours with mechanical pursuits. From many of the cottages on the hill-sides were heard the sounds of the swift-flying shuttle;

and when these were hushed at an early hour in the evening, the weaver might be seen trimming his garden or digging in the patch of arable land connected with his establishment.

The Messieurs Legrand had no cause to lament their removal to the Steinthal. In a report made to the Royal ,and Central Society of Agriculture in France, a letter occurs from one of these gentlemen to the Baron de Gerando, from which we draw the following interesting observations. "Conducted by Providence into this remote valley, I was the more struck with the sterility of its soil, its straw-thatched cottages, the apparent poverty of its inhabitants, and the simplicity of their fare, from the contrast which these external appearances formed to the cultivated conversation which I enjoyed with every individual I met whilst visiting its five villages, and the frankness and *naïveté* of the children, who extended to me their little hands. I had often heard of the good pastor Oberlin, and eagerly sought his acquaintance. He gave me the most hospitable reception. . . . It is now four years since I retired here with my family; and the pleasure of residing in the midst of a people whose manners are softened and whose minds are enlightened by the instructions which they receive from their earliest infancy, more than reconciles us to the privations which we must necessarily experience in a valley separated from the rest of the world by a chain of surrounding mountains."

The merits of Oberlin as a great social reformer, would appear to have now become more prominent than they had hitherto been; attracting, in particular, the attention of government—usually the last party to recognise any virtue in anything not connected with fighting. Louis XVIII., at the recommendation of his ministry, presented Oberlin with the decoration of the Legion of Honour—a mark of esteem, however, so exceedingly common, as to form a very insignificant reward for public services of so important a nature. Oberlin, like a true philanthropist, could not see that he had done anything deserving of this mark of royal approbation. The notice which was taken of him by the Count de Neufchateau, in a meeting at Paris of the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture about this period (1818), bore still more satisfactory testimony to his self-devoted labours. On the occasion of voting a tribute of gratitude, along with a gold medal from the society, to Oberlin, the count made the following among other vivid remarks:—

"If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, quit for a moment the banks of the Seine, and ascend one of the steepest summits of the Vosges mountains. Friends of the plough, and of human happiness, come and behold the Ban de la Roche! I have been long acquainted with the valuable services rendered, for more than fifty years, to that district by John Frederick Oberlin. During that time, and to the advanced age of seventy-eight, he has persevered in carrying forward the interesting reformation first suggested and commenced by his virtue, piety, and zeal. He has refused invitations to more important and more lucrative situations, lest the Ban de la Roche should relapse into its former desolate state; and, by his extraordinary efforts and unabated exertions, he averted from his parishioners, in the years 1812, 1816, and 1817, the horrors of approaching famine. Such a benefactor of mankind deserves the veneration and the gratitude of all good men; and it gives me peculiar pleasure to present you with an opportunity of acknowledging, in the person of M. Oberlin, not a single act, but a whole life devoted to agricultural improvements, and to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the inhabitants of a wild and uncultivated district. . . . It is already ascertained that there is in France uncultivated land sufficient for the formation of five thousand villages. When we wish to organise these colonies, Waldbach will present a perfect model; and in the rural hamlets which already exist, there is not one, even amongst the most flourishing, in which social economy is carried to a higher degree of perfection, or in which the annals of the Ban de la Roche may not be studied with advantage."

Whatever were the feelings which inspired the venerable Oberlin in receiving the tribute of gratitude and accompanying medal from the society, it will naturally be supposed that these marks of regard to their beloved pastor afforded unqualified satisfaction and pleasure to his numerous parishioners.

One of the public services performed by the cher Papa for the Ban de la Roche, was the settling of a long and ruinous lawsuit which was carrying on between the peasantry and the *seigneurs* of the territory. A seigneur, according to the old French usages, was the feudal lord or superior of a tract of land, from the resident proprietors or cultivators of which he exacted certain annual dues and services; in requital, he gave them legal protection and some other privileges, such as the right of cutting timber from the forests, or fishing in the rivers. At the Revolution, the seigneuries were generally abolished; without, however, as it would appear, quashing any legal disputes which had previously been unsettled between the seigneurs and their vassals. The litigation in the present instance was with regard to the forests which covered a large part of the mountains, and, with varying fortune, the suit had lasted upwards of three quarters of a century, and through all varieties of tribunals. In 1813, the quarrel, handed down from father to son, still raged, and promised to rage for many years longer. Attempts had been made by the seigneurs to compromise the matter, but without avail. This perplexing law-plea had been the plague of Oberlin's life: it was the standing grievance of the canton: now sinking into silence, now reviving, it kept every tongue in exercise.

With some useful advice from his friend the prefect of the department, Oberlin undertook to convince his parishioners how much more advantageous it would be for them to make certain sacrifices, with a view to settle the dispute, than to protract it even with the ultimate chance of being victorious. He showed them the amount of expenses they had already lost, and which they might still lose; what were the vexations to which they had been exposed; and what pleasure they would have in being no longer subjected to such a torment. Besides offering these reasons, he urged the religious view of the subject, insisting on the duty of living at peace and in friendship with all mankind. The moral power of the good pastor was perhaps in nothing so remarkable as his conquest on this occasion. Melting the obstinacy of his auditors by his arguments and eloquence, they agreed to the terms of a mutual compromise, and the litigation was brought to a close. A few smooth words effected what years of wrangling and battling had failed to accomplish. The day on which the mayors attended to receive the signature of the late belligerents, was one of rejoicing in the Ban de la Roche; and at the suggestion of the prefect, these magistrates presented to Oberlin the pen with which the deed had been signed, requesting him to suspend it in his study as a trophy of the victory which he had achieved over long-cherished animosities. The gift was gratefully accepted; and it was often afterwards declared by Oberlin that the day on which that pen was used had been the happiest of his life.

As early as 1804, and while war still existed between France and England, a friendly communication had been opened between the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London and Oberlin, who entered with his accustomed enthusiasm into the idea of dispersing copies of the Scriptures throughout the districts under the sphere of his influence. Assisted by his son, Henry Gottfried, who, after being educated at Strasburg for the medical profession, was ordained for the church, and also one of the Messieurs Legrand, Oberlin organised an auxiliary society at Waldbach, which henceforth became one of the most important distributaries of the Bible in France. It is mentioned, that so zealous did the good pastor become in this as well as in the cause of Christian missions, that he not only gathered all the funds he could among his parishioners, and exhausted his own slender funds, but sold off many articles of value in his household, including every silver utensil, except a single spoon. Uniting with the cher Papa in these pious efforts, Louisa Schepler became a zealous contributor to the Bible societies; on one occasion giving the entire annual rent of a small field which belonged to her.

In the latter part of his life, Oberlin became also deeply interested in the movements taking place in England and elsewhere for the abolition of negro slavery in the West Indies and America. So shocked was he with the injustice and impiety of the whole system of slavery, that he determined on relinquishing the use of coffee, the only slave-cultivated product which entered his dwelling; and at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, he never afterwards used this article, substituting milk in its place.

Thus, in acts of piety and self-sacrificing benevolence, conformable to all his previous actions, passed away the latter years of this remarkable man. In 1809, he felt acutely the loss of his daughter Fideleté; and in 1817 met with another severe bereavement in the death of his son, Henry Gottfried, who sunk under an illness aggravated by the severity of his labours among the mountains. These family losses were felt the more acutely, from his remaining children being dispersed and settled in life; his principal domestic stay being now his adopted daughter, Louisa Schepler, who clung to him till his last moments. When no longer able to perform his pastoral functions, they were faithfully discharged by his son-in-law, M. Graff; and he spent the greater part of his time in literary and devotional exercises in his study. All who had the happiness of being introduced to him—and among these were numbered several clergymen from England—were struck with his venerable and dignified appearance, and the singular artlessness of his manners and discourse. His head, which indicated high intellectual and moral faculties,* was thinly covered with finely flowing locks of hair white as snow, while on his countenance shone the calm placidity of one who was at peace with himself and the world. Great as was latterly his infirmity, he was affected with no bodily disease; and he may be said to have died solely from a decline of the natural powers. Dissolution made no sensible approach till Sunday the 28th of May 1826, when he was suddenly seized with shiverings and faintings; and he lingered, suffering from occasional convulsions, till the morning of the 1st of June, when he expired; his last moments being of that peaceful and happy kind which so well befitted his character He died in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry.

The intelligence of the sad event, communicated to the parish by the solemn tolling of the passing bell, was received with the deepest sorrow, every family feeling that it had lost the best of friends and benefactors. Agreeable to a not unusual custom, all were permitted to visit the parsonage, to pay a last tribute of respect to the cher Papa, whose wan and sunken, but venerable features, were exposed beneath a glass in the lid of the coffin. For several days, multitudes from all quarters crowded to Waldbach on this pilgrimage of affection, and many remained in the neighbourhood to attend the approaching funeral.

---

* Oberlin was a believer in Lavater's opinions respecting physiognomy, and also of the doctrines of Gall on phrenology. His own head, in relation to his character, is said to have afforded strong presumptive proofs of the correctness of Gall's theory.

This last touching ceremony took place on the 5th of June, amidst a large concourse of parishioners and strangers, of every sect and party. When the funeral procession was about to set out, M. Jaeglé, president of the consistory or ecclesiastical body to which Oberlin had belonged, placed on the coffin the pastoral robe of the deceased, the vice-president laid on it the Bible, and the mayor, or civil magistrate of the district, attached to the pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which had been presented by Louis XVIII. The coffin was borne by the elders of the congregation; and in moving along, twelve females sung a hymn in chorus. The front of the procession was led by the oldest inhabitant of the parish, bearing a cross of wood, given him by Louisa Schepler, to plant at the head of the grave, and on which were engraved the words, PAPA OBERLIN.

The funeral procession extended two miles in length, and the foremost had reached the churchyard of Foudai, where the interment was to take place, before the last had set out from the parsonage at Waldbach. When entering Foudai, a new and finely-sounding bell, which M. Legrand had kindly presented to the church, began to toll, and it continued till the ceremonial was concluded. The coffin being deposited in front of the communion table, was hung over by many weeping mourners, while the body of the church was filled by a select number of persons, among whom might be seen several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their ecclesiastical robes. The remainder of the vast crowd, computed to amount to three thousand individuals, took up an orderly position in the churchyard, the spectacle without being heightened by the devout appearance of a body of Roman Catholic women, kneeling in silent prayer around the cemetery. The funeral service was begun by M. Jaeglé, who, while in the pulpit, took occasion to read an affectionate address from Oberlin to his parishioners, which had been found among his papers, and intended to be read to them at his funeral. At the close of the service, and when the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, a friend of the deceased—as is customary at the burial of distinguished individuals in France—delivered a short oration, eulogising the character, and pointing to the useful labours of the good man whose body was now to be consigned to the dust. Well as this was delivered, the tears which plenteously flowed from the eyes of the multitude, the sobs which were heard from the women and children who crowded round the grave, were, it was remarked, the most impressive funeral oration. Oberlin was buried under the shade of a weeping willow, which overhung the tomb of his son Henry Gottfried, and there the body of the cher Papa was left to its repose.

Oberlin was succeeded in the cure of the Ban de la Roche by M. Graff; but that gentleman being soon after compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties from bad health, the cure was committed to another son-in-law of the deceased, M. Rauscher, a person eminently qualified to continue the career of usefulness which Oberlin had begun. Oberlin had left a letter to his children pointing out the valuable services of Louisa Schepler, and stating that, by the care they took of her, they would show how much attention they paid to the last wish of a father who had always endeavoured to inspire them with feelings of gratitude and benevolence. The appeal was unnecessary. The surviving family of Oberlin, from the affection which they bore Louisa, determined that she should want for nothing till they themselves were destitute. This excellent person, equally esteemed by M. Rauscher, continued to reside in the parsonage of Waldbach, devoting herself as formerly to acts of benevolence. Her many good qualities becoming known to the trustees of the Monthyon institution at Paris for the reward of virtue, she was awarded by them the prize of 5000 francs—a sum which she wholly devoted to deeds of piety.

Influenced by the friendship and exhortations of Oberlin, there were other women in the Ban de la Roche who, though in poor circumstances, were distinguished for their disinterested benevolence. The following* deserve particular notice :—

Sophia Bernard.—This woman, though depending for subsistence on her own labour, and the scanty produce of a morsel of land, resolved in early life to devote herself entirely to the care of orphans; and with this view collected, first under her father's roof, and afterwards in the old parsonage, several children, whose parents were of different denominations, and taught them to spin cotton, in order to assist in their maintenance, which would otherwise have devolved entirely on herself. Before she married, and when her little family already consisted of seven children, she and her sister Madeleine received a letter from a poor tailor, named Thomas, who lived in a neighbouring village, intreating them to take charge of his three little children, all of whom were under four years of age, as his wife was near her confinement, and he was utterly unable to provide for them. This could scarcely be called a justifiable request: following, however, the benevolent impulse of the moment, or rather the dictates of that benevolence by which they were habitually actuated, the two sisters immediately set out, although the evening was already far advanced, and they had dangerous roads to traverse, with their baskets on their backs. At length, regardless of fatigue and exertion, they reached the summit of the mountain upon which Thomas's cottage was situated. Softly approaching it, they peeped in at the window, and were confirmed in the truth of the statement they had received, by the evident marks of wretchedness and poverty that the little apartment exhibited. Upon entering it, they found the little creatures in as forlorn a condition as the poor man had described; miserably nursed, and weak and diseased from neglect. They therefore, without further deliberation, wrapped them up in flannel, packed them in the baskets at their backs, and trudged home with them. But, as their father's house would not accommodate so large an accession to the family, Sophia hired a servant girl, and an additional room, where she fed, clothed, and educated them, so that they became strong, healthy, and ultimately enabled to provide for their own maintenance. A young man, of a generous disposition, made Sophia an offer of marriage; and as she appeared unwilling to accept him, he declared that, if necessary, he would wait ten years to gain her hand. She then acknowledged that her motive for refusing him was the grief it would occasion her to part from her little orphans. "He who takes the mother takes the children also," replied the young man. On this condition the marriage took place; and all the children were brought up under their mutual care in the most excellent manner. They afterwards adopted other orphans, whom they are training up in the fear and love of God. Though these excellent people passed for rather rich, yet their income was so limited, and their benevolence so extensive, that they sometimes hardly knew how to furnish themselves with a new suit of clothes.

---

* Letter from Oberlin in the Appendix to the First Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Maria Schepler lived at the remotest part of Oberlin's extensive parish, where the cold was more severe, and the ground unfruitful. Nearly all the householders were so poor, that they lent each other clothes, in order that those who attended the communion might make a decent appearance. Though distressed and afflicted in her own person and circumstances, Maria Schepler was a mother, benefactress, and teacher to the village in which she lived, and to some of the neighbouring districts also; bringing up several orphans without the smallest recompense, and keeping a free school for females.

Catherine Scheidecker, a poor widow, was also a mother to orphans, and kept a free school for the children of the hamlet in which she resided. *Catherine Banzet* was a young woman of a similar character. She voluntarily attended all the neighbouring schools to teach the girls to knit, and, besides, instructed them in other branches of useful knowledge. Who shall estimate the value of the labours of these women, or say how much the poor does for the poor?

CONCLUSION.

It is painful to withdraw ourselves from a contemplation of the character we have been attempting to depict. In laying down the pen, we feel as if a curtain were about to drop between us and the object of our esteem and admiration. But Oberlin, though dead, yet liveth. His person has vanished, but he survives in his actions. How holy, how pure is the remembrance of such a hero! how immeasurably more grand his character than that of the "great men" who usually fill the world's eye, and command the multitude's gaping applause. His piety, without bigotry; his charity, without ostentation; his self-denial, without penuriousness; his universal loving-kindness; his sincerity, meekness, fortitude, and perseverance; the originality, benevolence, and comprehensiveness of his schemes; not to mention the unusually long and zealous pursuit of his sacred profession—all raise him far above the standard of ordinary men. Devoting himself to labours of the most humble order, he sacrificed a whole lifetime to a sense of public duty. There was in him, as will have been observed, an utter absence of self. He aimed at no personal glory. What he planned and executed was with an ardent desire to do the work of his great Master, and for the pleasure of doing good. And here lay the remarkable distinction between his character and that of the common class of public benefactors. In none of his undertakings did he think of or look for public notice, thanks, or applause. Instead of going about the world announcing his schemes, or parading his deeds, he spent his days within the bosom of a wild mountain-district, going nowhere to seek popularity or reward. Oberlin lived and died a poor man, according to the world's acceptation of poverty. For his wonderful labours he never received the wages of a good mechanic: yet what did he not execute with his scanty resources! what was the satisfaction of his mind! If riches are to be estimated by the degree of happiness they impart, or by the love which they purchase, Oberlin was the richest of mortals. Beloved by all, he enjoyed in his humble mountain-home pleasures which money cannot buy, and was in effect wealthier than the greatest potentate. If kindness be power, and force weakness—as we firmly believe them, in general circumstances, to be—then was Oberlin also powerful; for he effected by kindness that which even the force of law would inevitably have failed to accomplish. At his death three thousand people wept bitter tears. How few monarchs have received such a tribute of veneration! Nor did his name perish, or enjoy but a questionable fame. From a remote nook of continental Europe the name and fame of Oberlin have gone abroad over all lands. The present little tract will, it is hoped, extend and confirm the reputation of a man so worthy of the world's admiration. May it, however, do more. The fame of the truly great can only be of use when stimulating by example. Let every reader of these pages, therefore, humble, powerless, and penniless as he may be, consider what *he* can contribute towards the same great cause—the cause of social melioration: what personal sacrifices he will make to reclaim the vicious, instruct the ignorant, cheer the disconsolate; what selfishness and bigotries he will relinquish; what meekness, benevolence, justice, and charity, he will exercise; what, in a word, he will do to imitate the cher Papa, the good pastor OBERLIN.

ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

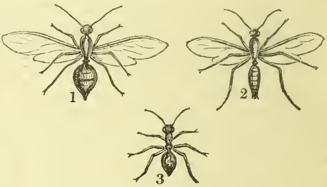
INSIGNIFICANT as the ant may seem, there is no other insect, the honey-bee excepted, whose character and economy have excited so much intelligent curiosity and research. Nor does this arise from any benefit which it confers, or ravage which it commits; for, generally speaking, its effects are unimportant in either respect. It is the ceaseless activity of the little creature, its industry, its care for its young, and, above all, its social economy, which have so long attracted human attention, and made one of the tiniest insects the permanent emblem of some of the highest virtues. The sluggard has been sent to the ant to consider her ways, the prodigal to imitate her thrift; the young are told that she gathereth her meat in summer, and the unruly and turbulent have a powerful monitor in the harmony of her busy communities. It is to the more remarkable of these traits that we intend at present to direct attention.

GENERAL CHARACTER AND ECONOMY.

The form of the ant, or emmet, must be so familiar to every one, that anything like a description seems quite unnecessary. Entomologists arrange it under the order *Hymenoptera;*[*] that is, insects having four membranous wings, in which the nervures are small and scarcely conspicuous. This may startle those who are accustomed to consider ants as wingless creatures that burrow in little hillocks and under stones; but the discrepancy will disappear when it is stated that, like some other social insects, ants are of three sexes—males, females, and neuters—and that it is only the perfect sexes which are furnished with wings. The males and females form but a very small portion of established communities, and abound only for a short while before the swarming season in summer. At that time they go forth into the air, for the purposes of reproduction—the males dying in a few days, and the females falling to the ground, where they either return to the original nest, or are surrounded by stray neuters, and become the foundresses of new communities. They then throw off their wings as useless appendages, and become queens and mothers, in which state they never leave the nest, but are tended and fed by the neuters or workers. It is for this reason that the population of an ant-hill is so generally wingless, it being the neuters which form more than nine-tenths of the number, and on whom the labours and economy of the community entirely depend. They not only construct the nest, but most carefully tend the young grubs; supplying them with food, moving them on fine days to the outer surface of the nest, to give them heat, carrying them back again on the approach of night or bad weather, and defending them when attacked by enemies. The sexes are of different sizes, the females being largest, the neuters next, and then the males, which are sometimes of very tiny proportions. Some of the neuters have longer bodies and larger heads than the others; and, as will be afterwards seen, these have peculiar functions assigned them in the labours of the community. Most of the species are stingless, but all of them bite fiercely with their mandibles, and have the property of ejecting a very acrid secretion, which inflames and irritates the skin like the sting of a nettle.

---

[*] In systems of natural history, ants form the seventh family of Hymenopterous insects, under the title *Formicidæ*, from the Latin word *formica*, an ant. The genera and species are not well defined, in consequence of the little attention which has as yet been paid to this department of animated nature.



1. Female; 2. Male; 3. Worker.

There are many species of ants, distinguished by their size and colour, but chiefly by their habits—some burrowing in the ground, others piling up little mounds or hillocks; some hewing out their cells and passages in decayed timber, others constructing a nest of great neatness among the boughs and branches of the trees on which they feed. They are omnivorous in their habits—devouring almost any kind of vegetable or animal substance that lies within their reach; but are particularly fond of fruits, gums, and saccharine matter, and not less of flesh, as may be seen by placing some small animal in their nests, when, after a few days, its skeleton will be found as thoroughly cleaned as it could have been by the most skilful anatomist. It is generally believed, that in summer ants lay up a store of provision for their support during winter: this, however, is not the case in Europe, where they become dormant or torpid, and require no food. So far from their being partial to grain, it is a substance which, after protracted observation, we have seldom seen them touch, and assuredly none of their cells are constructed with the view of holding supplies. They are nurseries and dwelling apartments, not barns and storehouses. Any vegetable matter, therefore, which they may drag to their nest in summer, is either for present use, or to serve as an ingredient in constructing their habitation. In warm countries it is otherwise; the little creatures are ever active gathering their meat at all times, but more especially in summer and in harvest, when they find it most abundant. Paramount with the erection of their habitations, and the procuring of food, is the care which ants bestow on their young. Nor is it the temporary labour and assiduity of a few days, but frequently the toil and endurance of weeks and months.

The eggs produced by the queen-mother are at first so small, that they are hardly discernible to the naked eye; but when viewed through a microscope, they appear smooth, polished, and glossy. These minute granules are objects of great solicitude to the workers, who remove them, as soon as laid, to proper receptacles, and there nurse and tend them, moistening them with a peculiar liquid, and turning them by degrees, till they assume the larva form. In the larva and pupa state * they are nursed with still greater care. In cold weather, they are carried to the lowest retreats of the habitation, to secure them from the cold; and in fine weather, they are exposed to the genial influences of the sun. If an ant-hill be molested, the first care of the workers is to protect the young; and they may be seen running about in a state of distraction, each carrying a young one, frequently as big as itself. After remaining for some weeks as pupæ, the young burst the surrounding integument, and emerge in the adult form, and even then often receiving food from the older workers. The old ones, it is said, generally assist the young animal in freeing itself from confinement, by tearing with their mandibles the covering in which it is wrapped, as without such aid the young would frequently be unable to set itself at liberty. The pupæ are of a yellowish-white, and look like grains of corn, for which they were no doubt mistaken by early observers, who

---

* The terms *Larva* and *Pupa* are employed by naturalists to designate the intermediate states of existence in the insect, on its passage from the egg to its becoming a perfect animal, endowed with all the powers of its race—the former being commonly known under the appellation of Grub or Caterpillar, the latter of Chrysalis or Aurelia.

attributed to the ant the habit of storing up grain. It has been also gravely told that the insect bites off the growing end of the grain, to prevent it from sprouting—an act quite equal to human intelligence, but which is in reality nothing more than the creature's habit of nibbling the envelope to set free the young. Ants swarm once or twice a-summer, when the young ones build new habitations for themselves, and live together in the same social and orderly manner as their progenitors.

These communities, as already stated, consist of males, females, and neuters. The females are the queen-mothers; but whether there is only one queen, as among bees, or several, is still a matter of doubt. Some naturalists affirm there is only one fertile female, and this may be the case in comparatively young swarms; but in old-established colonies, it is more than likely that there always exist a number of females of various ages. Be this as it may, the queens have not the same omnipotent sway as among bees: ant-hives are strictly republics, in which every member performs with honest cordiality the duty assigned him. The males are found in the nests only previous to swarming in summer, and are then equally, if not more numerous than the neuters. It is the latter which are the true republican workers: on them depend the erection of the habitation and its constant repair, the nursing and rearing of the young, the defence of the hive, and the collection of food. If nature has assigned to them the greater share of labour, she has also bequeathed a longer lease of enjoyment; for, after the winged males and females have left the hive in summer, a few days of aërial dalliance limits their existence. According to Gould, the ant remains in the larva state nearly a twelvemonth, in the state of pupa about six weeks, and as a perfect insect sixteen months. The time, however, they remain as larvæ and pupæ, is no doubt considerably influenced by variations of temperature and other causes. Thus, by exposure to sufficient warmth, the common white butterfly may be disclosed from its chrysalis in June, or it may be retarded till August by merely keeping it in a dark and colder situation. The lengthened period of perfect existence here spoken of refers strictly to the workers; the lives of the parent sexes are of very different duration.

Previous to the swarming season, the nests become crowded with young brood; the whole community is in a state of agitation—the winged males and females running and bustling among the wingless neuters. The wings of the former, which are exceedingly thin and fragile, soon attain their full size; and on the first favourable opportunity they take their departure from the parent hive. They do not seem to swarm simultaneously, but continue to make their egress by degrees, and as sunny weather presents itself. Once in the open air, the males do not return, like the drones or males of the honey-bee; and thus ants are not called upon to act the part of parricides and fratricides like bees, which invariably destroy their males in autumn. Though rarely or ever seen in the nests, at the swarming season winged ants sometimes appear in incredible numbers :—"In September 1814," says Dr Bromley, "being on the deck of the hulk to the Clorinde (then in the river Medway), my attention was drawn to the water by the first lieutenant observing there was something black floating down with the tide. On looking with a glass, I discovered they were insects. The boat was sent, and brought a bucketful of them on board : they proved to be a large species of ant, and extended from the upper part of Salt-pan Reach out towards the Great Nore, a distance of five or six miles. The column appeared to be in breadth eight or ten feet, and in height about six inches, which, I suppose, must have been from their resting one upon another." Purchas seems to have witnessed a similar phenomenon on shore. "Other sorts of ants," says he, "there are many, of which some become winged, and fill the air with swarms, which sometimes happens in England. On Bartholomew 1613 I was in the island of Foulness, on our Essex shore, where were such clouds of these flying pismires, that we could nowhere flee from them, but they filled our clothes; yea, the floors of some houses where they fell, were in a manner covered with a black carpet of creeping ants; which they say drown themselves about that time of the year in the sea." Many such clouds or swarms are noticed by other writers; and, allowing for a little exaggeration, it is quite impossible to conceive from whence they could have originated. Were all the ants of a district—males, females, and neuters--to be suddenly invested with wings, they could scarcely constitute such numbers; and one is almost tempted to the opinion, that at certain seasons all the sexes do in reality assume the winged form.

Thus much for the general characteristics of the family: we shall now advert to the habits and economy of our native species, borrowing our information chiefly from Gould, the younger Huber, and Latreille—the only authors who have made the ants of Europe objects of special observation.

NATIVE SPECIES.

Our native ants are usually distinguished by their colours and habits. Thus we have red, brown, and black ants; turf ants, hill ants, and wood ants—each species differing somewhat in size, colour, mode of obtaining food, and kind of habitation. The nest of the turf ant, which is one of the most common of our native species, is at once simple and ingenious. Sometimes it is formed under a flat stone, and consists simply of hollow cells and communicating galleries, all of which are excavated with great neatness, care being taken to remove the loose material to a distance from the nest. At other times it takes advantage of a tuft of grass, and piles around and amid the stems a considerable mound, the interior of which serves for a habitation—the stems giving it strength and coherence. The turf ant also delights in old earthen fences and hedge-banks which have a southern exposure. In these they excavate chamber upon chamber, and gallery after gallery: it is in such situations that we have found the most numerous colonies.

Other species, as the ash-coloured, brown, and yellow ants, construct little conical mounds, generally known as "ant-hills;" and this indeed is the most frequent kind of structure. These mounds are composed of pellets of moist earth found on the spot, and piled together with great architectural ingenuity, so as to form arched galleries, domes, pillars, and partitions, the whole being under one roof of compacted particles of earth and chips of grass and straw. "To form," says M. Huber, "a correct judgment of the interior arrangement or distribution of an ant-hill, it is necessary to select such as have not been accidentally spoiled, or whose form has not been too much altered by local circumstances; a slight attention will then suffice to show that the habitations of the different species are not all constructed after the same system. Thus, the hillock raised by the ash-coloured ants will always present thick walls, fabricated with coarse earth, well-marked storeys, and large chambers, with vaulted ceilings, resting upon a solid base. We never observe roads or galleries, properly so called, but large passages of an oval form, and all around considerable cavities and extensive embankments of earth. We further notice that the little architects observe a certain proportion between the large arched ceilings and the pillars that are to support them."

The brown ant, one of the smallest of our native species, is particularly remarkable for the extreme finish of its work. "It forms its nest of storeys four or five lines in height; the partitions are not more than half a line in thickness; and the substance of which they are composed is so finely-grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These storeys are not horizontal; they follow the slope of the ant-hill, and lie one upon another to the ground-floor, which communicates with the subterranean lodges. They are not always, however, arranged with the same regularity, for these ants do not follow an invariable plan; it appears, on the contrary, that nature has allowed them a certain latitude in this respect, and that they can, according to circumstances, modify them to their wish; but however fantastical their habitations may appear, we always observe they have been formed by concentrical storeys. On examining each storey separately, we observe a number of cavities or halls, lodges of narrower dimensions, and long galleries, which serve for general communication. The arched ceilings covering the most spacious places, are supported either by little columns, slender walls, or by regular buttresses. We also notice chambers that have but one entrance, communicating with the lower storey, and large open spaces, serving as a kind of cross-road, in which all the streets terminate.

"Such is the manner in which the habitations of these ants are constructed. Upon opening them, we commonly find the apartments, as well as the large open spaces, filled with adult ants; and always observed their pupæ collected in the apartments more or less near the surface. This, however, seems regulated by the hour of the day, and the temperature; for in this respect these ants are endowed with great sensibility, and know the degree of heat best adapted for their young. The ant-hill contains sometimes more than twenty storeys in its upper portion, and at least as many under the surface of the ground. By this arrangement the ants are enabled, with the greatest facility, to regulate the heat. When a too-burning sun overheats their upper apartments, they withdraw their little ones to the bottom of the ant-hill. The ground-floor becoming, in its turn, uninhabitable during the rainy season, the ants of this species transport what most interests them to the higher storeys; and it is there we find them more usually assembled, with their eggs and pupæ, when the subterranean apartments are submerged."

In the laborious duty of rearing a habitation, all the workers take part; and as these nests are liable to be destroyed by rain, by the accidental tread of cattle, and also require to be enlarged as the colony increases, the labour of building can never be said to be at an end. At this species of work they toil by night as well as by day, take advantage of a gentle shower or dewy morning, when the earth is slightly moistened, and are only interrupted by cold weather or heavy rains. Their cells have none of that geometrical regularity so much admired in the combs of the honey-bee; but this is rendered unnecessary by the circumstance, that, unlike the larva of the bee, which is confined to a single cell, the young of the ant is carried hither and thither as its wants may require. Having no symmetrical structure to erect, they do not act in concert like the bee, but are occasionally found working at cross purposes. Such an occurrence does not, however, much embarrass them; for a worker, on discovering his mistake, immediately undoes what he has erected, and follows instinctively that portion of the plan which was more advanced than his own. On this point M. Huber's artificial formicaries enabled him to make the following interesting observations:—"A wall had been erected, with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected towards the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it, had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition, upon which it was to rest. Had it been continued on the original plan, it must infallibly have met the wall at about one half of its height; and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention; when one of the ants arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon which it reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.

"When the ants commence any undertaking, one would suppose that they worked after some preconceived idea; which, indeed, would seem verified by the execution. Thus, should any ant discover upon the nest two stalks of plants which lie crossways, a disposition favourable to the construction of a lodge, or some little beams that may be useful in forming its angles and sides, it examines the several parts with attention; then distributes, with much sagacity and address, parcels of earth in the spaces, and along the stems, taking from every quarter materials adapted to its object, sometimes not caring to destroy the work that others had commenced; so much are its motions regulated by the idea it has conceived, and upon which it acts, with little attention to all else around it. It goes and returns, until the plan is sufficiently understood by its companions."

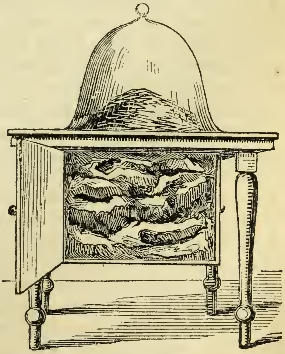
The wood-ant, or pismire, constructs a habitation somewhat similar in shape, but differing very widely in its materials, from that of the hill-building species. This nest is usually about the size of a large mole-heap, of a conical form, and composed exteriorly of small twigs, chips of bark and leaves, pieces of straw, grass, and such-like material. The whole is gradually tapered to the summit, so that the rain is carried off as from the roof of a well-thatched cottage. This thatching or coping forms, however, but a small portion of the nest; for all the galleries and cells are either scooped out of the soil beneath, or built in the usual manner with earth and clay by the little architects. The pismire differs in its economy from the other species already noticed, inasmuch as a section of the workers are continually on the outside, enlarging and patching the framework, and do not seek to shun the sun and wind by retreating to the interior. They are also bolder in their manner, and will tug and tumble away with straws and twigs in our presence, turning round with erected head and open jaws if teased with the finger. Their habitation is thus interestingly described by the authority formerly quoted:—"To have an idea how the straw or stubble-roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill at its origin, when it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth, thrown up in hollowing the interior, with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants; and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice, which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities, where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are kept open during the time of its construction. I soon observed the roof to become convex;

but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or storeys. Having observed the motions of these little builders through a pane of glass, adjusted against one of their habitations, I am thence enabled to speak with some degree of certainty upon the manner in which they are constructed. I ascertained that it is by excavating, or mining the under portion of their edifice, that they form their spacious halls, low indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving, at certain hours of the day, the larvæ and pupæ.

"These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which, afterwards hardened in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances, as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill, without any injury to the rest; it, moreover, strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair, or deserted by its inhabitants.

"The ants are extremely well sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building; it is much loftier than the rest, and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling: it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence." As to the underground portion, it consists of a range of horizontal apartments, excavated in the usual manner.

Another peculiar feature in the wood-ants is their night operations. These proceedings are detailed by M. Huber, who, transferring a complete nest to one of his glass-cases, had ample opportunities of watching all their movements. Not constructing a covert way or concealed passage to the interior of their nests, but leaving all the avenues open for ready egress and ingress, it is necessary that, during night, when their labour ceases, these avenues should be closed up, not only for protection from enemies, but for shelter from cold. This operation they perform with all the skill and caution of a trusty warder: no cottager ever shut his windows and barred his



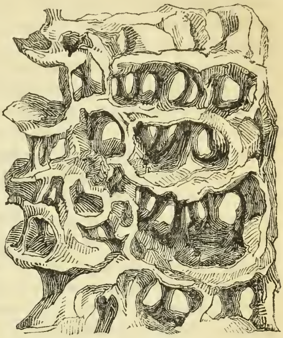
Artificial Formicary.

door more effectually. "I remarked," says our historian, "that their habitations changed in appearance hourly, and that the diameter of those spacious avenues, where so many ants could freely pass each other during the day, was, as night approached, gradually lessened. The aperture at length totally disappeared, the dome was closed on all sides, and the ants retired to the bottom of their nest.

"In further noticing the apertures of these ant-hills, I fully ascertained the nature of the labour of its inhabitants, of which I could not before even guess the purport; for the surface of the nest presented such a constant scene of agitation, and so many insects were occupied in carrying materials in every direction, that the movement offered no other image than that of confusion.

"I saw then clearly that they were engaged in stopping up passages; and for this purpose they at first brought forward little pieces of wood, which they deposited near the entrance of those avenues they wished to close; they placed them in the stubble; they then went to seek other twigs and fragments of wood, which they disposed above the first, but in a different direction, and appeared to choose pieces of less size in proportion as the work advanced. They at length brought in a number of dried leaves, and other materials of an enlarged form, with which they covered the roof—an exact miniature of the art of our builders, when they form the covering of any building! Nature, indeed, seems everywhere to have anticipated the inventions of which we boast, and this is doubtless one of the most simple.

"Our little insects, now in safety in their nest, retire gradually to the interior before the last passages are closed; one or two only remain without, or concealed behind the doors on guard, while the rest either take their repose, or engage in different occupations in the most perfect security. I was impatient to know what took place in the morning upon these ant-hills, and therefore visited them at an early hour. I found them in the same state in which I had left them the preceding evening. A few ants were wandering about on the surface of the nest, some others issued from time to time from under the margin of their little roofs formed at the entrance of the galleries: others afterwards came forth, who began removing the wooden bars that blockaded the entrance, in which they readily succeeded. This labour occupied them several hours. The passages were at length free, and the materials with which they had been closed scattered here and there over the ant-hill. Every day, morning and evening, during the fine weather, I was a witness to similar proceedings. On days of rain, the doors of all the ant-hills remained closed. When the sky was cloudy in the morning, or rain was indicated, the ants, who seemed to be aware of it, opened but in part their several avenues, and immediately closed them when the rain commenced." Could the most enlightened reason, which ascribes such procedure to mere animal instinct, have done more?



There are some European species, such as the jet-ant, which neither excavate burrows nor build hills, but which hew out chambers and galleries in the trunks of decayed trees. For this purpose their hard mandibles are well adapted, and though the work must be necessarily very tedious, yet their indomitable perseverance and daily increasing numbers soon prepare a suite of apartments of astonishing magnitude. We once discovered such a nest in a prostrate trunk, of which the bark and a few papery floors and partitions were the only portions left—the whole interior having been hewn away by those busy carpenters; and, what was curious, scarcely a handful of fragments could have been gathered in the vicinity. Whether the portions nibbled away may serve as food, be carried to a distance by the ants, anxious to avoid detection, or be borne off by the wind, is yet unknown. The carpenter-ants are perhaps the shyest and most secret of the family; always conducting their operations in the interior of trees, as if desirous of being screened from observation.

Such is the economy of the more remarkable of our native species in the construction and management of their habitations, all of which exhibit the utmost skill and ingenuity. In other respects, as the rearing of their larvæ, their food, hybernation, &c. they present less difference; some species being more active and rambling than others, seeking their subsistence among the boughs and leaves of the highest trees and hedges. None of them bite with great severity; though they are sufficiently troublesome to any one who may thoughtlessly seat himself for half an hour on the little grassy hillock which holds their colony. They are not destructive in any appreciable degree to the products of the farmer or gardener; their only injury, indeed, is to lawns and pastures, in which their nests are numerous; where, besides destroying the turf, cattle have a special aversion to browse in their vicinity.

FOREIGN SPECIES.

The species of ants inhabiting foreign countries differ chiefly from those of Europe in their habits and economy—colour and size being as variable among the latter as among the former. Those of tropical regions never hybernate; theirs is a life of uninterrupted activity—building, feasting, storing. They generally appear in vast numbers, and commit incredible havoc on the surrounding vegetation; nor are some species less formidable to man from the severity of their stings. Dampier, speaking of the natural productions of the Spanish settlements in South America, mentions several species which infested that country:—"The great black ant stings, or bites, almost as bad as a scorpion; and next to this the small yellow ant's bite is most painful; for their sting is like a spark of fire. They are so thick among the boughs in some places, that the traveller is covered with them before he is aware. They construct their nests between the limbs of great trees; some of these nests being as large as a hogshead. This is their winter habitation; for in the wet season they all repair to these their cities, where they preserve their eggs and larvæ. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the forests; for they never trouble the savannahs. Great paths, three or four inches broad, made by them, may be seen in the woods. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads on their backs, all of the same substance, and nearly of the same size. I never observed anything besides pieces of green leaves, so big that I could scarcely see the insect for his burthen; yet they would march stoutly; and so many were pressing forward, that it was a very pretty sight, for the path looked perfectly green with them."

The same authority also mentions another species of a black colour, tolerably large, with long legs, and of a rambling habit:—"These would march in troops, as if they were busy in seeking somewhat; they were always in haste, and always followed their leaders, let them go where they would. They had no beaten paths to walk in, but rambled about like hunters. Sometimes a band of these ants would happen to march through our huts, over our beds, or into our pavilions; nay, very often into our chests, and there ransack every part; and wherever the foremost went, the rest all came after. We never disturbed them, but gave them free liberty to search where they pleased; and they would all march off before night. They were so very numerous, that they would sometimes be two or three hours in passing, though they went very fast."

The sugar-ant, which took its name from the ravages that its swarms at one time committed on the sugar-cane, first made its appearance in the West Indies about the middle of last century. This pest was chiefly confined to the island of Grenada, in one district of which, according to an account in the Philosophical Transactions, it continued for several years, laying waste every sugar plantation for a radius of twelve miles, and threatening eventually to overrun the whole island. Every attempt made by the planters to put a stop to these destructive insects proved ineffectual; and such was the general consternation at their ravages, that a reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by the government to the individual who should discover an effectual remedy for the evil. So liberal an offer induced many to try their utmost to destroy the ants; and though all succeeded partially, yet none gained the prize—since the destruction of a few myriads availed little, their place being immediately supplied by others. Ranges of burning charcoal proved very destructive, as they blindly pressed forward in their march, and were roasted to death; but their numbers were so excessive, that they soon extinguished it, and the rear of the swarms passed scatheless over the obstruction. The roads were literally covered with them for miles together; so that the print of a horse's foot, in passing through them, was covered in an instant by the surrounding multitudes. The inhabitants of the island were ultimately relieved from this calamity by the great hurricane of 1780, which, though it tore up their plantations by the roots, and swept many of their houses to ruin, yet so exposed the ants' nests, that the swarms perished in the deluge of rain which succeeded. The sugar-ant makes its nest at the root of the sugar-cane, thereby preventing the proper circulation of the sap, and rendering the plant sickly and useless. It is also destructive to the lime, lemon, orange, and other species of vegetation. It is of a middle size, and of a dark-red colour, and is one of the most prolific of the race.

In Cape Colony, and in the south of Africa generally, ants are perhaps more numerous, both as regards individuals and species, than they are in any other part of the world. There they are found varying in size, from the red *nigar*, scarcely visible to the naked eye, to the *black ant*, measuring nearly an inch in length. Their habitations are as various as their species. The smaller tribes excavate the ground, removing the particles of soil, and piling them up as a rampart round the entrance, to keep off the water. The large black ants content themselves with enlarging such cavities as they find ready formed under flat stones, thus providing themselves with an impenetrable roof. A smaller species of the same colour constructs its nest on the top of a bush, enclosing such portions of the branches as come within the sphere of the external covering, which is as thin as paper, yet proof against the heaviest rain.

In Hawksworth's account of Cook's first voyage, there is a description of several species found in New South Wales, the habits of which are very peculiar. We transcribe this account, with some slight abridgment:—"Some are green as a leaf, and live upon trees, where they build their nests of various sizes, between that of a man's head and his fist. These nests are of a very curious structure; they are formed by bending down several of the leaves, each of which is as broad as a man's hand, and glueing the points of them together, so as to form a sort of purse. The viscous matter used for this purpose seemed to be of their own secretion, though it is not improbable that it was a gummy matter collected from the bark and leaves of the trees they inhabit. Their method of first bending down the leaves we had no opportunity of observing; but we saw thousands uniting all their strength to hold them in this position, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying this gluten that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were bent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their station, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought these insects able to conquer by any combination of their strength. But though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevenged, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us, and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, from whence they were not easily driven. Their sting was scarcely less painful than that of the bee; but except it was repeated, the pain did not last more than a minute.

"Another sort are quite black, and their operations and manner of life are not less extraordinary. Their habitations are the inside of the branches of a tree, which they contrive to excavate by working out the pith almost to the extremity of the slenderest twig; the tree at the same time flourishing as if it had no such inmate. When we first found the tree, we gathered some of the branches, and were scarcely less astonished than we should have been to find that we had profaned a consecrated grove, where every tree, upon being wounded, gave signs of life; for we were instantly covered with legions of these animals, swarming from every bough, and inflicting their stings with incessant violence." One cannot read this account without recalling to mind the *ant-tree* of Guiana, described by Sir Robert Schomburg, and questioning whether the tree here referred to is not naturally hollow; for it is quite impossible that any solid-wooded plant could have survived under such extensive excavation. The trunk and branches of the ant-tree are hollow, like those of the cecropia or trumpet-tree, and provided at intervals with partitions, which answer to the position of the leaves on the outside. These hollows are inhabited by a light-brownish ant (hence the name), about two or three-tenths of an inch long, which inflicts the most painful bites. In biting, these creatures emit a whitish fluid, and the wound swells and itches for several days; when captured, they attack and kill each other like scorpions. Sir Robert's description, and that of Cook's naturalists, are indeed so similar, that we cannot help believing that both refer to the same tree and ant, though found in very distant localities.

A third kind were found by Cook's party nested in the root of a plant which grows on the bark of trees in the manner of mistletoe, and which the insect had perforated for that use. The root is commonly as large as a turnip, and sometimes much larger; when cut, it was found intersected by innumerable winding passages, all filled by these animals; by which, however, the vegetation of the plant did not appear to have suffered any injury. They never cut one of these roots that was not inhabited, though some were not larger than a hazel-nut. The animals themselves are very small, not more than half as big as the common red ant in England. They were furnished with stings, but had scarcely force enough to produce any effect with them beyond that of an unpleasant titillation.

A very curious, and, so far as man is concerned, a very useful species, is found in Peru, where, at certain seasons, its swarms destroy vast numbers of reptiles and troublesome insects. It is noticed in Dr Poeppig's travels under the native name of *guagnamiagüe;* which signifies, "makes the eyes to water;" from the circumstance of its bite having that effect on the individual who is unfortunate enough to excite the anger of a swarm. "It is not known," says the doctor, "where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward, disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm, that takes hours in passing; while on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part, and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ, which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed, or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the hut do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile while basking in the sun, which, on perceiving its enemies, endeavours to escape; but in vain, for a number of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased by a hundredfold. Thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton." This is apparently the same ant which Mr Darwin met in countless swarms at Bahia, and before which he saw spiders, cockroaches, and other insects, and some lizards, rushing in the greatest agitation.

The species of ants found in warm countries are, indeed, so numerous, that volumes might be compiled relative to their character and habits, which in most instances are marked by the finest displays of instinctive sagacity. Here, however, we must close our list, conveying some idea of their numbers and distribution by the following extract from the same interesting narrative:—"After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where they are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the attention of the most enthusiastic entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish, without any difficulty, seven different species as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man; but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him in his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly-planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a question which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that the estimate is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else." Other travellers fully corroborate this statement; and when we remember that only a small district of South America is here referred to, and that North America, Africa, Asia, and Europe, are respectively peopled with widely different genera and species, we cannot fail to admit that ants are amongst the most numerous forms of existence on the globe.

INSTANCES OF ANT SAGACITY.

With poets and moralists, the ant has long been a standard emblem of foresight, industry, and perseverance. Though this reputed foresight, as far as our European species are concerned, has been shown to be entirely a fiction, yet there is much in the general economy of the insect that might be imitated with advantage. Nothing can exceed the harmony of their social union, the cordial willingness with which they seemingly engage in their labour, the increasing care and fatigue they undergo for their young. It need not in the least affect our admiration, whether these actions be the result of unreasoning instinct or of indubitable sagacity. Both proceed from the same great source; the mechanism is the same in either case, and the laws by which it is governed are decreed by the same authority. It is true that the organisation of insects differs widely from that of the higher animals, and it would be erring against all sound philosophy to ascribe the same operations to organs so very dissimilar; yet what we call instinct, is as essentially dependent upon organisation as are the highest efforts of reason. We know little of the cause of either; we are yet the imperfect observers of their results.

Notwithstanding this imperfection, many speculations have been recently broached respecting the conditions of insect life. Some appear to regard them as endowed with the attributes of human reason in a modified degree; others admit the perfection of their senses, and ascribe their conduct to instinct; while a third class will allow them neither sense nor feeling, but consider them mere animated machines, as it were, propelled in all their movements by a power they cannot control. With the latter class, the writhings of a trampled emmet are not evidences of pain, any more than the movement of its antennæ or feelers is of touch, or the direction of its eyes of sight. In fact, they deny insects the use of these organs altogether—a doctrine which will receive but few adherents; for however much their organs of sense may differ from those of man, it is clear that they were not given without some function to fulfil. It is absurd, no doubt, to ascribe memory, reflection, and the like, to creatures which have no brain; but it is equally absurd, seeing that these creatures avoid obstacles, evince symptoms of pain, have a choice in food, and so forth, to suppose that their organs are not capable of sight, touch, and taste. Their sensations may be very different from those of higher animals, just as their organisation is different; but whatever they are, there can be no doubt of their perfect aptitude to direct the animal in its manifold and highly curious operations. Leaving, therefore, a subject upon which there is much difference and uncertainty, we shall transcribe some of those instances which have been related as evidences of sagacity, courage, industry, and the like, on the part of ants and ant communities.

Of their ingenuity in removing obstacles, the following anecdote is a very appropriate illustration:—A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed an ant dragging along what, with respect to the creature's strength, might be denominated a log of timber. Others were severally employed, each in its own way. Presently the ant in question came to an ascent, where the weight of the wood seemed for a while to overpower him: he did not remain long perplexed with it; for three or four others, observing his dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he had got it on level ground, they left it to his care, and went to their own work. The piece he was drawing happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other. This soon threw the poor fellow into a fresh difficulty: he unluckily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted the only mode that even a man in similar circumstances would have taken: he came behind it, pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge; when, running again to the other end, it passed through without the least difficulty.

Dr J. R. Johnson relates an equally entertaining anecdote of the strength as well as address occasionally displayed by ants. At the entrance of a nest of red ants he placed a large house-fly; several ants came out from time to time to examine it. To his surprise a solitary ant attempted the removal of so large a body: it caught hold of one of the wings forcibly by its pincers, and exerted all its strength to drag it along. This it did with apparent ease, where the ground was not uneven; but on meeting any obstruction, and finding the dragging system useless, it quitted its post for the opposite station, and overcame the resistance by pushing. In this way it removed the fly to a considerable distance. A difficulty at length presented itself, which seemed insuperable; the ant, however, did not relax in its exertions. After attempting to *drag* it for some time, it endeavoured to *push* it forward, going alternately to the several parts of the body. All these efforts were useless: at last it seized the fly in its mouth, and by a sudden jerk lifted it from the ground, and thus overcame the impediment.

More ingenious still is their mode of forming bridges and rafts of their own bodies, for the purpose of enabling the community to pass over water from one object to another. Ants are not in any degree swimmers, and unless by some contrivance of this kind, the smallest pool would form an impassable barrier. Madame Merian, in speaking of the large-headed ants of Surinam, affirms that if they wish to emigrate, they will construct a living bridge in this manner:—One individual first fixes itself to a piece of wood by means of its jaws, and remains stationary; with this a second connects itself; a third takes hold of the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, till a long connected chain is formed, and fastened at one extremity, which floats exposed to the wind or current, till the other end is wafted over, so as to fix itself to the opposite side of the stream, when the rest of the colony pass over it as over a bridge. Azara also tells us, that in the South American plains, which are exposed to inundations, conical hills of earth may be observed, about three feet high, and very near to each other, which are inhabited by a little black ant. When an inundation takes place, the ants leave the submerged nest, and collect themselves into a circular cluster, about a foot in diameter, and four fingers deep. Thus they remain floating upon the water, until it subsides. One of the sides of the cluster which they form is attached to some sprig of grass or shrub; and when the waters have retired, they return to their habitation. When they wish to pass from one plank to another, they may often be seen formed into a bridge, of two palms' length, and of the breadth of a finger, which has no other support than that of its two extremities. One would suppose that their own weight would sink them; but it is certain that the masses remain floating during the inundation, which lasts some days.

Some Indian species, according to an anecdote related by Colonel Sykes, exhibit feats of dexterity which one can scarcely ascribe to mere instinctive sagacity. He was accustomed to have his dessert placed on a sideboard near a wall, and left all night, the legs of the sideboard being immersed in water; notwithstanding which precaution, the sideboard was found in the morning covered with ants, and the sweets were plundered most severely. On seeking the mode in which the intrusion was effected, he found that they got one after another into the water, till a floating living bridge was stretched across it, and then the legs were readily mounted. This mode of access was effectually stopped by a rim of turpentine round each of the legs just above where they entered the water; but the evil was not cured; for, on the following morning, the ants were on the table, and the good things plundered as before. He found that the ants had crawled up the wall in great numbers, and crowded to the part level with the edge of the sideboard, which was not more than an inch from the wall, and so stretched across and obtained a footing, thus running the risk of a fall, which many of them received. The sideboard was now moved quite away from the wall, and for a while the sweets remained untouched; but soon the usual visitants were again observed, and for several days it appeared impossible to account for the intrusion; when at last, as the colonel was standing near the table, he observed a solitary ant climbing quietly up the wall of the room: when it had mounted to rather more than a foot above the level of the sideboard, it took a spring, and came down among the sweets. This seemed altogether so extraordinary a proceeding, that he thought it must be the effect of chance; but very soon he saw many other ants make their appearance and mount the wall like their forerunner, until they reached a certain elevation above the sideboard, when they one and all, without exception, leaped from the wall, *seriatim*, and alighted safely among the sweets. Thus their continued appearance was accounted for.

Sagacious as ants generally are, we are not without instances of their folly and want of concert. The following amusing example is given by Dr Badham, who regards insects as endowed with no higher faculties than sensation and impulsive instinct:—"A wise and laborious ant was toiling up the bark of a chestnut-tree, and pulling after him an entire snail-shell, the size of a hazel-nut. He halted occasionally, as well he might, but he never lost hold of the shell, though the mere weight of it, one should have thought, would have pulled his mandibles out of joint. In a few minutes he had raised it upwards of three feet, and all was going on prosperously, when it so chanced that three or four idlers of the ant kind, and presently as many more, met him on his way. Our labourer had almost done his work; his hind-legs were already within the hole into which it was his plain purpose to introduce the shell, when the new-comers (who, as we have seen, are always ready to help one another) proceeded to do just the reverse! They got upon the shell, they entered it, they persisted in sticking to it: he could not carry it; and then the shell swerved to one side or the other, according to the disposal of his friends within, who had not even the sense to trim the boat; still, by great exertion, he held fast, and might perhaps have accomplished his task, when two more strangers thought proper to contribute their weight, and brought on the catastrophe. The weary but persevering insect was obliged to 'let go,' and the shell, freighted with three 'insides' and half a dozen 'outs,' fell to the ground! They left the conveyance in apparent alarm, and scampered off in all directions, while he remained for some time fixed to the spot of his discomfiture. The shell being subsequently examined, was found exactly to fit the hole in the direction in which the ant was dragging it, and in no other."

MODES OF COMMUNICATION.

It would seem that in these exercises of ingenuity they have some mode of communicating their intentions to one another, otherwise it is difficult to perceive how they could act so harmoniously as they generally do. Many animals express their wishes by sounds, which, though unintelligible to us, are perfectly understood by their own kind; some communicate partly by gesture and partly by sound; and others simply by gesture or by contact. The latter appears to be that employed by ants —the antennæ and mandibles being the organs chiefly employed to excite one another to concert in conduct; sometimes persuasively, at others per force. M. Huber relates a very amusing instance, in which gentle persuasion was succeeded by more forcible measures:—The legs of one of his artificial formicaries were plunged into pans of water, to prevent the escape of the ants; this proved a source of great enjoyment to these little beings, as they are fond of water, which they lap after the manner of the dog. One day, when he observed many of them tippling very merrily, he was so cruel as to disturb them, which sent most of the ants in a fright to the nest, but some, more thirsty than the rest, continued their potations. Upon this, one of those that had retreated returns to inform his thoughtless companions of their danger; one he pushes with his jaws; another he strikes first upon the belly, and then upon the breast, and so obliges three of them to leave off their carousing, and march homewards; but the fourth, more resolute to drink it out, is not to be discomfited, and pays not the least regard to the kind blows with which his compeer, solicitous for his safety, repeatedly belabours him. At length, determined to have his way, he seizes him by one of his hind-legs, and gives him a violent pull: upon this, leaving his liquor, the loiterer turns round, and opening his threatening jaws with every appearance of anger, goes very coolly to drinking again; but his monitor, without further ceremony, rushing before him, seizes him by his jaws, and at last drags him off in triumph to the formicary.

The intercommunication of these little insects, however, is not confined merely to giving notice of the approach of danger; it is commensurate with their whole economy of building, rearing the young, obtaining food, and uniting in force against a common enemy. If you scatter the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with another proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these, in their turn, become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.

It is also well known that they give information to each other when a store of provision or any tid-bit has been discovered. Of this the following is a remarkable instance, related by Dr Franklin:—"Believing that these little creatures had some means of communicating their thoughts or desires to one another,' he tried several experiments with them, all of which tended to confirm his opinion; but one seemed more conclusive than the rest. He put a little earthen pot, containing some treacle, into a closet, into which a number of ants collected, and devoured the treacle very quickly. But on observing this, he shook them out, and tied the pot with a thin string to a nail which he had fastened into the ceiling, so that it hung down by the string. A single ant by chance remained in the pot. This ant ate till it was satisfied; but when it wanted to get off, it could not for some time find a way out. It ran about the bottom of the pot, but in vain. At last it found, after many attempts, the way to the ceiling, by going along the string. After it was come there, it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, and crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued till the treacle was all eaten; in the meantime one swarm running down the string, and the other up." In such instances, the ants may have been led by the scent or trace of treacle likely to have been left by the solitary prisoner. Bradley relates a case which seems to favour this opinion:—"A nest of ants in a nobleman's garden discovered a closet, many yards within the house, in which conserves were kept, which they constantly attended till the nest was destroyed. Some, in their rambles, must have first discovered this depôt of sweets, and informed the rest of it. It is remarkable that they always went to it by the same track, scarcely varying an inch from it, though they had to pass through two apartments; nor could the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms discomfit them, or cause them to pursue a different route."—Here the insects perseveringly followed the same track, a fact which leads one to suspect that they leave some scent or trace perceptible to one another.

This idea is in part supported by the fact, that roadways are found diverging from their nests, which they invariably adhere to, so that they are in a short time beaten smooth by their incessant marchings. From these roads they carefully remove chips and leaves, and even nibble off blades of grass which may happen to spring across. In this feature they remind one of hares, beavers, sheep, and other higher quadrupeds, which instinctively follow a beaten track, even when their safety would lie in departing from it. Nor are these roads formed merely by the tread of these creatures; they are often hollowed out and smoothened by the greatest labour. One of the first things which strikes a traveller on entering a tropical forest, is these well-beaten paths, branching off in every direction, and on which armies of never-failing foragers are seen, some going forth, and others returning, burdened with pieces of leaves often larger than their own bodies.

The ingenuity and sagacity displayed in all their actions, whether single or combined, are indeed so surprising, that the Mahommedans have even assigned them a place in their heaven. On the relation of Thevenot (as mentioned by Kirby and Spence), one of the animals in Paradise is Solomon's ant, which, when all the creatures, in obedience to him, brought him presents, dragged before him a locust, and was therefore preferred before all others, because it had brought a creature so much bigger than itself. The tradition is exceedingly appropriate, as illustrating the contrast between the tiny insect and the feats which it can accomplish. Size for size of agency, the Pyramids are insignificant compared with the ant-hills of Africa; and the ant presenting a locust, is as if a child would drag an elephant.

THEIR SPORTS AND ATTACHMENTS.

We have described ants as ceaselessly active—labouring in constructing their nests, and toiling for the young, which they nurse long after they have arrived at maturity; but it must not be imagined that their life is one wholly of toil, and no amusement. On a fine sunny day they may often be seen basking outside their hills in dreamy listlessness; at other times they frisk about in wanton enjoyment. "You may frequently perceive," says Gould, "an ant run to and fro with a fellow-labourer in his forceps, of the same species and colony. It appeared first in the light of provisions; but I was soon undeceived by observing that, after being carried for some time, it was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement, or whatever title you please to give it, is often repeated, particularly amongst the hill-ants, which are very fond of this sportive exercise." A nest of ants which Bonnet found in the head of a teazle, when enjoying the full sun, which seems the acme of formic felicity, amused themselves with carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his horse, and embracing it closely with his legs. But the most circumstantial account of their sports is given by Huber. "I approached one day," says he, "one of their formicaries (he is speaking of the brown ant), exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped together in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the temperature which they experienced at the surface of the nest. None of them were working: this multitude of accumulated insects exhibited the appearance of a boiling fluid, upon which at first the eye could scarce fix itself without difficulty. But when I set myself to follow each ant separately, I saw them approach each other, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity: with their fore-feet they patted lightly the cheeks of other ants: after these first gestures, which resembled caresses, they reared upon their hind-legs by pairs, they wrestled together, they seized one another by a mandible, by a leg or antennæ, they then let go their hold to renew the attack; they fixed themselves to each other's trunk or abdomen, they embraced, they turned each other over, or lifted each other up by turns: they soon quitted the ants they had seized, and endeavoured to catch others. I have seen some which engaged in these exercises with such eagerness, as to pursue successively several workers; and the combat did not terminate till the least animated, having thrown his antagonist, accomplished his escape by concealing himself in some gallery."

The idea of amusement carries along with it a sense of affection and attachment. It has been said that no man is hopelessly bad who can laugh; the proposition may be farther generalised by affirming that no creature capable of indulging in harmless sport can be wanting in love towards others of its kind. We may therefore expect among ants not only expressions of affection, but acts of generosity, if we may be allowed thus far to humanise their conduct. "Whether ants," says Mr Kirby, "with man and some of the larger animals, experience anything like attachment to individuals, is not easily ascertained; but that they feel the full force of the sentiment which we term patriotism, or the love of the community to which they belong, is evident from the whole series of their proceedings, which all tend to promote the general good. Distress or difficulty falling upon any member of their society generally excites their sympathy, and they do their utmost to relieve it. M. Latreille once cut off the antennæ of an ant; and its companions, evidently pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from their mouth: and whoever attends to what is going forward in the neighbourhood of one of their nests, will be pleased to observe the readiness with which they seem disposed to assist each other in difficulties. When a burden is too heavy for one, another will soon come to ease it of part of the weight; and if one is threatened with an attack, all hasten to the spot to join in repelling it.

"The satisfaction they express at meeting after absence is very striking, and gives some degree of individuality to their attachment. M. Huber witnessed the gesticulations of some ants, originally belonging to the same nest, that, having been entirely separated from each other four months, were afterwards brought together. Though this was equal to one-fourth of their existence as perfect insects, they immediately recognised each other, saluted mutually with their antennæ, and united once more to form one family."

They are also ever intent to promote each other's welfare, and ready to share with their absent companions any good thing they may meet with. Those that go abroad feed those which remain in the nest; and if they discover any stock of favourite food, they inform the whole community, as we have seen above, and teach them the way to it. Huber, for a particular reason, having produced heat, by means of a flambeau, in a certain part of an artificial formicary, the ants which happened to be in that quarter, after enjoying it for a time, hastened to convey the welcome intelligence to their compatriots, whom they even carried suspended upon their jaws (their usual mode of transporting each other) to the spot, till hundreds might be seen thus laden with their friends. "These observations," he continues, "and many others, which I shall not now mention, by showing what interest the ants take in the welfare of their companions, bring to mind those ideal republics in which all wealth should be general, public interest serving as a rule of conduct for the citizens. It belonged only to Nature to realise this chimera, and it is only among insects, exempt from our passions, that she thought she could establish this order of things."

THEIR WARS AND SLAVERY.

But if they warmly love, so can they fiercely hate: their hatred generally terminating in the death of either combatant. The members of different communities often fall out and attack each other, tearing off legs and antennæ with their powerful jaws, and ejecting their poison, which seems to be as painful to their own kind as to other animals. A combat between two hostile communities is thus graphically described by the same authority:

—"Figure to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The whole space, which separates them for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about two or three square feet in dimensions; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are here lying dead, covered with venom; others, composing groups and chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in contrary directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind-legs, mutually spirt their acid, then closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable, till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn, the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till, violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored."

After such combats, the slain are generally devoured, just as the strong often devour the sickly and dying of their own community. As to their taking captives for the purpose of enslaving them, we greatly doubt; indeed, from what we ourselves have witnessed, the captives are merely dragged away like any other insect of which they intend to make a meal. To the subject of ant slavery M. Huber devotes a considerable portion of his treatise, agreeing with us that adult ants are never made slaves of, but that the slaves are the produce of larvæ which have been pilfered from other nests. As he is the only author who has made this subject his special care, we are not in a position to contravert his statements; though we have reason to believe that, when the ants of one nest carry off the larvæ of another, it is not for the object of securing a stock of slaves, but merely for the present gratification of that instinct which teaches them to bear unconquerable love to their young. That in this manner mixed communities of ants arise, there can be no doubt; but whether the black ants, for example, found in the nests of the Amazons, act as the slaves of the latter—building, nursing, and foraging for them—rests entirely upon Huber's assertion. We are inclined to regard such mixed communities as accidental; he considers them as the result of design on the part of one class to enslave another. "The ash-coloured and mining ants," says he, "are to be considered, then, as the negroes of the Amazons: it is from among them the latter procure slaves; they kidnap them at an age when their instinct is not developed; and these insects, on being brought up by the Amazons, divide with them the fruit of their industry. Can we sufficiently admire the prudence and wisdom these insects display in the establishment of such an institution! We here trace neither servitude nor oppression; nor do the ants themselves, taken from perhaps twenty different dwellings, entertain the slightest suspicion of their being in a foreign nest: they live under the same roof in brotherly and sisterly union, and if they regard the Amazons, it is but to show them greater attention. Nature, profound in her combinations, seems fully aware that old ants would never live sociably with those of another species; but that young ants may, especially if they have been accustomed in early life to see and receive from them some attention. She seems also aware that no aversion is excited in the breasts of those which witness their birth. It is in this way she has instituted mixed or compound ant-hills; it is on this account the Amazons in their expeditions never carry off adult ants, only larvæ and pupæ; for the same reason they never seek the destruction of their enemies, their only aim being to steal from them their little ones." If this be true, the most practised slave-dealer could not do more: it is instinct as acute as human intelligence.

Equally wonderful with their slave-making propensities is the statement, that they make milk-kine, as it were, of the aphides—those little insects which deposit the honey-dew on the leaves of trees in summer and autumn. Ants are, it is true, excessively fond of sweets, and the honey-dew on the thorn, beech, and other trees, is greedily sought after. But for the assertion that they guard, or enclose, or tend the aphides as kine, we have never been able to find the slightest foundation. If a leaf be covered with plenty of honey-dew, an ant will regale itself without the least notice of the passing aphides; it will even walk over them in search of the delicious morsel. If, on the other hand, the honey-dew be scanty, and a stray aphis come in the way of an ant, the latter will touch it with its antennæ; and the former, on being disturbed, generally drops some of its liquid. This, however, it does as readily when touched with a piece of twig; so that when it drops its sweets on being palped by the ant, it is merely following a natural habit.

Huber, on the contrary, is of opinion that the aphides understand the wishes of the ants, dropping their fluid, in fact, as a cow yields the contents of her udder to the milkmaid. More than this: he maintains that they guard and enclose them on certain plants; that they collect them as their domestic animals in their nests; and that they even cherish their eggs as they would their own larvæ. All this is so incredible, so human-like in conduct, that we believe Huber's enthusiasm has led him to give a wrong interpretation to a very common phenomenon. Here, however, are some of his singular statements:—"The ants know full well the value of these little animals, which, it would appear, had been created for them; they constitute their sole wealth, an ant-hill being more or less rich as it is more or less provided with aphides; they are, in fact, their cattle, their cows, their goats, &c. Who could have imagined that the ants were a pastoral tribe! But a question here presents itself of some interest. Do the pucerons (aphides), which I have constantly found in nests of this species, come of their own free will to reside there, or are they brought thither by the ants? The latter appears to me most probable; for the ants are in the habit of carrying them continually from place to place, and are the individuals which receive all the advantages attending this relation. I am strongly inclined to believe that the yellow ants, and all those which are endowed with the same industry, go in search of these insects through the subterranean galleries they have formed between the roots; that they find them scattered among the grass, and bring them to the nest. I cannot conceive, if this be not the case, why there should be so many of these insects in ant-hills, for they are not equally common elsewhere. I have seldom discovered them under the grass but they were surrounded by yellow ants, which arrive at their haunts by subterranean passages, and which probably convey them to their nest in the autumn. They often seized upon them in my presence, and withdrew with them by some obscure path, which proves that these insects are at their complete disposal.

"Four or five species of ants keep pucerons in their abode; but less constantly, and in much smaller number, than the yellow ants, as they obtain a portion of their subsistence from those inhabiting trees. There are some which reach the branches, loaded with these insects, under a covered way of earth, leading directly from their nest. Here the ants are as well furnished with food as if they kept the pucerons in their own dwelling; and as often as they wish to bring these insects to their nest, they can accomplish it without the knowledge of other ants, and without incurring any risk. The red, the brown, the turf ant, and another species, excessively small, are always, during autumn, winter, and spring, in the possession of pucerons. The pucerons, then, are the domestic animals of the ants; the latter collect these insects around them, as we collect those animals which administer to our wants near the habitation in which we reside. The animals which are subject to our control know the voice of man; the pucerons understand, as it should seem, the language of ants, and furnish them with their aliment unconstrained." Nay, what is even more startling, it is affirmed that the ants construct paddocks for these insects, to which they convey them when the weather is favourable!

Such is a hasty picture of ant life in all its phases of toil, industry, perseverance, sagacity, courage, love, hatred, harmony, and amusement.

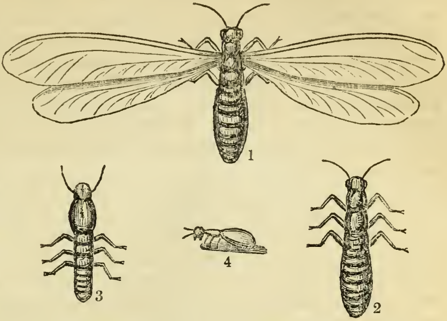
TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

Though vulgarly known by the title of "ants," these insects belong to an entirely different family.* They are *neuropterous* insects; that is, have four wings, in which the nervures or veins are boldly marked, giving to them, when viewed under the microscope, the appearance of the most beautiful network. They have received their common appellation from the similarity which exists between their economy and that of the true ants, or *Formicidæ;* namely, their living in communities, constructing hills or turrets, carefully tending their young, and being composed of males, females, and neuters. We have various passing notices by travellers of these insects, but none so complete as that of Smeathman's, of which our account may be considered as an abridgment. The termites are found in both the Indies, in Africa, and in South America, where they do vast damage, in consequence of their eating and perforating wooden buildings, utensils, furniture, and indeed all kinds of household stuff, which are utterly destroyed by them if not timely prevented. Though thus partial to vegetable food, they are, like the ants, omnivorous; and are equally capable of inflicting with their jaws very painful wounds. With the exception of their head and pincers, the termites are soft, and covered with a thin delicate skin; and in this respect also they differ from ants, which have a tough and strong integument throughout.

The termite communities consist of three orders: first, the working neuters or young; secondly, the soldiers or full-grown neuters; and thirdly, the perfect males and females, which at certain seasons are furnished with wings. The workers are by far the most numerous; and, in their perfect state, are about a quarter of an inch in length. On them depends the labours of the community, the building, foraging, and nursing. The soldiers, or fighters, are few in comparison, perhaps as one to a hundred of the labourers; but they are many times larger, and armed with sharper and more formidable jaws. Their duties are confined chiefly to watching the approaches of the hill, and defending them against the approach of insect enemies. The perfect sexes are much larger than either, and are furnished with four large brown transparent wings, by which they are enabled, at the proper season, to engage on those aërial excursions necessary to the propagation of their kind. They are described as being about three quarters of an inch in length, and bulky in proportion. Instead of active, industrious, and rapacious little animals, the perfect sexes are innocent, helpless, and dastardly. At the breeding season their numbers are sometimes prodigious; but their enemies are still more numerous. They are devoured by birds, by reptiles, by the ant-eaters, and even by the inhabitants of many parts of Africa. None, perhaps, of the males survive their aërial life, and few comparatively of the females, which, on falling to the ground, are found by some of the labouring insects that are continually running about, and thus made queens and mothers of new communities. Before laying her eggs, which amount to some hundred thousands, the queen-mother becomes enormously distended, and is sometimes found to measure three or four inches in length, the abdomen being then of an oblong irregular form. In times of scarcity the Hottentots feast upon these eggs, which they call Rice, on account of their resemblance to that grain. They usually wash them, and cook them with a small quantity of water, declaring that they are savoury and nourishing. "If the people," says Mr Backhouse in his recent travels, "find out a place where the nests are numerous, they soon become fat upon the eggs, even when previously much reduced by hunger. Sometimes they will get half a bushel out of a single nest."

---

* The *Termitidæ* constitute the third family of the *Neuroptera*, and only resemble the *Formicidæ* in their habit of living in societies. The species, which are very numerous, chiefly inhabit tropical countries, there being only one or two small tree species found in the south of Europe, under the name of wood-lice. The death-watch (*Termes pulsatorius*), an insect which inhabits the wood-work of old apartments, and whose regular beatings (like those of a watch) have given rise to a very common superstition, belongs also to this family.



1. and 2. Perfect termites; 3. Soldier; 4. Worker.

There are many known species of termite, differing from each other as widely as the ants do, both in their natures and habits.

Some build irregular conical hills of eight, ten, or twelve feet in height; others erect a sort of cylindrical turret with a pointed roof; and many live on trees, in the clefts of which they construct habitations as large as a hogshead. One of the best known species is the warlike termite (*Termes bellicosus*), found all over Africa, whose economy may be taken as a type of that of the whole family. The hills of this species are composed of an exterior and an interior part. The exterior cover is a large clay shell, shaped like a dome, of strength and magnitude sufficient to enclose and protect the interior building from the injuries of the weather, and to defend its numerous inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. These hills make their first appearance in the form of conical turrets about a foot high. In a short time the insects erect at a little distance other turrets, and go on increasing their number and widening their bases, till their underworks are entirely covered with these turrets, which the animals always raise highest in the middle of the hill; and, by filling up the intervals between each, they collect them at last into one great dome. (See cut at the head of the present article.)

The royal chamber, as Mr Smeathman calls it, is always situated as near the centre of the building as possible, and is generally on a level with the common surface of the ground. It is nearly in the shape of half an egg, or an obtuse oval within, and may be supposed to represent a long oven. In the infant state of the colony, it is not above an inch in length; but in time it becomes increased to six or eight inches, or more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, who, increasing in bulk as in age, at length requires a chamber of such dimensions.

As the entrances into this royal chamber admit no animals larger than the labourers or soldiers, of course the king and queen can never possibly get out. This chamber is surrounded by an innumerable quantity of others, of different sizes, figures, and dimensions; all of them arched either in a circular or an elliptical form. These chambers either open into each other, or have communicating passages, which, being always clear, are evidently intended for the convenience of the soldiers and attendants, of whom great numbers are necessary. The latter apartments are joined by the magazines and nurseries.

The magazines are chambers of clay, and are at all times well stored with provisions, which, to the naked eye, seem to consist of the raspings of wood and plants; but, when examined by the microscope, they are found to consist chiefly of the gums or inspissated juices of plants, thrown together in small irregular masses. The nurseries are always intermixed with the magazines, and are buildings totally different from the rest of the apartment. These are composed entirely of wooden materials, which seem to be cemented with gums. They are invariably occupied by the eggs, and the young, which first appear in the shape of labourers. These buildings are exceedingly compact, and are divided into a number of small irregular-shaped chambers, not one of which is half an inch wide. They are placed all round, and as near as possible to the royal apartments. When a nest is in an infant state, the nurseries are close to the royal apartment. But as in process of time the body of the queen enlarges, it becomes necessary, for her accommodation, to augment the dimensions of her chamber. She then likewise lays a greater number of eggs, and requires more attendants; of course it is necessary that both the number and dimensions of the adjacent apartments should be augmented. For this purpose the small first-built nurseries are taken to pieces, rebuilt a little farther off, and made a size larger, and their number at the same time is increased. Thus the animals are continually employed in pulling down, repairing, or rebuilding their apartments; and these operations they perform with wonderful sagacity, regularity, and foresight.

In and around these habitations the workers and soldiers are continually bustling; but, what is remarkable, they seldom expose themselves to the open air, but travel under-ground, or within such trees or substances as they destroy. It is this habit which renders them so destructive in any inhabited district, as they eat their way into every post, pillar, and rafter, leaving nothing but a frail film outside, which in time breaks down under the slightest pressure. They are not less expeditious in destroying the shelves, wainscoting, and other fixtures of a house, than the house itself. They are ever piercing and boring in all directions, and sometimes go out of the broadside of one post into that of another joining to it; but they prefer, and always destroy, the softer substances first, and are particularly fond of pine and fir boards, which they excavate, and carry away with wonderful despatch and cunning. When they attack trees and branches in the open air, they sometimes vary their manner of doing it. If a stake in a hedge has not taken root and vegetated, it becomes their business to destroy it; if it has a good sound bark round it, they will enter at the bottom, and eat all but the bark, which will remain, and exhibit the appearance of a solid post; but if they cannot trust the bark, they cover the whole stick with their mortar, to give it stability. Under this covering they work, leaving no more of the stick and bark than is barely sufficient to support it, and frequently not the smallest particle; so that, upon a very small tap with your walking-stick, the whole stake, though it looked sound and strong, will crumble into a thousand fragments.

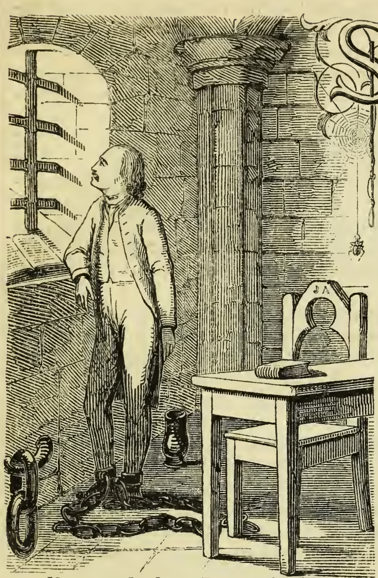
Unlike the ants, they do not wage war upon each other; but they are frequently, if found above ground, engaged in combats with these insects. Though possessing very powerful mandibles, they are not a match for the ants, which soon pierce their soft bodies, and carry them off as venison to their hills. The great annoyance which they give to travellers is undoubtedly exaggerated. If their habitations are attacked, they will certainly rush out, and defend them by biting everything that comes in their way; but they act purely on the defensive, and avoid the open day as much as possible. Their bite is sufficient to draw blood, but it has none of the irritating qualities of the ant's bite, as the termites do not secrete any poisonous liquid.

CONCLUSION.

We have thus given, as fully as the limits of our sheet will permit, a sketch of the ant and termite families; and brief as the sketch necessarily is, it may assist in giving more correct notions of these insects than are generally entertained. The reader will not now confound the one family with the other; he will not ascribe to the ants of Europe, at least, the foresight of laying up stores for winter, nor the sagacity of nibbling off the points of the fancied grain to prevent it from sprouting; and he will not be over-credulous of stories told of their wisdom—a wisdom which, according to such stories, is equal to domesticating other insects for their use, or enslaving them for their pleasure.

As to the utility of ants and termites in the scheme of creation, their vast numbers and wide distribution are ample evidences, though of an indirect kind. They act as scavengers, in clearing away much waste vegetable and animal matter; and furnish in return abundance of food to other creatures. The anteater, a small quadruped of Southern Africa, derives its food solely from this source; many birds, as the woodpecker, devour them with avidity; and that curious insect, the ant-lion, has derived its name from the manner in which it lies in wait for its prey. That ants, in their turn, are highly destructive of other insects, is shown by the ingenious device of the Swiss, who clear fruit-trees of caterpillars and vermin by emptying a bag of ants on the branches, and retaining them there, encircling the trunk with a ring of wet clay, so as to prevent their escape to the ground. That they are not in any degree prejudicial to the products of human industry, has already been stated. Their larvæ are sometimes gathered as favourite food for caged birds; and formic acid, at one time used in medicine, is a product obtainable from them alone. The termites, however, are not so harmless, and may be considered as one of those obstacles in the way of the human race which nature has left for their ingenuity and industry to remove. But whatever the advantages or disadvantages which may arise to the comfort of man from these insect families, it has not lessened the interest with which he has ever regarded the activity, regularity, industry, and harmony of their tiny communities.

STORY OF SILVIO PELLICO.



SILVIO PELLICO, the story of whose wrongs has created a sympathising interest over Europe, was born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, a province of the Italian kingdom of Sardinia, in 1789, at which time his father, Honorato Pellico, held a situation in the post-office. He was afterwards promoted to a seat in the ministry of war at Turin, to which place he removed with his family. Silvio was at that time six years of age, and had already given token of his poetical feelings. Ossian was the bard to whom his earliest years were consecrated. In his sixteenth year he accompanied his twin sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, to Lyons in France, where he remained until some verses of Foscolo, the most eminent of modern Italian poets, awakened in his breast so passionate a reminiscence of his native country, that he hastened towards it, and rejoined his father, then settled at Milan. The latter was in the war department, under the government of Napoleon, as king of Italy. The restoration of Lombardy to the emperor of Austria on the overthrow of Bonaparte, displaced Honorato Pellico, who then returned to Turin, accompanied by all his family, excepting Silvio, who preferred remaining at Milan.

Young Silvio, with a poetic temperament and love of letters, had formed an intimacy with Monti, Foscolo, and other eminent literary characters residing in Milan, the whole forming a brilliant society, who sighed over the abased condition of the country under a foreign yoke. Silvio himself became known as the author of a tragedy, which was acted in all the theatres of Italy with the highest applause, and is stated to have been translated into English by Lord Byron, though not published amongst his works. Pellico had become acquainted with Byron at Milan, and partaking the admiration, which was felt in Italy and Germany much more intensely than in Britain, for the poems of that noble personage, he translated into Italian prose the poetical drama of Manfred. Upon presenting it to Byron, the latter expressed his surprise that he should have turned a poem into prose; and as Pellico maintained it was impossible to translate it properly into poetry, Byron presented to him, upon a subsequent meeting, his own tragedy in an English poetical dress, as a practical refutation of his opinion.

The great acquirements of Pellico, and his amiable and pleasing manners, rendered his society much sought after in Milan. The Count Briche committed to his care one of his sons, and subsequently he became tutor to the sons of Count Porro Lambertenghi, one of the wealthiest of the Lombardian nobility, in whose house he associated with persons of the first distinction. With the Count Porro himself he was united in the closest friendship.

Distressed with the general want of enlightenment among the people, and conceiving that the establishment of a literary and scientific journal might improve the public mind, Silvio, in 1819, broached the idea to Porro and some of his literary companions. All were delighted with it; Count Porro advanced the funds necessary for the purpose, and the plan was put in execution. The journal was called *The Conciliator*, and had for contributors men of the greatest eminence in Italy. Besides those resident in Milan, were Romagnosi of Venice, a celebrated jurisconsult; Melchior Gioja, a political economist; Manzoni, at once a poet and prose writer of the first order; Grossi, the author of *Ildegonda;* and Brechet. Maroncelli, fated to be Pellico's future companion in captivity, was also one of the contributors.

The press was under the strictest censorship. The Austrian government seemed to tremble at the least symptom of liberality of opinion. *The Conciliator* was soon exposed to the corrections of the censor. Though politics were not discussed, the liberal tone of some of its articles on literature was offensive. They were erased, and the journal went forth with half its columns blank. It was therefore given up.

In 1820 the unfortunate revolution of Naples took place. The jealous government of Austria had its fears more than ever excited. A proclamation was issued, attaching the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. The party in Italy, whose object it was to cast off the galling yoke of foreigners, was styled that of the *Carbonari*, for the suppression of whom every Italian government diligently laboured. The emperor of Austria was not in the rear: numberless arrests were made, upon the merest suspicion of disaffection, throughout what he designated "The Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom." Two distinguished citizens of Milan were exposed to the jealousy of the government, from the enlightened efforts they had made for the improvement of their country. These were the Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who appropriated a great part of their possessions to the truly patriotic designs of founding infant and other schools, of promoting the arts, and of introducing into Italy the great discoveries of modern times. Confalonieri visited Paris and London to study the modes of instruction in the schools of France and England, in order to institute them in Italy. He also sent from London the necessary apparatus for the manufacture of gas, for lighting the streets of Milan, the expense of which he and Porro bore jointly. They also, in conjunction with Alexander Visconti, constructed the first steamboat which appeared in Italy. These were the exertions that rendered them objects of hatred and suspicion to the Austrians. The contributors to *The Conciliator*, established at the expense of Porro, were also looked upon with an evil eye. Orders for the arrest of them all were issued. Porro was the only person who escaped, by a timely flight into a foreign country. Confalonieri was taken from a sick-bed, and the arms of an affectionate wife. Pellico and the others were all arrested. Alas! poor Pellico. Let us follow him to prison, and hear him tell the story of his sufferings.*

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

On Friday the 13th of October 1820 I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita—formerly a convent, and now the head office of the extensive police establishment. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, after an examination, I was consigned to the charge of the jailer, who, having conducted me to the apartment destined for me, politely invited me to deliver into his hands, to be restored at the fitting time, my watch, purse, and anything else I might have in my pockets; which having obtained, he with some ceremony wished me good evening.

In less than half an hour my dinner arrived; I ate a few mouthfuls, drank a glass of water, and was left alone. My room was on the ground, and opened on a courtyard, with cells all around, cells on the right and on the left, opposite and above me. I leaned against the window, and stood some time listening to the tramp of the jailers as they went to and fro, and to the dissolute songs of some of the prisoners.

I fell into reflection: a century ago, this prison was a nunnery. Could the holy penitents who inhabited it have ever believed that a day would come when their chambers would resound no longer with the prayers and lamentations of devout women, but with blasphemies and detestable ribaldry, and would hold within them the refuse of society—wretches destined to the hulks or the gallows? And in another century, who will breathe in these cells? Alas for the swiftness of time, and the instability of things! Should any one complain that fortune ceases to smile upon him, or grieve that he is cast into a prison and threatened with the gibbet? But yesterday I was one of the happiest of men! to-day I have lost everything that conduced to the joy of my existence—liberty, friends, hope! It would be absurd to delude myself. I leave this place only for a dungeon more horrible, or for the hands of the executioner. Be it so! When I am dead it will signify little whether I yielded my last sigh in a dungeon, or am borne to the tomb in all the grandeur of funereal pomp.

---

* What follows is an abridgment of Pellico's narrative, translated from the original Italian.

It was thus my mind found strength in thinking of the inexorable sweep of time; but shortly the remembrance of my father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers, and of a family which I loved as tenderly as if it were my own, came to assail me, and the arguments of philosophy were powerless. Tenderer thoughts came over me, and I wept like a child.

During the night I slept a little. I became gradually resigned to my unhappy fate. Towards morning my agitation was calmed, and I was astonished at the change. I yet thought upon my parents, and upon all those whom I loved; but I no longer despaired of their strength of mind: the recollection of those virtuous sentiments which I had known sustain them in previous calamities, consoled me on their behalf.

In the course of the day which followed I was again called to an examination; and it was renewed during several successive days, without any other interval than that allowed for my meals.

Whilst the process thus continued, the days passed rapidly, owing to the constant exercise in which my mind was kept, from the necessity of answering, without intermission, the most varied questions, and of collecting my energies during the intervals of the examination in recalling all that had been asked of me, what answers I had given, and in reflecting upon all those things upon which I would probably be next interrogated.

At the end of the first week a most cruel misfortune happened to me. My poor friend Piero, equally eager with myself to establish a communication between us, wrote me a letter, and sent it, not by a *secondino* (officer of the prison), but by an unfortunate prisoner who was employed in performing services in our rooms. He was a man of from sixty to seventy years of age, condemned to I know not how many months of imprisonment. With a needle which I had, I pricked my finger and wrote a few lines in reply with my blood, which I gave to the messenger. He had the misfortune to be observed, was seized with the note upon him, and, if I am not mistaken, scourged. I heard frightful cries, which struck me as coming from the poor old man. I never saw him afterwards.

Called to the bar, I shuddered at having presented to me my little letter covered with blood, although, thanks to Heaven, it contained no dangerous matter, for there were only a few words of friendly salutation. I was asked with what I had drawn blood. The needle was taken from me, and the ruffians laughed in derision. But I could not laugh! I could not forget the countenance of the old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment to have procured his pardon; and when I heard those cries, which I believed were his, my heart was dissolved in tears.

It was in vain that I repeatedly asked the jailer and his *secondini* after him. They shook their heads, and said, "He has paid dearly for his fault; he will not do the like again; he is now somewhat more quiet." And they refused to give any further explanation. Did they refer by that to the narrow prison in which the wretched man was confined, or did they mean that he had died under the blows inflicted upon him, or from the consequences of those blows?

One day I thought I saw him beyond the courtyard beneath the portico with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother. When I had no longer to undergo the torment of answering interrogatories, and there was nothing to occupy the day, I found in all its bitterness the weight of solitude.

I was allowed to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; the jailer placed his whole library at my disposition, which contained some romances by Scuderi, Piazzi, and others worse than they; but my mind was too agitated to devote itself to reading anything. I got by heart every day a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, in pursuing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. It was the same when I read any other thing, except at certain passages of the Bible, which deeply affected my feelings, and inspired me with fortitude and resignation. To live free is a thing infinitely more pleasant than to live in prison; and yet even in the gloom of a prison, when one reflects that God is present, that the joys of this world are transitory, that true happiness consists in a good conscience, and not in exterior objects, there is a charm in living. In less than a month I resigned myself to my fate with a tranquillity which, if not perfect, was at least tolerable. I was aware that, being resolved not to commit the infamous action of purchasing impunity by the destruction of others, my lot could be no other than the gibbet or a long imprisonment. It behoved me, therefore, to conform to destiny: I will breathe, said I, as long as they grant me a puff of air; and when they take it away, I will do what all others do at the last gasp—I will die.

I did all in my power to be satisfied with everything, and to let my mind have all possible enjoyment. My most ordinary plan consisted in making the enumeration of the advantages which had brightened my existence: an excellent father, an excellent mother, excellent brothers and sisters, such and such for friends, a good education, a love of letters, &c.; who had had more happiness than I? Why not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune! Sometimes, in making this enumeration, I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment; but my courage and my satisfaction soon returned.

During the first days I had made a friend: it was not the jailer, nor any of his *secondini*, nor any of those conducting my process. I speak, nevertheless, of a human creature. Who was it, then? A deaf and dumb child of from five to six years old. The father and the mother were felons, and the law had disposed of them. The unfortunate little orphan was reared by the state with several other children in the same condition. They all lived together in one room opposite mine, and at certain hours their door was opened, and they came out to take the air in the courtyard.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window, smiled at me, and made some gesticulations. I threw to him a lump of bread; he took it up, made a few gambols from joy, ran to his companions, gave some to all, and came afterwards to eat his small portion close to my window, expressing to me his gratitude with a smile from his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but durst not approach. The deaf and dumb one had a great sympathy for me, which was sufficiently disinterested. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the bread I threw to him, and he made signs to me that he and his comrades had eaten enough, and could not swallow any more. If he saw a *secondino* going into my room, he gave him the bread that he might restore it to me.

Yet although he expected nothing from me, he continued to play before my window with a grace perfectly delightful, placing his happiness upon being seen by me. Once a *secondino* permitted him to enter my prison. The boy had no sooner entered than he ran to me to embrace my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and I cannot describe the transports with which he caressed me. How much love was there in that dear little breast! How I should have wished to educate him, and to have saved him from his abject state!

I never knew his name; he himself did not know he had one. He was always cheerful, and I never saw him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not wherefore, by the jailer. Strange! we look upon it as the height of misfortune to live in such places, and yet this child found certainly as much happiness there, as could the son of a prince at his age.

In the solitude of my dungeon, and with a yearning desire for something to love, I looked forward with pleasure to my intercourse with the poor child; but I was doomed to disappointment. One day I was removed to a cell on the opposite side of the courtyard, but, alas! no longer on the ground-floor, no longer in a place where it was possible for me to converse with my little mute. Traversing the court, I saw the dear child seated on the ground, terrified and sad. He had comprehended he was about to lose me. In a moment he sprang up and ran towards me: the *secondini* wished to remove him: I took him in my arms, and, dirty as he was, embraced him with affection, and separated from him—shall I say it?—with my eyes full of tears.

In my new chamber, so gloomy and so unclean, deprived of the companionship of my little mute, I was overpowered by sadness. I remained several hours at the window, which opened upon a gallery, and whence I could see the bottom of the courtyard and the window of my former lodging. Who, then, had replaced me there? I saw a prisoner walking up and down with the rapid step of a person highly agitated. Two or three days after, I saw that they had given him writing materials, and then he remained all the day at his table.

At last I recognised him. He issued from his chamber in company with the jailer, and went to the examination. It was Melchior Gioja, an amiable man, and the most profound thinker that the economical sciences have had in Italy in these latter times. My heart was seized with agony. And thou, too, worthy man, art here!

After spending some time in looking at him, in speculating, from his movements, whether his mind was calm or agitated, in giving him my best wishes, I found myself more fortified, more rich in ideas, more contented with myself. This shows that the appearance even of a human creature for whom one experiences a sympathy, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. Such a benefit I had first received from a poor dumb boy; at present I experienced it from the distant view of a man of great merit.

Some *secondini* told him, doubtless, where I was. One morning, in opening his window, he waved his handkerchief as a salutation to me; I used the same signal to reply to him. Oh! what joy filled my bosom at that moment! It appeared that all distance was annihilated—that we were together: my heart beat like a lover's when he meets his mistress; we gesticulated without comprehending each other, and with the same vivacity as if we were perfectly conscious of each other's meaning. In reality we did understand one another; those gestures expressed all that our souls felt, and the one was not ignorant of what was passing in the mind of the other.

Oh what consolation this intercourse seemed to promise me for the future! The future came; but our signals were not repeated! Every time that I again saw Gioja at the window I waved my kerchief, but in vain! The *secondino* told me that he had been commanded not to provoke my signals, or to reply to them. Nevertheless, he looked at me frequently, and I as frequently at him; and we thus knew how to say a good many things to each other. In a few weeks I was consoled in knowing that the worthy man had been set at liberty. [He is since dead.]

One morning an official who had taken down my examination entered my cell, and announced to me, with some mystery, that I should prepare myself for a visit which would be agreeable to me; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me, he said, "It is your father; be good enough to follow me." I followed him into the office, agitated with joy and tenderness, and striving to preserve a serene air, to tranquillise my father.

When he learned my arrest, he hoped that it had taken place from suspicions of little importance, and that I should soon regain my liberty; but seeing that my captivity was prolonged, he solicited the Austrian government for my discharge. Deplorable illusion of paternal love! My father could not conceive me rash enough to expose myself to the vengeance of the laws; and the studied contentment with which I spoke to him, convinced him that I was under no apprehension of evil.

The short conversation which was allowed us agitated me more than I can tell, so much the more, that I compelled myself to repress every symptom of it. The most difficult task was to conceal it when the moment of separation came.

In the circumstances of Italy at that period, I was convinced that Austria would make examples with extraordinary rigour, and that I should be doomed to death or to a long imprisonment. To conceal this conviction from a father, to flatter him with the hope of my approaching liberty, to refrain from tears whilst embracing him, or talking of my mother, my brothers, my sisters, whom I thought at least I should never see again in this world; to beseech him, without my voice being choked with sobs, to return to see me if he were able. Oh never, never did I do myself such violence!

He quitted me, almost consoled, and I returned to my prison with my heart torn. Scarcely did I find myself alone, than I endeavoured to ease my emotions by abandoning myself to tears: this relief was denied me. I burst into sobs, but could not shed a tear. Not being able to weep in excessive grief is the most deplorable of misfortunes, and it is what I have often suffered.

I was seized with a burning fever, accompanied by a horrible headache. I could not swallow during the whole day a mouthful of soup. Next day I had recovered my fortitude, and my feelings were more composed.

On New-year's Day 1821, the Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The close and tender friendship which united us, the numberless things we wished to say to each other, the obstacle which the presence of an officer presented to the overflowing of our minds, the short period which was allowed us to be together, the gloomy presentiments which oppressed me, the mutual efforts we made to appear tranquil—there was in all these things enough to raise in my heart a terrible tempest. Severed from a friend so dear, I felt myself calm; much affected, but still calm. Such is the efficacy of precautions against strong emotions!

IMPRISONMENT AT VENICE.

Nothing remarkable occurred until the night between the 18th and 19th of February, when I was awakened by the noise of bolts and keys, and I saw several men enter with a lantern. My first idea was, that they had come to murder me; but whilst I was looking at them with anxiety, I saw advancing towards me the Count B——, who politely requested me to take the trouble of dressing myself as quickly as possible, with a view to an immediate departure.

This intimation surprised me, and I was foolish enough to hope that they were going to conduct me to the frontiers of Piedmont. Was it possible that so threatening a storm should thus be dissipated?—that I should again enjoy the sweets of liberty?—that I should once more embrace my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters?

Such delusions agitated me a few moments. I dressed in haste, and followed my companions. "Where are we going?" said I to the count, as I got into a carriage with him and an officer of gendarmerie.

"I cannot tell you until we are a mile beyond Milan," he replied. I did not speak. It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone serenely. I looked upon those well-known streets, which I had traversed for so many years in happiness; upon the houses and the churches. All brought back to me a thousand sweet recollections!

The public gardens, where I had so often walked with Monti, Ludovico di Breme, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his sons, and with others who were dear to me, conversing full of life and hope—alas! as I looked upon them for the last time, as we drove rapidly past, I felt that I had loved them, and loved them still! As we went out of the eastern gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

I allowed more than a mile to be passed, when I said to the Count B——, "I suppose we are going to Verona?" "A good deal farther," answered he; "we are going to Venice, where I have to consign you to a special commission."

We travelled without stopping, and on the 20th of February we reached Venice. In the month of September of the preceding year, a month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and had dined with a numerous and joyful company at the Hotel "della Luna." It was strange enough that the count and the gendarme conducted me to that very same hotel.

A servant of the hotel trembled when he recognised me, and perceived that I was in the hands of the police, in spite of the disguise assumed by the gendarme and his satellites, who were dressed as servants. I was glad at this meeting, for I was sure the servant would inform several persons of my arrival.

We dined, after which I was conducted to the palace of the doge, where the tribunals now sit. On arriving at the palace, the count delivered me over to the jailer, and in taking leave of me, embraced me with emotion.

I followed the jailer in silence. After having traversed several galleries and rooms, we reached a small stair which led us under the *Leads*, celebrated as state prisons since the time of the Venetian republic. There the jailer took a note of my name, and shut me up in the chamber destined for me. The Leads are the highest part of the ancient palace of the doge, which is entirely covered with lead.

My room had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked upon the roof of the church of St Mark, also covered with lead. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the extremity of the Piazza, and on all sides an infinity of cupolas and steeples. The gigantic steeple of St Mark was only separated from me the length of the church, and I heard the people on the summit talking when they at all raised their voices. I could see also, on the left of the church, part of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances. In this part of the court was a public well, to which was a perpetual resort for water. But at the height I was, those whom I perceived below appeared like children, and I could only distinguish their words when they happened to shout. I thus found myself yet more solitary than in the prison of Milan.

For the first few days, the anxieties of the criminal process which was instituted against me by the special commission produced a degree of sadness, which was increased perhaps by the bitter sensation of more complete loneliness. I was, besides, at a greater distance from my family, and no longer received any tidings from them. The new faces which I saw did not create in me antipathy; but there was a seriousness upon them which caused me alarm. Report had exaggerated the plots of the Milanese, and the rest of Italy, to achieve independence: in their eyes I was doubtless one of the least worthy of pardon amongst the instigators of this frenzy. My slight literary celebrity was known to the jailer, to his wife, his daughter, his two sons, even to the two *secondini*. Who knows but they looked upon a maker of tragedies as a species of magician? They were grave, distrustful, eager to learn everything connected with me, but at the same time full of politeness.

After a certain period they were less reserved, and appeared good enough people. The woman was the best calculated to maintain the air and character of a jailer. Her visage was of a peculiarly harsh expression, bearing the marks of forty years or thereabouts; her words were few; and she gave no symptoms of benevolence but for her own sons.

She was accustomed to bring my coffee in the morning and after dinner, as well as water, linen, &c. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who was not pretty, but who had compassion in her looks, and by her two sons, of whom one was thirteen and the other ten. They retired, following their mother, and turned their young countenances mildly towards me as the door was closing. The jailer never entered my room except when he had to conduct me to the hall, where the commission met to interrogate me. The *secondini* rarely came, as they had to take charge of the prisons of the police, situated a storey below, where there were always plenty of robbers. One of these *secondini* was an old man of seventy years of age, but still quite fit for so fatiguing a life, which consists in running without relief from one cell to another, first up stairs and then down; the other was a young man, twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

My examinations were now renewed. I was distracted with the questions put to me, and the suspicions entertained of my motives. I should have been driven mad, but for the consolations of religion.

My loneliness in the meantime increased. The two sons of the jailer, who at first occasionally visited me, were sent to school, and remaining afterwards only a short time at home, came to see me no more. The mother and daughter, who, when the boys were there, often stopped to talk with me, appeared only to bring my coffee, and immediately retired. For the mother I cared little, as she did not show much compassion; but the daughter had a softness in her looks and words which was not without value to me. When she brought my coffee, and said, "I have made it myself," I was sure to find it excellent; when she said, "It is mamma's," it was hot water.

Seeing human creatures so rarely, I turned my attention to some ants which came upon my window, and I fed them so sumptuously, that they brought a whole army of their companions, and my window was soon filled. I occupied myself likewise with a spider, which spun its web on one of the walls; I gave it gnats and flies, and it became so familiar as to come upon my bed and into my hand to seize its prey.

Would that these insects had been the only ones to visit me! It was yet spring, and the gnats increased frightfully in numbers. The winter had been peculiarly mild, and after some winds in March, the heat came on. It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became: placed to the south under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St Mark, likewise of lead, the refraction was terrific. I could scarcely breathe. I had no idea of a heat so overpowering. To this torment, in itself so sufficient, were added such swarms of gnats, that if I made the least movement, and disturbed them, I was completely covered—the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and the attention is incessantly occupied in devising means to lessen the infliction, there is enough of suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.

When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt arise within me once more an inclination for suicide, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a voluptuous satisfaction in not being vanquished, in rising superior to every evil.

To strengthen and occupy my mind, I conceived the idea of committing my thoughts to writing. The misfortune was, that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had, and there I recorded every day my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the difficulty I experienced in breathing, from the excessive heat, and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the little animals from getting up the sleeves.

These meditations of mine took a biographical form. I composed the history of everything that had operated for good or for evil within me since my infancy. I discussed questions with myself, ascertained, as far as practicable, all my knowledge and all my ideas upon every matter.

When all the disposable surface of the table was covered with writing, I read and re-read, I meditated upon my own meditations; and at last I resolved (often with regret) to scratch out with the glass what I had written, so as to render the surface fit to receive the fresh impress of my thoughts. Thus I continued my history, often interrupted by digressions of all sorts, by an analysis of some point in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and when all was full, I recommenced reading, re-reading, and then effacing.

In order to avoid any impediment to my justly and freely accounting with myself for the facts which I recollected, and for my opinions, as well as to avert the consequences of any inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of jargon; that is to say, with transpositions of letters, and abbreviations, which were quite familiar to myself. However, no such visit was ever made to me, and no one had any idea that this sad period passed so tranquilly for me. When I heard the jailer or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand and the *legalised* quire of paper.

This quire had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. I wrote several literary works, dramatic and poetical.

As it was not easy for me to get, as promptly as I could wish, the supply of paper renewed when it was finished, I cast my first ideas in composition upon the table or the waste paper in which I had dried figs or other fruits brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the *secondini*, and persuading him that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me as a present a few sheets of paper. I availed myself of this scheme only when the table was already crammed with writing, and I could not prevail upon myself to erase it.

With these efforts at amusement the summer vanished. In the latter part of September the heat diminished. October came, and I rejoiced at having a room which in winter would be agreeable. But one morning the jailer came, and announced to me that he had received orders to change my abode.

Although I had suffered much in this chamber, I was sorry to quit it, not only because it would be comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. I, first of all, had those ants, which I loved and nourished with a solicitude which might be called paternal, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days previously, a spider which had become familiarised with me departed, I know not for what reason; but who knows, thought I, but it will remember me, and return? And now that I am going away, if it return, it will find the prison empty; or if it meet with a new host, he will be, perchance, an enemy to spiders, who will sweep away with his slipper this goodly web, and crush the poor animal.

The room they put me in was also under the Leads, but to the north and west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of horrible chillness in the winter months.

The window fronting the west was very large, that to the north small and high, and placed immediately above my bed.

I looked out at the first, and found that it opened upon the palace of the patriarch. Other cells were near mine in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. It was the Signor Caporali di Cesena. He saw me, made a sign to me, and we communicated to each other our names.

I wished afterwards to examine where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and saw myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city and the canal.

I stood enjoying this beautiful prospect, and hearing the door open, I did not stir. It was the jailer, who, seeing me in so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass, like a magician, through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and, in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a sciatica which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

"Do you not see," said I, "most stupid man, that the iron bars are here to prevent me escaping? Can you not comprehend that I have mounted here through curiosity?"

"I see, sir, I see; I understand; but come down, I pray you, come down: there is a great temptation to escape." So I descended, laughing.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six others detained for political causes. Thus, then, at the moment when I was preparing for a solitude more perfect than the past, I found myself in a sort of world, and was occasionally able to exchange words and signs of civility and compassion.

The month of October brought round a most cruel anniversary. I had been arrested on the 13th of that month the preceding year. Many recollections equally sad tormented me during this month. Two years before, also in October, a man of merit, whom I greatly esteemed, had been unfortunately drowned in the Ticino. Six years before, still in October, Odoardo Briche, a youth whom I loved as if he had been my son, had shot himself involuntarily. In my early youth, in an October, another heavy affliction had occurred to me. Although I am not superstitious, so fatal a concourse of bitter recollections springing from this month weighed upon my spirits.

I took up the pen to compose verses, or to follow some other literary bent, but an irresistible force seemed to compel me into another channel. Into what? Into writing long letters, which I could not send—long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured out my whole heart. I wrote them on the table, and then obliterated them. They were the warm expressions of my tenderness, of my recollections of the felicity I had enjoyed with my indulgent and affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. The love which drew me to them, inspired me with a thousand impassioned sentiments. And after writing hours and hours, there were always thoughts which remained for expression.

These recreations at length affected my mind, and in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother, or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and I was suddenly aroused, also sobbing and affrighted.

Sometimes, during these short hallucinations, I thought I heard my mother consoling the others, coming with them into my prison, and addressing to me solemn exhortations to resignation; and at the moment that I was rejoicing at her fortitude, and that of the others, she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can conceive how, at such times, my heart was lacerated.

At night, my imagination was excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or in ghosts, and yet now these groans and laughs terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power.

I often took the light, with a trembling hand, and looked under the bed, to see if no one were concealed there; and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed from my first chamber into this, because the latter had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all that I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me.

Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that I was pulled by the coat, sometimes that a hidden hand pushed away my book, until I saw it falling on the ground; sometimes that some one came behind me to blow out the candle. Then I started to my feet with precipitation, I looked around me, I trod with apprehension, and I asked myself if I were mad, or in my proper senses.

I know how absurd such aberrations of the mind appear to others, but to me, who have experienced them, they were so hurtful that I yet shudder at them.

In the morning they always vanished; and so long as the light of day lasted, I felt my mind so braced against these terrors, that I thought it impossible they should again pursue me. But when the sun set, I recommenced my trembling, and each night brought back the extravagant phantoms of its predecessors.

One morning, after coffee, I was seized with diarrhœa and vomitings. I thought I was poisoned, but it was only an effort of nature. After the attack had passed off, I found myself well, and the illusions that had haunted me disappeared.

On the 24th of November, Dr Foresti was removed from the prisons of the Leads, and taken I knew not whither. The jailer, his wife, and the *secondini*, were in terror, but none of them would explain to me the mystery. At length one of them told me that poor Foresti had been taken to the criminal prisons. The reader may imagine the agitation I was in all that day and the following night, and during several days, that I could learn no further intelligence.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length the sentences of a number of persons were made public; but no names were as yet given. Nine were condemned to death, but their sentence would perhaps be commuted into imprisonment for twenty years; others were to be imprisoned for fifteen (and in both cases they had to undergo their sentence in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia), and some for ten years at the least (these last in the fortress of Lubiana). Was I among the number who had been condemned to death? If the term of my existence is come, thought I, am I not more happy that it comes in a manner to allow me time to collect myself, and to purify my conscience by repentance? Judging with the vulgar, the gibbet is of all modes of death the worst. But, in the opinion of the wise, is not this death preferable to many others which ensue after long disease, in which the intellect is debilitated, and the mind has not force to cast aside petty thoughts?

The justice of this reasoning was so firmly fixed in my mind, that the horror of death, and of this mode of death, was entirely dissipated. I meditated deeply on the sacraments, for which all the strength of my mind was required at this solemn moment, and I thought myself in a state to receive them in a beneficial manner. The dignity and peace of mind, the placid affection for those who hated me, the joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, all which I seemed now to feel; could I have preserved them if I had been led forth to the last punishment? Alas! how many contradictions in man! Alas! when he appears the most sanctified and firm, an instant can precipitate him into weakness and crime! God only knows whether I were then fit for death: I have not confidence in myself to affirm it. I had attained a degree of firmness, as I thought, which would overcome the pang of dissolution, when one evening, seated at my table studying, quite chilled with cold, some voices near me (they were the voices of the jailer, his wife, his sons, and the *secondini*) exclaimed, "Fire! fire!—we are lost!" The chillness quitted me in a moment. I sprang to my feet in a sudden perspiration, and looked all round to see where the flames were: they were not to be seen.

The fire was, however, in the palace, in some offices adjoining the prisons. One of the *secondini* shouted out, "But, master, what are we to do with the prisoners if the fire advances?" The jailer answered, "I haven't the heart to let them be roasted. However, we cannot open the prison without the consent of the commission. Go, then, I say; run as quick as you can to ask for leave." "I will run, master; I will run; but the answer will not come in time, recollect!"

And where, then, was that heroic resignation that I believed myself so sure of possessing, whilst thinking on death? Why did the idea of being burned alive put me in a fever? As if there were more pleasure in being suffocated by the throat than consumed by fire? I made this reflection, and was ashamed at my terror. I was about to cry to the jailer to open the door for the love of God, but I checked myself. Nevertheless I was in fear.

After a lengthened disturbance the noises subsided, and I doubted not that the fire had been extinguished. The following morning I learned from one of the jailers the particulars of this fire, and I laughed at the terror it had excited in him, as if mine had not equalled, perhaps surpassed his.

On the 11th of February 1822, about nine o'clock in the morning, I was informed that I was to be immediately removed to a prison in the island of St Michael of Murano, not far from Venice; but for what purpose was not mentioned. A moment after the jailer entered, accompanied by the *secondini*, and a man whom I had never seen before. The jailer appeared confused, and the new-comer took the word: "Signor, the commission orders you to follow me." "I am ready," I answered; "and you, who are you?" "I am keeper of the prison of St Michael, where you are about to be transferred."

The jailer of the Leads handed over to the latter my money which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the *secondini;* I put my clothes in order, took the Bible under my arm, and departed.

We went out at a door which opened on the canal, where a gondola, with two *secondini* of the new jailer, awaited us. I entered the gondola, a prey to a thousand inconsistent feelings. On the whole, I felt happy at finding myself in the open air, after so long a seclusion—at seeing the sky, the waters, and the city, without the sad intervention of close bars—at the remembrance of the joyous gondola which in a more happy time bore me on this same canal, of the gondolas of the Lake of Como, of the Lake Maggiore, of the light barks of the Po, the Rhone, and the Saone! Oh smiling years, for ever gone! Who in the world had enjoyed a happiness equal to mine?

In the midst of these reflections I arrived at St Michael, where they shut me up in a room which looked upon a court, upon the canal, and the beautiful island of Murano. I sought intelligence respecting Maroncelli from the jailer, his wife, and the four *secondini.* But they made me only short visits, and, full of distrust, would tell me nothing.

I lived in ignorance of my fate till the 21st of February. On that day the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the morning; he led me into the hall of the commission, and retired. I found upon their seats the president, the inquisitor, and the two assessors, who all rose.

The president, with a tone of dignified commiseration, told me that the sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one, but that the emperor had already mitigated it.

The inquisitor read this sentence—Condemned to death. Then he read the imperial rescript—The penalty is commuted to fifteen years of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg. I replied—"God's will be done!"

I had, in truth, the disposition to receive, like a Christian, this horrible annunciation, and neither to testify nor to cherish resentment against any one. The president applauded my moderation, and counselled me always to preserve it, adding that, at the end of two or three years, this resignation would perhaps render me worthy of a greater favour.

The other judges also addressed me with words of consolation and hope. "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "we shall have the disagreeable duty of announcing the sentence to you in public, but it is an indispensable formality."

"Be it so," I replied.

"From this moment," he resumed, "we allow you the society of your friend."

And having called the jailer, they consigned me into his hands, and ordered him to put me with Maroncelli.

How sweet a moment was that, for my friend and myself, in which we saw each other again, after a separation of a year and three months, after so many afflictions! The ecstacies of friendship made us almost forget, for the moment, our condemnation.

I soon tore myself, however, from the arms of Maroncelli, to take the pen and write to my father. I ardently desired that the news of my sad lot should reach my family through me, rather than through others, in order that the grief of those beloved hearts should be mitigated by the pious calmness of my language. The judges promised to expedite my letter without delay.

Maroncelli talked to me afterwards of his process, and I of mine. We related, by turns, our prison adventures; and then going to the window, we saluted three of our friends who were at theirs. They were Canova and Rezia, who were together, each condemned to imprisonment, the first to six years, and the second to three. The third was the Doctor Cesare Armari, who, during the previous months, had been my neighbour in the Leads. No judgment had been pronounced against him, and he was not long in being liberated as guiltless.

We conversed together all the day and all the evening; it was for both an agreeable distraction. But when in bed, the light extinguished, and silence established, I felt it impossible to sleep. My brain was on fire, and my heart bled on thinking of my family. Could my poor old parents bear up against so great a misfortune! Would their other sons suffice to console them? They were all as much beloved as myself, and more worthy to be so; but do a father and a mother ever find, in the children who are spared to them, a compensation for those who are lost?

At nine in the morning Maroncelli and I were made to enter a gondola, to be conducted into the city. The gondola stopped at the palace of the doge, and we ascended to the prisons. We were put into the chamber which Signor Caporali had occupied a few days before. I am ignorant of his fate. Nine or ten officers were seated there to guard us, and we walked about, waiting for the moment when we had to appear in the Piazza. We waited a long time. It was already noon when the inquisitor came to announce that we had to proceed. The physician came also, and recommended us to drink a glass of mint-water; we followed his advice, and were grateful to him, not so much for this attention, as for the profound pity the good old man testified for us. His name was Doctor Dosmo. The head officer afterwards appeared, and put manacles on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other officers.

Walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us, saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers, drawn up at various points. We were told that cannons were fixed, with the matches ready lighted.

The Austrian commander ordered us to turn towards the palace and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it aloud.

There was a profound silence, until the expression—*condemned to death.* Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words—*Condemned to close imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*

The captain made us a sign to descend: we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and entered again the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed our manacles, we were conducted back to Saint Michael.

Those who had been condemned before us had already departed for Lubiana or Spielberg, under the conduct of a commissary of police. They now waited the return of this same commissary, he being intrusted also with the duty of convoying us to our destination. We waited for him a month.

When he arrived, and visited us, "I have the pleasure," said he, "of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw his imperial majesty, the emperor, at Vienna, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half."

This intelligence was never officially confirmed to us; but there is no probability that the commissary spoke falsely, the more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission. And yet I could not rejoice at it. In my mind seven years and a half in irons were not much less horrible than fifteen. It seemed to me impossible that I could live so long. My health had become affected. I suffered much in the chest, attended with coughing, and I thought my lungs attacked. I ate very little, and that little was indigestible.

IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

Our departure from Venice took place in the night of the 25th and 26th March. We were permitted to embrace our friend Doctor Armari. Then an officer fastened on us a chain, passing transversely from the right hand to the left foot, so as to render flight impossible. We entered a gondola, and the guards rowed us towards Fusina.

At Fusina we found two carriages ready. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and I into another. In the first sat the commissary, and in the second a sub-commissary, each with two prisoners. Six or seven police guards completed the convoy, armed with sabres and muskets; some behind the carriages, others on the drivers' seats.

Being forced to quit one's country is always a cruel calamity; but to quit it in chains, and to be carried to a horrible climate, there to languish for years, surrounded by jailers, is a misfortune so dreadful that I have not words to describe it.

Before passing the Alps, my country became every hour more dear to me, from the sympathy which everywhere the persons we met expressed for us. In every town, in every village, in every solitary hamlet, we were looked for, as our condemnation had been known for several weeks. In some places the commissary and the guards could with difficulty remove the crowd which surrounded us. The interest which was manifested on our account was surprising.

In travelling through Austria the same compassion followed us, and the consolation which I derived from these marks of kindness, diminished my resentment against those whom I deemed my enemies. On the 10th April we reached the place of our destination.

The town of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a fertile valley, and has the appearance of being opulent. Several cloth manufactories were then in a state of prosperity, which are since fallen to decay. The population was about 30,000. Near its walls, on the west, stands a hill on which is erected that fatal fortress of Spielberg, formerly the palace of the lords of Moravia, and at present the most rigorous place of imprisonment in the Austrian dominions. The citadel was of great strength, but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz (the village of Austerlitz is at a short distance). Since then it has not been restored so as to serve as a citadel, but they have contented themselves with rebuilding a part of the outer wall, which was thrown down.

About three hundred condemned persons, chiefly robbers and murderers, are detained there; some subjected to hard labour *(carcere duro)*, others to the hardest labour *(carcere durissimo)*.

The *carcere duro* consists in being obliged to work, to drag a chain at the feet, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the poorest imaginable nourishment. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained, in a manner yet more horrible, with an iron girdle round the loins, and a chain fixed in the wall, scarcely affording scope to turn round on the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes *bread and water*. We, as prisoners of state, were condemned to the *carcere duro.*

On reaching the summit of the hill, we turned our eyes behind, to bid adieu to the world, ignorant whether the gulf which was about to swallow us alive would ever open again to let us out. Outwardly I appeared calm, but within me raged a tempest. In vain I had recourse to philosophy to tranquillise my mind; the reasonings of philosophy were insufficient.

Having left Venice in bad health, the journey had been attended with wretched fatigue; my head, my whole body, was distracted with pain—and I burned with fever. Physical distemper contributed to the irritation of my mind, which in its turn doubtless aggravated my bodily ills.

We were delivered into the hands of the superintendent of the fortress, who inscribed our names amongst those of the malefactors. On quitting us, the imperial commissary embraced us with affection. "I recommend you to be docile," said he to us; "the least infraction of discipline will receive from the superintendent a severe punishment." The ceremony of delivery being completed, they conducted Maroncelli and me into a subterranean corridor, in which two dark cells were open for us, at a distance from each other. Each was locked up in his den.

The bitterest of all calamities surely occurs when, after bidding adieu to so many objects, and two friends equally unfortunate are left alone, these friends are forcibly separated. Such a separation is the bitterest of calamities. Maroncelli, on quitting me, saw me ill, and wept for me as a man whom, without doubt, he should never behold again. I wept for him, blooming in the vigour of health, torn, perhaps for ever, from the refreshing light of the sun. And, like a beautiful flower cast into darkness, how has he in reality drooped and faded! He has again emerged into light, but alas! in what a state.

When I found myself alone in this horrible cavern, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the naked plank which was given for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed to the wall—I seated myself shuddering on the bed, and taking up the chain, I measured its length, thinking it destined for me.

Half an hour afterwards I heard the keys rattle, and the door opened. A jailer, whose name was Schiller, entered, and delivered me a pitcher of water. He was an old man, and I could observe that he felt compassion for my fate.

In this horrible dungeon I very soon became exceedingly ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, the physician of the establishment was requested to see me, and report on my case. Doctor Bayer found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon their removing me from this subterranean vault to the storey above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report upon the subject having been addressed to the Count Mitrovski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, who resided at Brünn, the count replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be followed.

Into the chamber which they gave me a little daylight penetrated; and, creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, a part of the town of Brünn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the woody hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz. This view enchanted me. Oh how I should have rejoiced to partake it with Maroncelli!

They were preparing, in the meantime, our prison dresses, and at the end of five days they brought me mine. These were a pair of pantaloons of rough cloth, the right side gray and the left side a brown colour; a close coat of two colours disposed in the same manner; a vest similarly variegated, with the slight difference of the gray colour being to the left and the capuchin to the right. The stockings were of thick wool, the shirt of unwoven flax, stinging to the skin like a true haircloth; for the neck was a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. A pair of laced half-boots of untanned leather, and a white hat, completed the wardrobe.

This livery was accompanied by irons to the feet—that is to say, a chain that extended from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened by nails rivetted upon an anvil. A few minutes after the blacksmith had gone, I heard the hammer upon the anvil sounding from below—doubtless they were rivetting the irons on poor Maroncelli.

From the window of my new cell I found that I could converse with the prisoner in an adjoining apartment, the Count Antonio Oroboni. This intercourse was frequently interrupted by the sentinels; but by habituating ourselves to speak in whispers, and at certain intervals, we contrived in a great measure to elude the vigilance of our guards. We thus became united in a tender friendship. Oroboni narrated to me his life, and I mine to him; the sorrows and consolations of the one became the sorrows and consolations of the other. Oh how greatly we comforted each other!—how many times, after a sleepless night, did each of us feel his sadness alleviated, and his courage fortified, by our morning salutation and interchange of words! Each of us felt himself indispensable to the other, and this persuasion incited us to an emulation in amiability, and produced that delicious feeling which a man experiences, even in distress, when he can gladden the heart of a fellow-being.

The physician perceiving that none of us could eat the food which they gave us during the first days, put us on a diet which was called "*a quarter portion*"—that is to say, hospital regimen. It consisted of three very light soups each day, a very small morsel of roast lamb, which could be swallowed at a bite, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger every day, my appetite kept increasing, and I felt this *quarter* verily too little. I tried to return to the allowance of those who were in health, but I took nothing by the attempt: it disgusted me so effectually, that I could not eat it. I was driven back to the "quarter." For more than a year I learnt what the pangs of hunger were. Many of our companions suffered these pangs yet more violently; for, being of robuster constitutions than I, they were accustomed to a more ample nourishment. I know several of them accepted bread from Schiller, whose kind-heartedness was remarkable, though he had a rough exterior.

Several times this good man brought me a piece of boiled meat, begging me to eat it, and assuring me it cost him nothing—that it was left from his own dinner—that he could do nothing with it except to give it to others, if I would not take it. I would willingly have flown to devour it; but if I had taken it, would not Schiller desire to bring me something every day?

Twice only I yielded. One day he brought me a plate of cherries, and another some pears. The sight of these fruits was irresistible. I repented of having accepted them, because he did not cease to offer me more.

From the first period of our confinement, it had been established that each of us should have, twice a-week, an hour's walking; afterwards this consolation was extended to us every other day; and at last every day, except festivals.

We each went separately to the promenade between two guards, with muskets on their shoulders. As I lodged at the extremity of the corridor, I passed, in going out, the cells of all the Italian political prisoners, except that of Maroncelli, who alone languished beneath.

"A pleasant walk!" murmured each of them through the loophole of his door; but I was not permitted to stop to exchange salutations with any one. We descended the staircase, and traversed a court which led us to a terrace with a southern aspect, whence we could see the town of Brünn, and a considerable part of the surrounding country.

In the court of which I speak was always a great number of ordinary criminals, who went and came from their work, or walked about conversing. Amongst them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with much respect, saying amongst themselves, "This is not a rogue like us, and yet his punishment is more severe than ours." They had, in fact, much more liberty than I. These words, and many others, I heard, and I cordially returned their salutation.

The constraint of the irons at the feet, by preventing sleep, contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to remonstrate, maintaining that it was the duty of the physician to cause their removal.

For some time I did not follow his advice; but at last I yielded, and I begged the physician that he would order me to be relieved of the chain, at least for a few days, so that I might procure a little sleep.

The physician answered that the fever had not yet arrived to such a height that he could grant my request, and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the irons. I was vexed with having made the request.

I was still able, however, to take my usual walk, and one morning, on returning from my promenade, I observed that the door of Oroboni's cell was open. Schiller, who was within, had not heard me coming. My guards wished to advance a pace to close the door; but I got before them, sprang into the room, and was instantly in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller stood in astonishment; he raised his finger in a menacing attitude; but his eyes were filled with tears, and with sobs he cried, "Oh, my God! show mercy to these poor young men, and to me, and to all the unfortunates who have been wretched on this earth!"

The two guards wept also. The sentinel in the corridor, attracted from his post, was also in tears. Oroboni said, "Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the happiest days of my life!" I did not know what to reply: I was beside myself with joy and emotion.

When Schiller conjured us to part, alleging the necessity of obedience, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and faltered out, "Shall we never see each other again in this world?"

We did not see each other again. Some months after, his cell was vacant, and Oroboni lay in the cemetery which I had before my eyes.

I was able to move about up till the 11th January 1823. On that morning I arose with a slight headache, and a disposition to faint. My limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw breath.

Oroboni also, for the last two or three days, had been ill, and did not rise.

They brought me the soup: I scarcely took a spoonful, when I fell, deprived of sensation. The sentinel of the corridor looked by chance through the wicket of the door a few moments after, and seeing me extended on the floor, with the pot upside down lying near me, he judged me dead, and called Schiller.

The superintendent came also; the physician was likewise called, and I was put to bed. It was with difficulty I recovered. The physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. He ordered me some sort of a cordial, but my stomach would retain nothing. The headache grew to an intolerable height. A report to the governor was immediately made as to my condition, and he despatched a courier to Vienna to ask how I should be treated. He was ordered in reply not to send me to the infirmary, but to cause me to be attended to in the prison with the same care as if I had been in the infirmary. Further, the superintendent was authorised to furnish me with soups and pottages from his own kitchen as long as the malady should continue serious.

This last precaution was quite useless to me at first. Neither meat nor drink passed my lips. For a whole week I got worse and worse; I was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were given me as attendants, and they served me with affection. Each time that I resumed a little consciousness Kral repeated to me, "Have confidence in God, sir; God alone is good."

"Pray to Him for me," said I to him; "not that he will cure me, but that my misfortunes and my death may be received in expiation of my sins."

He suggested to me the idea of calling for the sacraments.

"If I have not demanded them already," I answered, "attribute it to the weakness of my head, but it will be a great consolation for me to receive them."

He reported my words to the superintendent, who brought the chaplain of the prison. I was pleased with this priest; his name was Sturm. The reflections which he delivered to me upon the justice of God, the injustice of mankind, the duty of forgiveness, the vanity of all the things of this world, were not commonplaces. They bore the stamp of a high and cultivated intellect, and of a lively sentiment of the love due to God and our neighbour.

The effort which I was called upon to make in receiving the sacraments, seemed at first to exhaust the slight remains of life; but it afterwards served to assist me, by plunging me into a lethargy, which produced some hours of repose.

I awoke a little relieved, and seeing Kral and Schiller near me, I took their hands in mine, and thanked them for all their care.

Towards the end of the second week a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger vanished.

I was about to rise one morning, when my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician, entered with smiling countenances. The first of them ran to me and said, "We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents." Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

Oh what a moment was that! "Thou yet livest, my friend, my brother!" we each exclaimed. "How happy a day we have been reserved to see! Praise be to God!"

But our joy, great as it was, was soon damped by mutual compassion. Maroncelli was necessarily less struck at finding me so wasted, knowing from how severe an illness I had just escaped. But I, with all my knowledge of what he had undergone, could not have imagined so great a difference from what he was before—I scarcely recognised him. His beautiful countenance, so radiant with health, was withered from grief, from hunger, from the bad air of his gloomy prison.

However, it was a source of consolation to see and hear each other, to be assured we should not again be separated. It was likewise consolatory to write to my parents, which I now did, and the letter was duly forwarded.

The dispositions of Maroncelli and myself harmonised perfectly together. The courage of the one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized with melancholy, or excited to anger by the hardships of our condition, the other restored his friend's equanimity by some pleasantries or appropriate reasonings. A smile generally tempered our sorrows.

As long as we had books, though we had read them often enough to know them by heart, we possessed an agreeable means of mental cultivation, because they were a perpetual excitation to fresh examinations, comparisons, criticisms, and corrections. We read, or meditated in silence, the greatest part of the day, and we gave to conversation the times of dinner and of the promenade, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed a great many verses of superior beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others; while I also composed some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in retaining all this. We acquired by these means a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and delivered to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other pieces.

At the commencement of 1824 a number of additional prisoners were brought to Spielberg, among whom were some of our unfortunate acquaintances; and the rigours of our confinement were increased. How did we pass all the years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827! We were refused the use of our books, which the governor had granted provisionally. The prison became for us a real tomb, in which, however, we were not allowed even the tranquillity of the tomb. Each month, on an indeterminate day, the director of the police, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards, came to make a severe inspection. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, and, in the fear that any paper or other thing was concealed therein, they opened our mattresses to search the insides. Although it was impossible they could find anything clandestine with us, this visit, made in so hostile a manner, so suddenly, and so often repeated, irritated me to a great extent, and always threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had appeared to me so sad, and *now*, I looked back with regret upon those years, as to a time of enjoyment!

By making the punishment commence not at the epoch of my arrest, but at that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half finished in 1829, in the first days of July, if they were dated from the signature of the emperor, or on the 22d of August, if dated from the publication of the sentence. But this term passed like the others, and all hope was extinguished.

Up to that time, Maroncelli and I sometimes imagined that it might yet be possible we should once more see the world, our beloved Italy, and our relations; and it was for us a subject of conversation replete with anxiety, emotion, and love.

But when we saw August pass, then September, then that whole year, we accustomed ourselves to hope nothing more on this earth except the unvarying continuance of our mutual friendship, and the aid of God to perform worthily what remained to accomplish of our long sacrifice.

Ah! friendship and religion are two inestimable benefits! They embellish even the hours of prisoners for whom all hope of mercy has expired. God is indeed with the unfortunate—with the unfortunate who love him!

The first day of August 1830 appeared. It was not far from ten years since I had lost my liberty, and eight and a half since I had been subjected to the *carcere duro*.

It was a Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to the usual enclosure, and looked again, from the low wall running round it, upon the valley and the graveyard in which Oroboni and Villa lay, talking to each other of the repose which our bones would one day find in the same place.

This day, after returning from the chapel, and when preparing to eat our wretched dinner, the sub-intendant entered the cell. "I am very sorry to disturb your dinner," said he, "but have the goodness to follow me; the director of the police is here."

As this latter personage never came but for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or inquiries, we followed the sub-intendant, in very bad humour, to the room of audience.

We found there the director of police and the superintendent; the former moved to us more graciously than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and, in disconnected words, as if he were afraid of producing upon us too great a sensation of surprise by a more rapid delivery, said to us—" Gentlemen, I have the pleasure—I have the honour—to inform you—that his majesty the emperor—has performed another act of mercy——"

And he hesitated to inform us in what the mercy consisted. We thought that it referred to some mitigation of our punishment, such as exempting us from the tiresomeness of labour, permitting us some more books, or granting us less disgusting food. " Do you not understand?" added the director.

" No, sir; have the goodness to explain to us what sort of mercy is meant."

" It is liberty for you both, and for a third, whom you are about to embrace."

Apparently our joy should have broken forth in loud jubilee. But our thoughts immediately ran upon our parents, of whom we had had no intelligence for so long a time. Should we still find them on earth? This doubt occurred to us in such force, that it certainly destroyed the pleasure the news of our freedom should have given us.

" You remain mute," said the police-director. " I expected to have seen you jump for joy."

" I beseech you," answered I, " to be good enough to transmit our gratitude to the emperor. But if no account is given us of our families, it is impossible not to fear that some very dear individuals are now lost to us. This uncertainty overpowers us, even in the moment which should be that of supreme joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and that redoubled my fear that some misfortune had happened.

" Return into your chamber," resumed the director, " and before long I will show you the other prisoner who has also received pardon."

We retired, and waited for this third person with anxiety. We would have taken with us all the others, but there could only be one. Might it be the poor Munari? or such a one? or such another? It was not one of those for whom we offered our prayers. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was the Signor Andrea Tonelli da Brescia. We embraced. We could eat no dinner. We conversed until the evening, compassionating the lot of those dear friends who remained behind us.

At nightfall the director of police returned to take us from this place of misfortune. Our hearts were lacerated as we passed before the cells of so many beloved beings, without being able to take them with us! Who knows how long they must still languish there! How many of them would become the slow victims of death!

They cast on the shoulders of each of us a soldier's greatcoat, and a cap on our heads; and thus, in the clothing of galleyslaves, with the exception of chains, we descended that disastrous hill, and were conducted into the city to the prisons of the police. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the persons whom we met, all appeared to me so strange and pleasant, after the many years I had passed without beholding a similar scene!

We waited in the prisons of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontier. In the meantime, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and clothes, and laid aside the prison livery.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police delivered us into his hands. He handed over to him at the same time the money that we had brought to Spielberg, and that which resulted from the sale of our portmanteaus and books, all of which was restored to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and nothing was spared. I was far from well, and when we arrived at Vienna, I was in a fever; for eight days I was under medical treatment, and at length I recovered. Being now comparatively well, I was anxious to depart, the more especially as the news of the *three days* of Paris had just reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree for our liberty the very day that revolution broke out. He assuredly would not now revoke it; but it was very probable that, as the crisis was becoming critical for all Europe, and as popular movements were feared also in Italy, Austria would not at such a moment allow us to return to our country. We were well convinced they would not take us back to Spielberg, but we were afraid it might be suggested to the emperor to consign us to some town of the empire far removed from the peninsula.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to get as far as Brash. There I again became ill; but at the end of two days I insisted upon resuming the journey. We traversed Austria and Styria, and reached Carinthia without accident; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, there came a counter order. We were commanded to halt in this place until further directions.

I leave to be imagined how disagreeable this event was to us. I had, in addition, the unpleasant reflection of being the cause of so great a calamity to my two companions. My fatal malady was the reason they were debarred from returning to their country. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, and during that time the commissary did all in his power to amuse us. There was a small theatre of poor players, and he took us to it. Another day he procured for us the diversion of a hunt. Our host, and several young people of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we, placed in a favourable position, enjoyed the sport as spectators.

At length a courier arrived from Vienna with orders for the commissary to conduct us to our destination. This good news filled me with joy, as well as my companions; but at the same time I trembled to see approaching the hour of a fatal discovery—the hour which would unfold to me that I had no longer either father or mother, nor several other connexions, I knew not how many! Thus my melancholy increased as we advanced towards Italy.

From this side the approach to Italy is not agreeable, and the sterile aspect of the country contributed to increase my sadness. To see again our own sky, to meet human faces having no longer the northern expression, to hear on all lips the words of our language, affected me much; but the emotion produced tears rather than smiles. How often I covered my face with my hands, feigning to sleep, but shedding tears! How many nights I passed unable to close an eye, and burning with fever, sometimes bestowing the most impassioned benedictions upon my sweet Italy, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; sometimes tormenting myself with the absence of intelligence concerning my family, and conjuring up imaginary ills; sometimes in reflecting that I should shortly have to separate, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had passed through so many sufferings with me, and had given me such proofs of a fraternal affection!

At Mantua it was necessary to bid farewell to Maroncelli, for here we were to separate. It was a parting of the most tender kind, not unaccompanied with tears. At Brescia I left behind my other companion in misfortune, Andrea Tonelli. On the 9th of September, two days after, I arrived at Milan, where I was detained for several days, and then set out for Piedmont in charge of a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The state of my feelings may be judged on once more finding myself on the Piedmontese soil. Ah! much as I love all nations, God knows that Italy is dearest to me! and much as I dote upon Italy, God knows how infinitely sweeter to me than the name of every other country in Italy is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

I was still not free. The brigadier, on leaving me, handed me over to the Piedmontese carabineers. After a short delay, a gentleman appeared, who begged me to permit him to accompany me to Novara. He had missed another opportunity, and now there was no carriage but mine; he was much obliged that I allowed him to take advantage of it.

This disguised carabineer was of a jovial turn, and kept me good company as far as Novara. When we arrived at that town, pretending to conduct me to a hotel, he directed the carriage to the barracks of the carabineers, and there I was told there was a bed for me in the apartment of a brigadier, where I was to wait for higher orders.

Expecting to resume my journey on the following day, I went to bed, and after conversing a moment with my host, I sank into a profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long time. I awoke towards morning, immediately arose, and got through some very long hours. I breakfasted, chatted, walked about the room and on the terrace, and cast a look on my host's books. At last a letter arrived from my father.

Oh what joy to see again those much-loved characters! What joy to learn that my mother, my dearest mother, still lived!—that my two brothers, and my eldest sister, were also still alive! Alas! the youngest, the Marietta, who had entered the convent of the Visitation, as I had clandestinely learned in prison, had ceased to breathe nine months ago! It is sweet to think that I owe my liberty to those who loved me, who never ceased to intercede for me.

Days passed, and permission to leave Novara did not come. On the morning of the 16th September this permission was at last given me, and then I was freed from the tutelage of the carabineers. Oh how many years it was since I had been able to go where I pleased, without the incumbrance of guards!

I obtained some money, received the greetings of a few persons, acquaintances of my father, and about three in the afternoon I departed. I had as companions on the journey a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. We passed the night at Vercelli. The fortunate sun of the 17th of September arose. We continued our journey, and did not reach Turin until the evening.

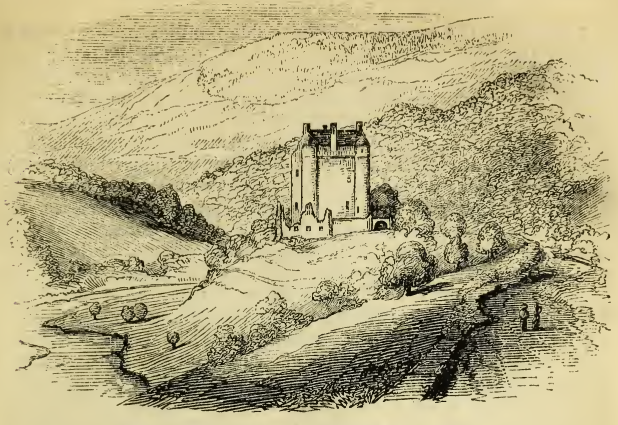
Who, who could describe the emotion of my heart, of the hearts of those so endeared to me, when I beheld, when I embraced my father, my mother, my brothers! My sister, my dear Josephine, was not present, as her duties detained her at Chieri; but at the first news of my return, she hastened home to pass a few days in the bosom of the family. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was, I am, the most enviable of mortals!

CONCLUSION.

After his restoration to his native country, Silvio Pellico has remained in tranquillity and retirement, surrounded by his family, the recollection of which forms so frequent a source of inspiration to him in the memoir of his imprisonment. Expectations are still formed of his reappearance in the field of literature, in which he early gained so brilliant a renown. But the captious censorship which weighs upon the Italian press, must be a serious impediment to the effusions of his genius. One of the works he composed beneath the Leads of Venice, *Ester d'Engaddi*, which was considered, even by the commission appointed by the emperor of Austria to conduct the process against him, as unobjectionable, was acted at Turin in 1831, the year after his liberation, with the highest applause, as well as another piece entitled *Gismonda*. Both were immediately interdicted by the jealousy of Italian despotism. It has been stated in the introduction, that the Austrian government published a decree annexing the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. This extreme sentence, however, at least up to the period of Pellico's sufferings, was not carried into execution; and the utmost vengeance of the government went no further than the severities of long and ignominious confinement.

The Count Arrivabene, who is mentioned by Silvio Pellico as having been discharged from the prison of Saint Michael as innocent, found himself, shortly after, exposed to the suspicions of the government, and judged it expedient to fly. His only crime was having received Porro, Pellico, and some others at his country-house near Mantua, as they returned from a trip in Porro's steamboat from Pavia to Venice. He fled from Mantua to Brescia, where he imparted his and their danger to his friends Ugoni and Scalvini, who joined him in his endeavour to escape into Switzerland. Gendarmes had been despatched on all the routes to arrest Arrivabene as soon as his departure was known. He and his friends effected their retreat into Switzerland, disguised as cattle-drovers, but were very nearly caught. They had to pass an inn in which three gendarmes, lying in wait for them, were asleep; and at the moment they reached the Swiss frontier, they were so exhausted, from having had no interval of repose for sixty hours, that they fell upon the ground in the presence of the Austrian soldiers, who were close upon their heels when they crossed the line which separated tyranny from freedom. They were, however, safe. Count Porro also effected his escape from Italy. The gendarmes entered his house at one door as he left it by another. Confalonieri was prevented from executing the same manœuvre by finding a door locked, the key of which had been altered by his intendant without his knowledge.

Francis I., emperor of Austria, in whose reign these arrests and barbarities were perpetrated, died in 1835, and was succeeded by his eldest son Ferdinand, whose mind and body are both in a very enfeebled condition. It is a somewhat fortunate circumstance that his weak understanding takes a childish delight in pomp and ceremony; and having already undergone the pageantry of two coronations in Austria and Hungary, he some time ago favoured his Italian dominions with a third, and had himself crowned as king of Lombardy at Milan. This event had the auspicious consequence of re-opening their country to the political exiles, who had, since 1820, been suffering their voluntary banishment. The occurrence of the coronation was taken hold of as a fitting period for grace, and pardon was extended, without, as it is believed, any exceptions, to all the Italians expatriated on political grounds. It is to be hoped a more merciful policy will illustrate the reign of Ferdinand than that which blackened the age of Francis.



TRADITIONARY TALES OF TWEEDDALE.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

EVERY one who has visited Tweeddale, and has traversed the banks of the lovely river which gives the district its most familiar name, must recollect the stately and massive castle of Neidpath, which rears its head within a short walk, and in sight of Peebles, one of the most picturesquely-situated towns in Scotland. The situation of the castle is a very fine one. The eminence on which it stands projects into the centre of the vale, here remarkably narrow, and around the southern base of the knoll winds the clear and sparkling Tweed. Immediately below, on the east, the vale opens widely up, but again becomes contracted about three miles farther down. A kind of amphitheatre is thus formed, bounded by hills, and having the town of Peebles in the centre, with Neidpath, like a gray-haired warder, overlooking all from its ground of vantage. Nor is the castle itself unworthy of such a position or such an office, partially ruinous though it now be. It is an old baronial tower, of square form and great bulk, with walls of remarkable height and thickness. The front of the castle looks down the vale, and is approached by an avenue, terminating in a courtyard, the gateway of which still bears a deer's head couped, and bunch of strawberries, the cognizance of the Frasers, once lords of the fortlet castle, and probably its founders. On the top of the castle, in front, is a bartisan or terrace, passing between two corner turrets, and affording a splendid view of the adjacent country.

After being the property of the noble families of Fraser and Yester, the demesne and castle were purchased in the latter part of the seventeenth century by William, Duke of Queensberry, for his second son the Earl of March, in whose hands an event occurred which forms one of the traditionary tales of the district.

Among the many noblemen and gentlemen of note who sought the hand of the lovely Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of March, there was not one on whom she could be persuaded to look with favour. Her parents beheld this indifference with surprise, for among the suitors were several young men who were graced with handsome persons, high birth, and splendid fortune. This mysterious unconcern was, however, presently accounted for by the jealous watchfulness of the Countess of March, whose pride had taken alarm at certain indications of regard shown by her daughter for the young laird of Tushielaw. When taxed with this dereliction of duty, the blushes of Lady Mary, and the perturbation into which she was thrown by the mention of her lover's name, confirmed her mother in her supposition. If, however, any doubt remained, it was speedily dissipated by an application of Tushielaw for the consent of the parents to a union with their daughter, while he urged their mutual affection as an apology for his seeming presumption. Young Scott of Tushielaw, though of an old and honourable family, was neither rich nor titled, and of course, in the opinion of the Earl and Countess of March, no fitting mate for their daughter. Lady Mary was therefore summoned into the presence of her incensed parents, and severely reprimanded for her undutiful conduct in having bestowed her affections without their leave. She was also informed of their unalterable determination to refuse their consent to her marriage, and forbidden ever to think again of her devoted lover. In those days it was more customary for high-born young women to sacrifice their feelings and attachments to the will of their parents, and the aggrandisement of their family, than it now is; and this command, which the unfortunate girl felt she could not obey, was yet received with meek submission, while she gave a reluctant promise that she would never marry without their consent. So far, she was able to control her own wishes, but from that moment she ceased to appear like one who has any interest in life or its affairs.

The earl and countess, elated with the victory which they imagined they had gained over the affections of their daughter, next rejected in haughty terms the proposal of Tushielaw; while they gave a deathblow to his hopes, by informing him that Lady Mary was now brought to a proper sense of her duty, and would never consent to be his. The attachment of this high-spirited young man was characterised by all the deep devotion which possesses the heart of an enthusiastic lover in the days of his youthful romance; and feeling himself alike unable to brook the indignity put upon him by the parents, or to forget his love for the daughter, he speedily sought an alleviation of his wounded feelings in the fatigues and the amusements of foreign travel. It is in this manner that man, by his superior strength of nerve, is generally enabled to adopt some active measure by which he stems the tide of grief. The world lies open before him, inviting him to tread its busy paths, and investigate its novel features. The cup in which are mingled all its varied and fascinating pleasures is presented to his lips, and though principle and prudence may prevent his drinking too deeply of the intoxicating draught, he seldom refuses to find in it a temporary alleviation of his woes. But the woman who has given her whole heart, and all the sensibilities of her nature, to another, can only retire into solitude, to hide there from every eye the canker that consumes her spirit; and often does she fall a silent victim to her unobtrusive sorrow.

After Tushielaw had quitted Scotland, the parents of Lady Mary beheld her begin to droop and seek retirement. They knew too much of human nature to suppose that their mandate, though dutifully submitted to, could be so literally obeyed as to obliterate at once from the mind of their obedient child all traces of a first and ardent attachment; but, content for the present with her seeming wish to comply with their command, they trusted to time for her cure. They knew, however, but little of the depth of feeling and the unshaken constancy which resided in her bosom. Touched in some degree by her grief-stricken appearance, they became again kind and indulgent; and though the poor girl had a painful presentiment of a mortal wound, she endeavoured to contend with it for the sake of her parents, whose renewed affection she now felt with that redoubled force which is produced by contrast, and by that response of our nature which ever answers to the voice of love. Still, hers was a deep and silent grief, in which no one participated, and which she thought all seemed agreed in blaming, but which occupied her heart day and night, without being affected by change of season or of place, while she was denied that sympathy which would have allowed her, under any other calamity, the natural relief of lamentation and tears. In this state of mind she suffered herself, at the intreaty of her parents, to be once more led into the society from which she had withdrawn for a time, and in which, as she only appeared rather more quiet and thoughtful than formerly, they looked upon their hopes of a change in her sentiments as nearly confirmed. It was, in the meantime, merely by a strong effort that she concealed her inward sufferings from the eyes of casual observers; for nothing can be more repugnant to the unfortunate, than to satisfy the curiosity of common minds by any display of their misery. But when, having so far yielded to the wishes of her parents, they ventured to second the suit of a new lover, whose alliance was calculated to add to the aggrandisement of even the proud family from which she sprung—when they tortured her harassed spirit by importunity, and mocked her desolate heart by telling her of the happiness she was to feel in this splendid alliance, her courage utterly failed. She now no longer sought to contend with her adverse destiny, but withdrew once more into the solitude she had only left that she might conciliate her parents, and refused again to quit it.

Displeased with this conduct of her daughter, and exasperated by the failure of the scheme for her establishment, her mother's manner towards her became distant and supercilious. This cruel and ungracious humour of Lady March bore hard upon the crushed spirit of the wretched girl, who, feeling unable to exist under the constant frown of her parents, frequently absented herself for days together from the family apartments, where she only encountered cold looks and unsympathising speech, and where every feeling was driven inwards. These periods of entire seclusion were looked upon by her mother as moody fits, which would again pass away; and although she was not altogether unmoved by the expression of uncomplaining misery which had taken possession of her beautiful features, still all was unattempted which could have soothed her gentle spirit. Feeling thus abandoned by all, and without hope in this world, the only solace of the unfortunate Mary was her twilight walks in the vicinity of the castle. There, as she glided in her white garments, with noiseless footstep, along the sheep-tracks, the parents stood mutely and fearfully gazing upon her, almost persuading themselves they beheld a parted spirit moving before them on the brown hill-sides.

It was autumn when young Tushielaw left Scotland. The winter had passed, and spring again returned; but little recked the broken-hearted girl of the fair flowers that were springing, or the bright skies that were beaming. Lady March had hitherto borne to look upon her daughter's anguish of mind without seeming moved by it; but when she at length beheld bodily indisposition added to mental suffering, and learned from Lady Mary's attendant that her nights were spent in sleepless vigils, while her bosom heaved heavily with the respiration which became hourly more difficult, then it was that all the mother was roused within her. Then the wo-worn look of the hitherto unpitied girl fell on her like a spell, and regret and sorrow filled her heart, and she earnestly sought to repair the injury she had done by the most soothing language and the most careful nursing. This change in her mother's conduct was received with affection, and acknowledged with gratitude; but it appeared to come too late for the heart that seemed as if it could no longer vibrate to the voice of joy, and which treasured the hope that its struggles were about to cease in the grave. Lady March perceived this with terror and alarm, and, seeing no other means which gave the most distant hope of saving her daughter's life, she prevailed on her lord to send a confidential servant abroad, charged with despatches for Tushielaw, informing him of his daughter's dangerous state of health, and conjuring him, if he was still attached to her, to return with all possible speed.

Of this new arrangement Lady Mary was cautiously informed by her mother, and she listened with a charmed ear, while a host of fond recollections and secret hopes took possession of her bosom. Love was once more dressed in smiles, and wove his mystic spells around her heart; and a surprising degree of renovation seemed for a while to take place. But a false bloom was on her cheek, and gleams of sepulchral brightness were darting from her eyes. While anxious to believe what she so much desired, the deceived mother, wrapping herself in security, looked upon her with tears of joy. This treacherous calm, however, soon passed away, and the hapless Mary's fits of languor became daily longer, and the exhaustion of nature more apparent.

The time was already past when tidings of Tushielaw were expected from the continent, and she who had courted death was now clinging to life, and assiduously following every prescription of her physician to retard the rapid progress of her insidious disease, that she might once more behold him; for, while struggling for the humblest resignation to what she felt must now inevitably be her fate, she sent forth many a fervent prayer that she might be permitted, ere her eyes were closed for ever, to lay her throbbing head upon his bosom, and hear his words of constancy and love. Still, day followed day, and she grew weaker and weaker, till she was at length unable to walk or stand, and yet no tidings of the wanderer.

At length intelligence arrived, which gave notice of the very hour at which he might be expected, ere yet that same day had closed. Again the sinking spirit of the dying Mary revived; and when the time was at hand that she expected her lover, she caused herself to be carried into a little stone balcony above the principal gateway of the castle, which commanded a view of the road by which he must approach. It was a glorious evening in June; the heavens were calm and beautiful, the glare and heat of day had departed, and left the mild lustre of the sinking sun, with all its accompaniments of light and shade. And while Mary sat reclining on her pillowed chair, so unclouded was her brow, so bright her eye, and so bland her smile, that, as her mother stood at her side, gazing on her fragile but lovely child, she was again almost beguiled into hope.

Time was now fast flying, and the expected one did not appear. The sun was approaching the horizon, the last flush of day was spread over the landscape, its background began to grow dim, and shades to lie on the sides of the Edston hills; and, with the fading light, Mary's hopes seemed also to fade. In this state of anxiety her sight and hearing became supernaturally acute, and Lady March was presently aware, from her listening attitude, that some sound had struck upon her ear, which seemed to agitate her frame. So deep was the calm that lay upon all around, that the wing of the smallest bird was heard to flutter through the air; yet no one but herself distinguished that sound of horses' feet which had caused the sensation observed by her mother. And now her thin white hand was raised to fling back from the keenly-hearing ear, and the sharply-searching eye, the long rich tresses of dark-brown shining hair, on which the last rays of the sun were glowing; and after gazing intensely forward for an instant, her lips murmured forth—"It is he!" Yet Lady March could not for some time discern that what appeared at first to her as a mere speck upon the distant road, was a man and horse.

What had at first sight appeared the smallest object, came on, and on, and presently approached, while Lady March anxiously regarded the countenance of her daughter, who, with a trembling intensity of feeling, watched the progress of the advancing figure. And now he reached the gate of the castle, and threw himself from his steed, while Mary, who was before unable to stand, sprang from her chair, and, bending her attenuated form over the balcony, extended her arms as if about to fly towards him, while she uttered an exclamation of rapturous greeting. But in his haste to enter he saw her not. The blood rushed across her brow for an instant, and then retiring to her heart, left her countenance overspread with the hues of death. Lady March caught her in her arms, replaced her in her seat, and saw her eyes fixed upon her. While the last fleeting smile curved her young lips, her hands sank down from pressing on her exhausted heart, whose last throbs had been expended in the welcome of her lover; and the voice was stilled—and the eyes were closed—and she slept in death, even while his footsteps were heard ascending towards her.

This melancholy event, it will be recollected, forms the theme of one of Campbell's most beautiful lyrics:—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
  Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot?—
  It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs—
  Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
  To lift their silken lashes.

BURNET OF CASTLEHILL.

In consequence of some of those civil and domestic broils which disturbed the reign of the beauteous Mary of Scotland, her ill-fated husband found it convenient to retire for a time to the castle of Smithfield in Tweeddale, where, with a small retinue, he occupied himself in the pleasures of the chase and other sports of the country. His residence here was rendered very uncomfortable, by the predatory spirit which infested the Borders, and which, according to a historian of the period, was partaken of in no small degree by the inhabitants of Tweeddale themselves. The castle which served as a habitation to Darnley stood on the side of a hill immediately adjoining the ancient burgh of Peebles, and was then a place of considerable strength, though not a stone now remains to tell its site. Here, then, dwelt the young king when the circumstances occurred which we are about to relate, as the voice of tradition brought them to our knowledge.

The vale of Manor, situated a few miles to the west of the town of Peebles, is one of the most pleasant of the many glens which send in their tributary waters to the Tweed. For those who love the richly-cultivated field and the smooth-shaven lawn, the vale of Manor has few charms; but to those who are admirers of nature in her wilder aspects, who delight in the bold and heath-clad hill, and in the clear rock-born streamlet, it is a scene full of beauty and interest. Though at the present day only a solitary tree raises its lonely head here and there on the steep declivities, the vale at one time unquestionably formed a part of the tract called the Forest, in the matted woods of which the Scottish monarchs hunted the wild-boar and the wolf, as well as game of a less terrible character. But, like Yarrow, Manor now presents only "the grace of forest charms decayed, and pastoral melancholy."

Whatever other changes the vale may have undergone, its little mill still remains, in nearly the same situation which it occupied three hundred years ago. We do not mean to aver that the same tenement in which honest Andrew Tod drew from his neighbours the dues of multure is still existent; the hand of time has long since crumbled the old walls into dust; but nearly in the same spot does the stream of the Manor still whirl round a noisy clapper, as it did in the days of Queen Mary. Many an occupant, too, has been resolved into dust, indistinguishable from that of the stone walls which he inhabited, since the time of the personage we have named. Andrew Tod, the miller of Kirkton, as the place was denominated, was, at the time of this eventful story, a man considerably above sixty years of age, but still rosy in complexion, and unbroken in bodily health. Time had slightly thinned and whitened his temples; but he merited still the epithet often bestowed on those of his trade, of "a jolly miller." Andrew bore a high character for honesty; a character which, without antithesis, was *not*, in his times, often bestowed on those of his trade; and the Kirkton miller had obtained, through his honesty and industry, sufficient of the goods of this world to make him comfortable in it. His family, for three generations, had been occupants of the mill of Kirkton, and Andrew's greatest ambition was to be succeeded in it by his posterity. He had married early in life, but for many years had been unblessed with a family, until his wife brought him a daughter, and died in giving birth to her. The miller's whole affections were thus thrown upon one object, and the little Mary Tod was in a fair way, it might seem, of being from infancy a spoilt child; for her father's love was liker to doting than ordinary parental affection. But circumstances fortunately intervened which rendered Mary Tod, at the age of eighteen, not only far from being a spoilt child, but a girl of manners and intelligence far above the ordinary maidens of her rank. What these circumstances were, it is necessary that we should explain.

In the preceding reign, namely, that of James V., the ancient church first began to lose its hold on the respect of the Scottish people. In this reign, at least, the first open defections were made to the reformed doctrines. The Catholics, however, were still in possession of power, and the king himself could not stand out against them, or defend the reformers from their enmity. Hence those who openly professed the new doctrines were in many instances obliged to fly, and to hide themselves, for the preservation of their lives. One of these fugitives, a worthy priest who had attached himself to the new light, had found a shelter in the little retired vale of Manor. Here he applied himself to the teaching of the rural population around; and such was his utility, and the respect which his learning and manners acquired, that he spent his days in safety while the hour of danger lasted; and when the reformed religion came to be openly professed by the country, continued still instructing the youth of the little vale. His place of refuge had been the cot of a poor widow, whose husband had died about the period of the good priest's arrival, and had left her with an infant boy to provide for as best she might. The small pittance which the priest could afford to her, together with the produce of a little plot of land, constituted the whole of her revenue. Her son, Edward Burnet, was the favourite pupil of the refugee; and well did his progress and attainments repay the care bestowed on him. The miller's fair daughter also had been, from her childhood almost, the object of the good priest's instructions; nor was this care thrown away on an unfruitful soil. Edward and Mary were thus often together when children; and as they grew in years, they still continued to receive jointly the lessons of the priest. But whether this arose altogether from a desire of learning, is matter of doubt; and in this dubitation our readers will most probably be inclined to join, after perusing what follows.

It was a clear and pleasant evening in summer when Mary Tod left the door of her father's comfortable straw-thatched dwelling, and directed her steps to the side of the little stream of the Manor. She was neatly dressed in apparel of her own spinning; and though it was evidently not her holiday suit, yet everything was arranged with such care, as betokened some purpose in her mind of appearing to the best advantage where she was going. As she tripped lightly along the bank of the stream, her comely face and handsome form made her appear like the rural genius of the place. Mary's thoughts, however, were filled entirely with objects of a sublunary and mortal character; and though she was pretty enough for the deity of the stream to fall in love with her, as used to be the case with streams in the days of Homer, she would not, we believe, have broken the *tryste* which she had made with an earthly lover for the flowing tresses of Neptune himself. After a walk of some length, Mary turned into a little glen which sent in its tribute of waters to the Manor, and, casting an anxious gaze around for some moments, seated herself at the foot of a solitary mountain-ash, or, as she herself would have called it, a rowan-tree. Here she did not sit long alone—though quite long enough for the slightest pout imaginable to gather on her pretty lip—before she was joined by the person for whom she waited. This was a slender but well-knit young man, dressed in the usual attire of a peasant, but seeming, from his fine intellectual face, as if that were not his proper habiting. "Do you keep a' your sweethearts waiting for you this gait?" said Mary, starting to her feet when her lover came forward; "they would need to like you weel, else they wadna tryste to meet you a second time." "And so you do like me weel, Mary?" said the youth, slipping, with a very inefficient repulse, his arm around the maiden's waist; "at least you should do so, Mary, for you know how truly, how deeply I like you." "It does not seem sae, Edward," replied the miller's daughter, not yet altogether pleased, or probably indulging a little in that strange peculiarity of lovers which leads them, in the absence of any great cause of offence, to make the most of any little one that occurs, for the mere pleasure of asking or being asked forgiveness.

In the present instance, however, when her lover informed Mary that his delay was caused principally by a slight illness of his mother, all the coquettish pouting disappeared at once, and the pair, restored to the confiding tone which marked their feelings with respect to each other, began to speak of their situation and prospects. In explanation of these, we may inform the reader that the miller had set his heart on having for a son-in-law a person familiarly named Will Elliot of Castlehill, whose free manners and show of substance had taken Andrew Tod's fancy. Castlehill was a small but strong tower or keep, with a considerable piece of land attached to it, and situated at a distance of a mile or little more from the mill of Kirkton. Elliot, who was tenant of this place, was a man of about thirty-five years of age, of a roving, swaggering manner, and lavish on all occasions of his money. He had not been many years a resident in the vale of Manor, and, it was supposed, had brought a great deal of wealth with him, as it was plain that the small farm which he now occupied could not maintain his expenditure. He kept a set of fine horses, and plenty of servants about him; and being a good customer to the miller, and spending whole days about the mill, lounging and jesting with him, he had found the way, as we have said, to Andrew's good graces; and when he opened a proposal for a marriage, the miller was not averse to it. "He's a roving kind o' chield," thought Andrew Tod; "but Mary wad mak onybody into a gude husband."

The news of Elliot having opened his addresses to her, with her father's cordial consent, were told by Mary to Edward Burnet at the trysting rowan-tree. "Oh, Mary," said the lover, "I aye thought something like this would happen. Your father is a rich man, and has a little of the pride that ever gangs alang wi' riches. But you must promise me," continued he, speaking with great earnestness—"you must promise me, Mary, whatever becomes of myself, that you never will tak Will Elliot as your husband. He is a bad man, and would soon break a heart like yours." Observing that the young maiden only smiled at this, he repeated with greater earnestness, "Do not think that this is merely jealousy on my part, Mary. Elliot *is* a bad man, and it will be seen and known, maybe, some day before his death yet. You must promise, Mary, not to think of him." Mary, notwithstanding his vehemence, could not help smiling still; but she laid her hand on his arm at the same time, and said with seriousness, "Have I no gi'en my troth, Edward, to you? Are you gaun to desert me, that you tell me what I am to do regarding other men? They'll be a' alike to me then," said she with simple feeling. Burnet's reply to this was such as might be expected from a lover so addressed. But what more passed at this interview, it does not seem to us necessary to repeat; suffice it to say, that after a short time they separated; Mary having first assured her lover of her confidence that her father would not hurry her into a match against her will.

Leaving Mary to wend her way to her abode, let us request the reader to accompany us to Castlehill, the dwelling of the husband whom the miller had chosen for his daughter. The keep of Castlehill was situated on an eminence, formed by the rounded angle of a hill, projecting into the vale of the Manor, and the tower thus commanded a view both up and down the whole strath. The interior of the house had exceedingly little accommodation; but in those days the whole household, master and servants, mingled so freely together, that less room was necessary. This appeared particularly to be the case with the household of Castlehill; for in a large room, on the evening in question, the master, Will Elliot, not only sat at one board, but appeared to be on terms, in every respect, of perfect equality with his dependents. Half a dozen men, dressed as farm-servants, occupied places at the table, and were at this time plying lustily at some ale which stood in flagons before them. "Ha, my lads," said

Elliot, "is it not better roving by night here, where we are never suspected, than risking our necks every night, as we did in Teviotdale?" "I am no sae sure, Will Elliot, but some of the neighbours will soon suspect us. The last raid we took o'er the hill to Dawick was by gude moonlight, and I am muckle mista'en if what Tam took for a ghost, wasna the livin' body o' Ned Burnet coming up frae seeing the miller's daughter." "Confound the brat," said Elliot; "I'll spoil his wooing for him. But, lads, d'ye think it was light enough for him to ken us, if it was he?" Some of the men said No, and others Yes, so that their master, or rather their leader, could not come to any decision on the subject. "Never mind," said he at last; "I can tell you of something new, something better than lifting a sheep or two; for there's aye risk at the selling of them, when ane wants a pickle hard cash. Has ony o' you noticed the gentleman that hunts alone sometimes about the hills?" "I saw a gentleman wi' a green hunting dress," replied the man who spoke before, "but there was a servant wi' him." "He is oftener alone though," said Elliot, "and that man, lads, is a prize. He must be one of the rich young nobles that are staying with the young king at Smithfield castle, for I saw him pay a boy for pointing out his road out of a large purse filled with the queen's best coin. That purse must be ours. Drink to our success, lads." More conversation of the same nature passed between the outlaw —for such was his true character—and his midnight followers; but it is not essential to our purpose to repeat all that took place. The result of the consultation was, that two or three of the men, and the outlaw among them, should severally post themselves, as much disguised as possible, at those parts of the hunting track where they were likeliest to meet with the object of their cupidity.

A few days after this, during which nothing of interest occurred to Mary, her lover, or any other of the personages of this true tale, a gentleman, answering the description given by the outlaw's follower, in so far as regarded the dress, which was a green hunting coat, was passing slowly along the heights that overlooked the vale of Manor. The stranger was tall, and finely-formed, and every point of his attire was in a rich and expensive style. He was armed only with a *couteau de chasse*, or short hunting sword, and appeared, from his slow lingering pace, to be awaiting the upcoming of a companion or attendant. He had just reached the side of a copse of underwood when a man sprang from its cover, and seizing the stranger's arm with a powerful and muscular grasp, demanded roughly the surrender of his purse. But the hunter was in the prime of his youth, and, exerting his strength, he shook off at once the hold of our friend Will Elliot, and drawing his sword, stood on his defence. This required a moment's time, during which the outlaw, before proceeding farther, gave a shrill call on a whistle suspended from his neck.

He then turned with his drawn sword upon the hunter; for, to do Elliot justice, he was afraid of no single man. The sword of the stranger was a short one; but in the two minutes' contest which ensued, the outlaw found that he had to do with a master of fence. One of Elliot's followers, however, who had heard the call, came up at the moment, and the stranger, who saw him approaching, almost gave up his life as lost.

In order to defend himself to the last, he changed his position so far as to get his back to one of the strong copse bushes. But help was at hand when least expected. Scarcely had the outlaw's follower interposed a single blow, when a strong arm levelled him to the earth from behind with a cudgel. The outlaw turned half round at the unforeseen stroke which deprived him of his assistant, and on seeing whence the aid came, bounded into the copse from which he had issued, and was out of sight in an instant. The hunter, whose blood was heated with the encounter, would have pursued him, but his preserver detained him almost by force. "It wad be an act o' madness, sir, to pursue him. I ken him as weel as this man lying senseless at our feet, in spite o' their disguises. They are pairt o' a gang, and their companions will not be far off; let us quit the place, sir, as fast as we can." The stranger saw the propriety of following this advice, and the two quickly left the spot, where the outlaw's follower still lay without signs of life.

The nearest and safest refuge to which Edward Burnet, who was the stranger's deliverer, could conduct the gentleman, was the mill of Kirkton. On their way thither, the stranger inquired into the name and circumstances of his companion, and assured him that the service he had done would not be forgotten. He also learnt on whom Burnet's suspicions fell as the authors of the outrage—suspicions which he concurred with Edward in thinking it would be improper to mention without further confirmation. On reaching the miller's house, and detailing what had occurred, old Andrew congratulated the stranger on his escape, and praised Edward for his manliness. "It maun hae been some of the same forest gang that cleared the Dawick barn the other night," said the miller, speaking of the perpetrators of the attack: "within this year or twae, they seem never to be out o' Tweeddale a single night: deil be in their skins." Mary Tod also praised her lover; but her praises were confined to kind and admiring looks, which spoke her meaning, however, so openly, that the stranger read them evidently with as much ease as the object of them did. The miller pressed the stranger to remain at the mill all night; but he declined the kind offer, and only requested the protection of some of Andrew's sturdy assistants in the mill as far as the town of Peebles. This was readily granted, though the miller would have been better pleased had his visitor stayed. The truth is, that Andrew was not a little curious to know who the stranger might be; but a certain dignity in the latter's demeanour, and the richness of his apparel, struck the miller with an undefinable feeling of respect, and placed a guard on his lips. The stranger requested Edward Burnet also to accompany him to the burgh town; a request which was at once assented to by the young man, but which the hunter read in Mary's countenance to be not at all agreeable to her. The miller's fair daughter probably thought that her lover had faced enough of danger, and shown enough of manliness, for one day. But the stranger had a certain purpose to serve, and, in disregard of the damsel's uneasiness, not only took Edward with him, but detained him all night, as the miller's men reported, who had been dismissed by the stranger, with a handsome remuneration, a short way from the town of Peebles, and who carried a message from Edward to his mother, to prevent any anxiety on his account.

But neither was Mary Tod nor any other person left long in wonder or uneasiness on this subject. At an early hour on the following day, a party of horsemen, above twenty in number, halted for a short time at the mill of Kirkton, on their way up the vale of Manor. At their head rode the stranger of the preceding day, and by his side Mary Tod observed her lover on foot, acting apparently as a guide to the party. While the stranger conversed with the miller, Edward took the opportunity of stealing for a moment into the house, and of explaining to the anxious Mary what was going on, and why he had been detained all night from his home. The miller's daughter was surprised at the hope and joy which sparkled in her lover's countenance; but his explanation of the cause speedily raised sympathetic emotions in her own breast. "It is the young king, Mary, Darnley himsel', who was attacked yestreen; and if I am right in thinking, as I took an oath to the best of my belief last night at Smithfield castle, that it was Will Elliot who played the villain trick, I am a made man, Mary. The farm o' Castlehill, which you ken is the king's land, will be mine. Nae fears o' Andrew refusing his consent then, my ain Mary; and I will be the happiest man alive, wi' the best wife in Tweeddale. But they are moving on to rummage the reiving villain's keep, sae I maun away to lead them." And in a minute or two, before the miller's daughter could recover from her surprise so far as to get a woman's look at the gallant and princely form of Darnley, the party had moved on to their destination.

It is unnecessary to detail all that passed at the examination of the keep of Castlehill. The outlaw himself, conscious in all likelihood of having been known to Burnet at the time of his assault on Darnley, had absconded; nor was he ever taken, or heard of again in the vale of Manor. Full evidence, however, of his guilt was found; for the poor wretch who had joined him in the previous day's attack had crawled home on recovering his senses, and was discovered on his pallet in a state of great suffering. He made a confession of the whole affair, and revealed as much of other deeds as sufficed to banish the rest of Elliot's followers from the kingdom; and gave an explanation of many mysterious robberies that had, in the course of several years, annoyed and alarmed the country-side. Thus was Burnet not only the succourer of the king in the time of need, but his detection of Elliot's misdemeanours turned out also a most important service to the whole district.

We have little more to add, than that Darnley performed his promise to Edward, and bestowed on him the farm of Castlehill, in which the young man led no lonely life; for such was Andrew Tod's thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made from matching his only child with a robber, that it was generally believed he would have given her to Edward, though the latter had remained poor as before. As it was, however, to have saved a king, and to be possessor of a farm, were no disadvantages. The young king danced at the wedding of Edward and Mary, which took place on the day on which the bridegroom entered into the lands and house of Castlehill; and henceforward, the tower which had sheltered a den of midnight reivers became the home of a happy and thriving family, one of the junior members of which, to the great satisfaction of Andrew Tod, who lived long enough to see it, became the miller of Kirkton on the Manor.

HELEN SYMINGTON.

Amidst the hills of Tweeddale there are many lonely valleys, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, which lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise at your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the skylark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe; but it was William's care to guard his wife and child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they 'took sweet counsel,' and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after-parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it is a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

"The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure; but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to gather, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearthstane,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill descending the footpath towards his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first the heart-sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to rest a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby, when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear—'Oh, Helen, Helen, I perish!' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, could not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice had given way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again Helen tried in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent intreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurged together; though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized wife any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was to seek for more efficient aid than her own. Meantime William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, took a sheep-crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapped her child in a small blanket, and throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

"Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, ascending the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now began again to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her from seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length ceased crying, and fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to take possession of her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she alone been concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame when, on looking up just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed to be again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and at length she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all necessary implements for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, who had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery: she, however, delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, contrary to all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

"The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive; of which no hope could have been entertained but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might in a great measure have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot, where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had succeeded, however, in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon the bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned; but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection; for she talked of her husband as being still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate; till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place; and had no sooner looked upon her, than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her; for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing-tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind during that day for a single instant the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

NEIL MACLAREN.

The little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travellers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being, as it were, an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold and mountainous wilderness. This place, or rather its neighbourhood, was the scene of a strange adventure nearly a century ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning in the autumn of 1746, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. "Confoun' these mists!" muttered he; "they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin this weather gang on muckle langer, we may shut our doors when we like. No ae leevin' thing," continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale—"no ae leevin' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye ae comfort in this rouky weather at ony rate; for if it be the same in the Highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' aboot the hill-taps winna be sae easily taen by the sodgers." The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eye caught sight of a party of soldiers, the very persons he had been speaking of; and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile the little military party whom he had espied marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook; for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands towards Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influences, and where, at this particular time, scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high-treason. The well-armed party now advancing to the Crook were bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely-formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned, for security, to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken for their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle-aged man, of low stature, and thick-set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat ludicrous to look at, by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long-continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was "in the king's name." This was indeed Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it "in the king's name."

Such was the person who halted, on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the inn of Crook, having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoner into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savoury nature, if it was to be had. Geordie in person waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact, anxious to get a glimpse of the "puir chield" who had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlander's face being averted from the rest of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to show, exclaimed, "Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup. I shan't see a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been." The prisoner seemingly was touched by the man's good-nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, the moment that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of faintness that he shrunk from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. "Oh, Peggy, Peggy, woman," said he when alone with his wife; "whae do ye think has faun into their murdering clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become o' Ailie noo, wandering, maybe, by this time frae door to door, without a house to put her head in, or a bit to put in her mouth; or as likely to be dead and gane, since we haena heard from her about this unlucky business. Oh, what could tempt him to gang out, and him a married man wi' a family!" To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of, "My puir dochter—my puir Ailie!" The forenoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind; for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law. One thing surprised the landlord much; which was, that he should have remained so long ignorant of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had only joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn *at last* from his home by the spectacle of an invading enemy in his native country.

Let us now leave for a while the landlord of the Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free of fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hill-sides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the Lowlands of Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of the three great rivers—the Clyde, the Annan, and the Tweed. The road traversed by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely-pyramidal height (for so it is shown to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers) at a spot called Errick-Stane-Brae.

After the height of the country has been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's, Beef-Tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the reivers of the great Border house of Johnstone used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the appellation, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all round, the bottom being so deep, that, in clear weather, a traveller looking down into it from the road sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to that of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss, and be lost for ever.

The soldiers, though the country was entirely new to them, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered their minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping in a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long-meditated a particular mode of escape, which he was now to put into execution. How great was the astonishment of the soldiery when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary march, was the next seen to start, as if instinct with new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged head foremost, and was instantly out of sight! To rush after him was but the work of a moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef-Tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed his body as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstructions capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no one durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath, "Stop, sir—I arrest you in the king's name!" while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the misty gulf, or ran a little way round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous descent to the bottom. It was all in vain; and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither for king nor kaisar. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef-Tub without the slightest injury; and the moment that he did so, he commenced his ascent of the opposite side with the speed of one who hears behind him the bloodhound's bay. When he reached the top, being well acquainted with the ground, he set off at full speed in the direction of his father-in-law's house, following, not the road by which he had come, but the hill-sides, where he was not likely to be seen by any one. He took this route, in the hope that in some of the many corner-holes about the Crook he might easily lie concealed until the hue-and-cry was blown over. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations.

After the departure of the soldiers with their prisoner, Geordie Black was surprised by the arrival of visitors that were near and dear to him—namely, his daughter Ailie, with her infant child. The poor young creature knew of her husband's capture, and was on her way to Carlisle to beg his life, or to die with him. Her parents persuaded, or rather compelled her to stay a night with them, in order to take that rest of which she stood in so much need; but it may be imagined that they could offer her no other consolation. Consolation, however, was not far off, though they then saw it not. After night had set in, Geordie, with the view of excluding as much as possible all spectators of his daughter's grief, went out in person to bring a supply of fuel for the parlour fire from the peat-stalk. While in the act of lifting these combustibles, a voice whispered his name, and finding, by the terrified "Gudesake! what's that!" that it was his father-in-law, Maclaren revealed himself, and told the story of his marvellous escape. It would be hard to say whether joy or alarm was predominant in the old man's mind on hearing it, for he feared the return of the soldiers. He had, nevertheless, no thought for an instant of abandoning Neil. Going into the house for a lantern, he led his son-in-law to an unoccupied and well-concealed corner of his premises, and then, having prepared both of them for the joyful and most unexpected interview, he conducted the wife to her husband's arms. They were strongly attached to each other, and their feelings on meeting are not to be described.

Lieutenant Howison and two of his men reached the Crook during the night, the rest having gone, according to command, in various directions in search of the fugitive. In anticipation of such a visit, Maclaren had been carefully and securely secreted; and the servants of the household being put upon their guard, were too faithful not to avoid all mention of Maclaren's wife's name. The lieutenant, indeed, never entertained the slightest suspicion of the landlord, but on the contrary condescended, as if sure of the sympathies of his auditor, to repeat to Geordie many emphatic denunciations of the scoundrel who kept "tumbling and rolling" down the Devil's Beef-Tub, though called upon to halt "in the king's name." The unwelcome military visitants departed from the Crook on the following day.

Neil Maclaren, the hero of this remarkable escape, contrived, with the aid of his friends, to keep himself concealed, sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another, until the act of indemnity was passed by the government. He then returned with his wife to the Braes of Balquhidder, in which district he was a duniewassal, or small proprietor. Like Rob Roy, he had not disdained to seek the improvement of his fortunes by sending cattle to England, and these expeditions he sometimes guided in person. While on one of these journeys, he had seen and loved, wooed and won, Ailie Black. After claiming and obtaining the immunity alluded to, he recovered (chiefly by the help of Geordie Black's well-saved *pose*) the greater part of his former heritage, and lived in peace for the rest of his days in the bosom of his family.

THE FIRST EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

In the lower part of Peeblesshire, on the south bank of the Tweed, stands Traquair House, the seat of the Earls of Traquair, of one of whom tradition has preserved some particulars which throw a light on the manners of a bygone age.

Sir John Stewart, created Earl of Traquair by Charles I. in 1628, was also raised by that monarch to the dignity of Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, in which office he acted a conspicuous part in the history of that stirring period. Circumstances having on one occasion led the earl to visit Jedburgh, he there learned that a person of whom he had some knowledge, Willie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, was in confinement for cattle-stealing—an offence far from uncommon in these times. Interested in the fate of the Borderer, the earl exerted his influence, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage.

Some time afterwards, a lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair, and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma the earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his services to kidnap the president.

On due inquiry, the unscrupulous Borderer found that it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the

Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea: his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office.

Meanwhile the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Madge* the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set his prisoner at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at the dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word; and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up.

The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when the president appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary; until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Madge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, who died in July 1646.

Lord Traquair does not appear to have been benefited by the unlawful exploit of the Border freebooter. From a high position in the state, he made a fall as great as was ever known in the vicissitudes of court favour: from being a wealthy and influential nobleman, he actually sunk to the condition of a beggar in the street. The cause of this extraordinary decline of fortune is to be found partly in the political troubles and changes in the reign of Charles I., and partly in private misfortune. For some reason, now unknown, the earl resigned his whole estates to his son, and like most others who, during their lives, have abandoned their entire means to their children, he was left by his ungrateful descendant to pine and die in misery, an object of commiseration to strangers. In a history of the Family of Fraser, by the Rev. James Fraser, minister of Kirkhill, on the Beauly Firth, the writer mentions the following circumstances of this unfortunate earl, under the date 1668:—

"A remarkable death this year was that of John Stewart, the old Earl of Traquair, time, place, and manner considered. This man was King James VI.'s cousin and courtier. Charles I. sent him as High Commissioner down to Scotland, and he sat as viceroy in the parliament, June 1639. He was early at court, the haven of happiness for all aspiring spirits; and this broke him at last—he became the tennis-ball of fortune. What power and sway, place and preferment, he had then, I need not mention; only this, keeping then with the revered bishops, and tampering under board with the Covenanters, he acknowledged to be his bane; but whether then by his own misconduct, or by paction and resignation of his interest to his son, or the immediate hand of God upon him, I search not, but he proved a true emblem of the vanity of the world—a very meteor. I saw him, in 1661, begging in the streets of Edinburgh. He was in an antique garb, and wore a broad old hat, short cloak, and pannier breeches; and I contributed, in my quarters in the Canongate, towards his relief. We gave him a noble, he standing with his hat off. The Master of Lovat, Calbockie, Glenmoriston, and myself, were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest supplicant. It is said that at a time he had not [wherewithal] to pay cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler's house."

ALLAN SCOTT.

On the bank of a small mountain rivulet which dashes down towards the Tweed, about the centre of the county, stands a neat though humble cot, the residence not many years ago of Allan Scott, a youth whose early fate excited considerable interest in the district.

The father of Allan was an exemplification of a truth most honourable to human nature. He evinced in his own person how much respect and esteem can be attained by sobriety and good conduct, even in the midst of poverty and distress. Everybody loved the old man, who was a hard-working tradesman, and when sorrow fell upon him, there was no one in our little town who did not sympathise with him. Allan was an only son, and was about thirteen years of age when his mother died, and the first blow was given to his father's happiness. The old man's health became broken, and it was only at intervals that he was able to work, and to teach his son his own trade. Hence, willing and diligent as Allan was, his want of skill rendered him barely able to maintain his father and himself during those attacks of illness which fell more severely upon the old man the oftener they were repeated. It was an affecting sight at these times to see the son, in the short moments of evening relaxation, supporting and tending his infirm parent, as they crept slowly along the river-bank—the walk which the old man loved most, having been that which he had often trod with his departed partner by his side, and that dutiful son, then a playful child, gambolling around them. Allan, too, loved the Tweed, in whose clear pools he had learned, in his happy schooldays, to be a bold and adroit swimmer. But little leisure was now left him for such amusements. His nights, after returning from the customary walk, were spent in the same incessant watching over his father's comforts. Their solitary little dwelling was seldom intruded upon, except by the kind inquiries, and sometimes kinder offers, of a friendly neighbour. For the former the inmates were always grateful, and the latter were always civilly declined. In truth, Allan struggled to do all and everything that was necessary. The old man had through life preserved a manly spirit of independence in his bosom, and the son strove, with perhaps an overnice filial tenderness, that his father should in his weakness and age feel dependence on none but him. But for some consciousness of this, many might have offered a little assistance; for many pitied, and all respected the humble pair. This very respect, however, rendered it a delicate matter to obtrude charity on those who, if they did feel pinching poverty, bore it meekly and uncomplainingly.

And in reality Allan and his father were in distress, which was put beyond a doubt by the step taken by them to relieve it. We say *them*, because, though the son was the true and only actor in the matter, yet the consent and blessing of the old man went with him in his honest endeavour. After a severe and protracted attack of his father's complaint, during which Allan's attendance had been so much required as to trench deeply on his earnings, the humble pair found that they would be totally unable to meet the approaching rent-day. This was a source of grievous anxiety to them; for though they had often met the same demand with difficulty, they never before had been so totally unprovided. The old man had recovered so far as to resume his work, and the first idea of a remedy for their need suggested itself to him. How reluctantly this idea was admitted into his mind, may be conceived when we inform the reader that the plan was, to permit his son to offer himself as a militia substitute, the bounty for which would relieve them altogether. The country was at this period at war, and the demand for substitutes was so considerable, that there would be no difficulty in putting the plan in execution. Yet, even with the prospect of losing his son only for a short time, strong must have been the honourable determination to owe no man anything, which could bring over the feelings of a father to the adoption of a scheme like this. Well did the old man know the dutiful character of him on whom he depended. Allan had long meditated upon the plan in question, and had only refrained from stating it, from the disinclination to leave his father for the time which it would render imperative. And now that he saw his father, with health for the time re-established, turn to the scheme with some degree of cheerfulness and hope, he consented to embrace it at once. Being now a firmly-knit, though slender lad of nineteen, his offer of himself speedily found an acceptor in a wealthy merchant who had had the bad luck to be selected to serve his majesty by the indiscriminating ballot, which has no regard of persons. The bounty which Allan received was not only sufficient to discharge the rent of their humble dwelling, but was also large enough to support his father during his expected absence.

On the morning of the day preceding that fixed for his departure with his fellow-substitutes for Dumfries, the head-quarters of the corps to which he was to be attached, Allan went to make some necessary preparations with his comrades. After these were accomplished—having all, like himself, given up their occupations for the time—they took a short walk together to chat over their coming campaign. They were all light-hearted lads; and many of their parents, on hearing of Allan Scott's engagement, had recommended them to follow his conduct as a model. On this occasion they turned their stroll, at his request, to the side of the river, that they might take leave, as he said, of its clear stream for a time. The day was warm and fine, being in the beginning of summer, and on arriving in their walk at the pool where they had all dipped when schoolboys, the fatal proposition to bathe was made by one of them. Allan, who was fond of the exercise, and a good swimmer, was not the last to consent. Not one of them, as it unhappily fell out, was so fearless and practised as he, and the most of them contented themselves with bathing in the shallower water. Allan plunged at once into the deepest quarter, and two of his companions, who did not join in the amusement, sat upon the rocky bank, gazing upon his free movements with pleasure. Suddenly they heard him give an agonized cry, and saw him attempt to make for the bank. The attention of all was now drawn to him, and they beheld him, after two or three severe struggles, sink below the surface, and in a moment the waters closed above him!

His companions looked on for an instant in stupefaction and dismay. But the boldest of them—for the cry made them aware that something was wrong—speedily came to the spot, and attempted to dive into the depths of the pool. None of them was capable of it, and the most forward got into serious danger himself. At last one of those who had not bathed cried, "We are losing time; I will run for assistance." This he accordingly did on the instant; but he had to go to the town before he got what he sought. When he returned, several men were with him, one of whom, an experienced diver, brought up the body of poor Allan Scott. A surgeon whom they had warned was not long in following them, and by him several unsuccessful endeavours were made on the spot to restore the breath which had departed. On seeing the fruitlessness of this, he ordered them to convey the body as fast as possible to the town, where warmth and other remedies might be applied; and the men, for this purpose, took up their melancholy burden.

The church and its session-house stands in the centre of the town, and to the latter building they conveyed the body of Allan, as all decided that it would be exceedingly improper to take it to the old man's house. In the session-house, warmth, friction, and every means was used that the surgeon could suggest or apply for the recovery of the young man; but all was in vain; and at the end of more than an hour, actively employed, all hope was given up, with pain and reluctance, by those around. And now arose a thought of deeper sorrow and anxiety, if deeper there could be, than that excited by the fate of a youth so beloved and respected. Who could tell the tale to him who, all unconscious of his bereavement, sat in his lonely dwelling, waiting for that beloved and dutiful son's return? The task, melancholy as it was, behoved to be discharged; and the surgeon, seeing that the undertaking of this sad duty was expected from him, prepared to execute it. Unwilling to leave the body of the unfortunate youth exposed to the gaze of the crowd now attracted to the place, before departing, he desired all present to leave the apartment. The people at once complied with the request, one only of them remaining, at the wish of the surgeon, beside the corpse. The medical man then slowly and sadly turned towards the old man's abode, where we cannot follow him; for we should consider it as little less than sacrilegious to attempt to describe the effect of the awful tidings which he bore.

Is not this, reader, a melancholy event, and one likely to be long remembered by one who knew the history, and saw the bier-borne body, of that unhappy youth? Yet the tale is not done—the catastrophe is not unfolded—the harrowing circumstance which interwove Allan Scott's name and fate with the deepest tendrils of memory is yet, strange as it may appear, to be narrated; and were it not a truth to which many yet can bear witness, we should think it too sad a one for these pages. But it is a truth, and from it a lesson of deep warning may be drawn.

When the surgeon, after being absent for a considerable time, returned to the session-house to make arrangements for bearing the unfortunate Allan's body to the home of his father, he found the person whom he had left behind standing outside the door of the chamber where the body lay. The truth was, the man had begun to feel disagreeably lonely and "eerie" in the room, and, unconscious of any bad result being possible from the step, had risen and taken his station outside, locking the door behind him. But a circumstance had occurred while he was in this position which imprinted alarm and anxiety so visibly on his features, that the surgeon, on coming up to him, observed his discomposure at once; and before turning the key in the lock, the medical gentleman inquired if anything had happened. The answer made his own heart flutter with deep emotion. The man said that, while standing alone, a strange and momentary noise had struck upon his ear, coming as if from the apartment within. A suspicion of the truth crossing his mind on the instant, the surgeon opened the door hurriedly, exclaiming, "Why did you not open it?—why did you not send for me?"

On entering the chamber, the suspicion of the anxious surgeon was verified. The body, which had been left with the face upwards, was found turned upon one side, and blood had issued from the mouth! The exertions which at the time had seemed utterly unavailing, had in reality produced an effect upon the body, evidenced, unhappily, when all had retired from the attempt. The spark of life had actually reanimated for an instant the cold frame, while there was none by to nurse and cherish its glimmering ray into vigorous and enduring flame. The renewed endeavours made no impression. The moment of hope had passed, unseen and unprofited, by. What a solemn lesson is this, never, while the shadow of a possibility remains, to cease the endeavour to relight the lamp that has been quenched, for a time only it may be, in the deep waters!

THE BORDER WIDOW.

In the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, when James V. proceeded with an army along the Borders in order to quell the numerous freebooters who kept the country in fear, an incident occurred which forms the subject of traditionary story in Tweeddale. The king, after visiting Polmood and Oliver Castle, on the upper part of the Tweed, crossed the mountain tract on the south, into the vale of the Meggat, and there suddenly environed the castle of Henderland.

This solitary tower was at the time inhabited by Piers Cockburn, one of the most noted marauders in this wild district of country. According to tradition, Piers was sitting at dinner when he was surprised by the king, and without ceremony led out and hanged over the gate of his own castle. While the execution was going forward, his unhappy wife is said to have taken refuge in the recesses of the Dow-glen—a dell formed by a mountain torrent, called the Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the tower. A place, termed the Lady's Seat, is still shown where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence.

In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburn is still shown. It is a large stone, broken into three parts; but some armorial bearings may be yet traced; and the following inscription is still legible, though greatly defaced by time—"Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his wyfe Marjory." Latterly, the tomb has been preserved from obliteration by the good taste of the proprietor, Mr Murray of Henderland.

On the melancholy incident above related, the following simple and affecting ballad, the Lament of the Border Widow, was afterwards written :—

"My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But thinkna ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O thinkna ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair."

MADAME ROLAND AND THE GIRONDINS.

EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.

JEANNE MANON PHLIPON was born in Paris, in the year 1756, of obscure but respectable parents. Her father, who was an engraver of some talent, was an active and industrious man; and her mother was a woman of a superior mind, and endowed with most amiable qualities. Manon was, even when a mere child, distinguished for a lively and gentle disposition, great quickness of apprehension, and diligence in her studies. She was not four years of age when she knew how to read; and from that moment, to supply her with a sufficient quantity of books, was the only necessary care of her parents for the earlier part of her education. Everything which she could lay hold of she read, and that, too, with singular advantage. So absorbed was she when reading, that the only successful method which was found of withdrawing her attention from her books, was by offering her flowers, of which she was passionately fond: indeed, books and flowers continued to the end of her life, even under the most trying circumstances, to afford her exquisite pleasure.

Her great intelligence, and her desire for study, inspired one of her uncles, the Abbé Bimont, with the idea of teaching her Latin. She eagerly embraced the proposal; but the abbé not having much time to spare, it appears that she did not make great progress in this language. As she grew up, her parents, who were resolved to let her have as good an education as their limited means would permit, had her taught writing, geography, music, and dancing. She also learned drawing; and such was her ardour for study, that she would often rise at five o'clock in the morning, and, although only half-dressed, prepare her lessons and exercises. It may easily be imagined that the progress which she made was astonishing; and it need hardly be remarked, that she became a great favourite with her teachers, who found almost as much pleasure in imparting knowledge to her, as she did in receiving it from them. But her passion for study is well exemplified by the following anecdote. Happening to find an old treatise on heraldry, and doubtless pleased with the coloured engravings, she mastered its contents in an extremely short time; and one day she surprised her father, who was wholly unconscious of her newly-acquired knowledge, by telling him that a seal, which he was then engraving, was executed in violation of heraldry. On consideration, he found she was correct, and from that moment she became his guide on this subject.

After finishing these preliminary studies, she was placed in a convent for twelve months; and in the quietness of this retreat, her mind was matured by the care and kind attentions of the instructors with whom she daily associated. The succeeding twelve months she spent with her grandmother; after which she returned to the parental home. Her time was now divided between reading and superintending some of the household concerns. Her favourite authors appear to have been Tasso, Thomson, Fenelon, and Plutarch. Of the last, which she read when only eight years of age, she confesses that she was passionately fond; and it was doubtless from the glorious examples of ancient patriotism and virtue recorded by that writer, that she imbibed many of the feelings and opinions which she afterwards possessed. The education which she received was, upon the whole, far more solid than brilliant; and if Manon was somewhat deficient in frivolous talents, she was well-versed in ancient and modern history, astronomy, metaphysics, mathematics, and philosophy. She was as remarkable for modesty and an amiable disposition as for learning: hence she endeared herself to all who knew her. Her personal appearance was prepossessing. She was tall in figure, but with a countenance more fascinating than beautiful.

Several years of her life passed thus away in peace and happiness. Her chief recreation was going out with her parents on pleasure excursions in the beautiful vicinity of Meudon, a small village near Paris; but, with the exception of this relaxation, she lived in complete retirement. She received several advantageous offers of marriage, but refused them all. The impaired health of her mother was the only cause of grief which disturbed her happiness: this gave her serious uneasiness; and although there seemed no immediate cause for fear, she always felt unwilling to leave her alone. One day this beloved parent, who was then to all appearance well, persuaded her to go and see her old friend, Sister Sainte-Agathe. Manon reluctantly complied: on her return, she found her mother dying. She had been suddenly struck with paralysis, was already speechless, and almost unconscious. In a few hours she breathed her last.

The shock was so severe, that Manon was thrown into a violent fever, which for a long time threatened to terminate fatally; and though eventually she recovered, an extreme languor afflicted

2

her for several months. However, she continued her studies; and she even wrote a few philosophical treatises, but merely for her own amusement, and without any intention of ever publishing them. The unsettled state of her father's affairs induced her to leave his house, and to reside in the convent of which she had formerly been an inmate, and where she found her old friend Sister Sainte-Agathe. This was almost her only comfort; for her reduced means did not allow her to board in the convent, and the privations which she was called to endure were severe. About this time Monsieur Roland de la Platière, a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, in easy though not affluent circumstances, and with whom she had been acquainted for some years, renewed an offer of marriage which he had formerly made to her, and to which, without giving him a positive refusal, she had delayed returning an answer. A correspondence existed between them, but had been discontinued by the desire of her father. Monsieur Roland was twenty years her senior; his manners were austere; but, being a man of rigid honesty and principle, he was fully able to appreciate Manon's merit. She was now twenty-five years of age, and had long felt an esteem for him, which his disinterested offer in her straitened circumstances only increased; she consequently consented, and in a short time became Madame Roland. This union, which took place in 1781, proved happy. She was much beloved by her husband, and ever testified for him the most tender regard and affection.

Monsieur Roland was inspector of several important manufactories, notwithstanding which he spent the first year of his married life in Paris, engaged in the publication of different commercial works. It was then that Madame Roland began—what she ever afterwards continued to do—to work with him, and assist him in his literary compositions. Her only relaxation from what proved a laborious task, was attending lectures upon natural history and botany. Four years she also spent with her husband at Amiens, where she gave birth to her only child, a daughter, whom she refused to give out to nurse, according to the general custom, but insisted on bringing her up herself. It was, indeed, a great characteristic of Madame Roland, that neither her literary nor political occupations made her forget her domestic duties. From Amiens they went to Lyons, in the neighbourhood of which they settled, at Ville Franche, in the family mansion of Monsieur Roland, where his aged mother and elder brother already resided. On the death of the former, they removed to Thezée, where Madame Roland spent many happy hours, being perfectly idolised by the inhabitants, to whose wants and illnesses she assiduously administered. Her mode of life she playfully describes in a letter to a friend, written by the fireside during a heavy fall of snow. Her husband is writing, her daughter knitting, and she occasionally pausing in her epistle to speak to the one and superintend the work of the other. But this happy period of her life was not to be of long duration. The Revolution of 1789 broke out, and with it both the elevation and misfortunes of that celebrated woman, who, after spending so many years of her life in obscurity, was destined to enact a striking part in the leading events of the day.

MINISTRY OF ROLAND.

Louis XVI., a benevolent but somewhat weak-minded man, was the reigning monarch of France, and though he at first showed himself favourable to the principles of the Revolution, he possessed neither the firmness nor courage necessary to control its excesses. The Legislative Assembly, which consisted of the representatives of the people, and sent to act for them from every part of France, was divided into three distinct parties—the *Girondins*, the *Montagnards*, and the *Plaine.* The first took their name from the department of the Gironde, whence most of them came: they professed an ardent love of freedom, tempered by a noble, generous feeling of humanity. They were young; for the greater part clever, heroic, and eloquent; but rash, inexperienced, and too confident in the justice of their cause. Brissot, of whom it was recorded that, after having lived like Aristides, he died like Sidney; the handsome and noble-minded Barbaroux; the eloquent Vergniaud, Valazé, Louvet, Gensonné, were the principal men amongst them. The Montagnards, or Mountaineers—so named from the elevated benches on which they sat in the Assembly—were undisguised republicans, proclaiming the absolute sovereignty of the people, and asserting that all restraint was but slavery. Marat, Robespierre, Danton—all the fiercest democrats of France—were its firm supporters. The Plaine, or Plain—thus termed in opposition to the Mountaineers, and on account of its occupying the floor of the place of Assembly—was a moderate but weak party, of little influence.

Monsieur Roland and his wife showed themselves, from the commencement, ardent partisans of the changes introduced. Roland was one of the first members elected for the new municipality of Lyons; and his wife, in her letters to a friend in Paris, recalling those days of her youth when she often wept at not having been born a Spartan or Roman maiden, enthusiastically added, that now, her country had nothing to envy in the republics of antiquity. In another letter she alludes, with equal ardour, to the dawn of freedom; and although conscious that she could never behold its great and real blessings, she rejoices in them for the sake of future generations. This enthusiastic mood soon gave way to gloomy and well-founded apprehensions. In the early part of 1791 she accompanied her husband to Paris, whither he had been sent to the National Assembly by the city of Lyons. She became an auditor of the legislative meetings, and from what she saw there, her fears only increased. She left Paris in September for Ville Franche, impressed with a deep sense of coming evil. Both she and Roland, however, soon returned to Paris, which they found in the greatest imaginable confusion.

It was in this state of things, towards the beginning of 1792, that thoughts began to be entertained of choosing Roland for one of a new ministry, which was to consist chiefly of men belonging to the Girondin party. Roland had the deserved reputation of being strictly honest, and he was known by several clever works on political economy, which showed him to be perfectly qualified for the post to which he was destined. All these considerations, without any solicitation on his part, influenced those in power to bestow on him the post of Minister of the Interior. Most people, notwithstanding Roland's well-acknowledged merit, were astonished at this nomination; for the simplicity of his manners and appearance offered a striking contrast with that of the courtiers of the still gay and punctilious court of Louis XVI.; and Madame Roland relates how her husband, on his first presentation at court, threw the master of the ceremonies into the greatest consternation by appearing with a round hat, and strings instead of buckles to his shoes.

Roland conducted himself with great prudence and integrity in his new situation; but notwithstanding his many eminent qualities, it must be confessed that his wife—so far his superior in mental qualifications—had an equal share with him in government. Her influence extended from that which she exercised over her husband's mind, to the entire Girondin party. She had selected for her own use, in the vast hotel then inhabited by Roland, the smallest drawing-room: it was very simply furnished—books, a scrutoire, and a few chairs, were almost all that it contained. The greater number of those persons who came to converse with Roland on affairs of state, and who had any intimacy with him, chose to speak to him there, and in Madame Roland's presence, rather than in his own study. She was thus not only made conversant with the most important occurrences of the times, but was also well acquainted with the persons of the actors in them. The ministry of Roland was short; and, singularly enough, his wife was the instrument, though not the cause, of his dismissal. The Girondins, who foresaw the dangers which threatened Louis XVI., were anxious to see him abandon his mistaken policy of endeavouring to conciliate all parties for firmer and more direct principles of action. Roland, from his situation, was the fittest person to intrust with this delicate office of expostulation and advice, and it was resolved that he should write to the king. Madame Roland was the author of the letter, which was couched in bold, but firm and respectful language. Had the hapless monarch known how to profit by the advice it contained, many misfortunes might have been avoided. It was sent on the 11th of June (1792), and on the same day Roland was dismissed.

A few weeks after, on the 10th of August, the first step to anarchy was taken. A violent outbreak took place; the king was, with his family, imprisoned in the Temple, and deposed. Monarchy was declared to exist no longer in France, which now took the name of a Republic; whilst the Legislative Assembly, though consisting of the same members, received the appellation of National Convention. The Girondin ministry was recalled, and Roland resumed his post. For once the two opposite parties of the Mountain and the Gironde were united in acts and principles; and the names of Brissot, Barbaroux, Robespierre, and Danton, were amongst the most popular of the day. But whilst the Girondins thus indulged, with Madame Roland, in fancied security and dreams of national freedom, the Mountaineers met at the club of the Jacobins, and there organised one of the most dreadful plots which ever disgraced humanity: we allude to the massacres of September. These massacres, in which the unfortunate beings then shut up in the different prisons of Paris were literally butchered, and also the slaughter of the king, whom the Girondins vainly endeavoured to save by proposing an appeal to the people, effectually, and for ever, separated the two parties. The Girondins indignantly declared that they would never again act in concert with men capable of approving of such atrocities; and two days after the king's execution, Roland resigned his post of minister. The death of Louis XVI. (21st January 1793) was, for the Girondins, the forerunner of their fall. They felt this to be the case; and from that moment the struggle between them and the Mountaineers became incessant and desperate. Madame Roland saw that the cause of freedom was lost. "We are under the knife of Robespierre and Marat," said she to a friend, in one of her letters bearing date 5th September 1792. In another letter of the 9th of the same month, and addressing the same person, she expresses herself thus: "You knew my enthusiasm for the Revolution; well, I am now ashamed of it. It has been sullied by monsters; it is hideous."

THE MOUNTAINEERS AND THE GIRONDINS.

The Mountaineers, or Jacobins, as they were now more generally called, who aimed at supreme power, determined first to get rid of all their antagonists, and began with the Girondins. As the mass of the people still looked upon their representatives with much respect, and as at that time any attempt made on their safety would have assuredly failed, the Jacobins did not resort to the plan of openly accusing them of treason, so as to procure their arrest, but came to the horrible resolve of murdering them while assembled in the Convention. The night of the 10th of March was fixed for executing this plan; but the Assembly, though ignorant of the precise nature of the danger by which it was threatened, got some intimation of the plot, and held permanent sittings. On the evening of the 10th of March, the wife of

Louvet, a Girondin, who resided in the Rue St Honoré, near to the meeting-house of the Jacobins, heard a tumult in the club, and, anxious for her husband's safety, she penetrated into the hall, and thus became a witness of the fearful scenes which nightly took place in that sanguinary assembly. Horrible threats and calumnies against the Girondins now formed the theme of their vociferations; and it was at length unanimously decided to sound the tocsin (the alarm-bell of Notre Dame), to rouse the people, close the city gates, and march in two divisions on the Convention and the houses of the ministers. This much having, after a stormy discussion, been agreed upon, the lights were extinguished, swords were drawn, and the Jacobins rushed forth to find the *Cordeliers* (members of another club), to proceed with them in a body towards the Convention.

Warned by his wife, Louvet hastened to seek the Girondins at the house of a colleague named Pétion. He found them calmly conversing together of their danger, and little disposed to believe it. All that he could do was to prevent them from going to the Convention that evening. As he urged Pétion to seek some safer place of refuge, the latter opened the window, put out his hand, and coolly replied, "It rains; there will be nothing done to-night."

Pétion was right. The absence of the twenty-two members from the Convention, the troops headed by Beurnonville, minister of war, and perhaps the rain, rendered the attempt of the Jacobins abortive; and the 10th of March, which was to have seen the Girondins overthrown, passed off harmlessly.

The indignation of the members of the Convention, on learning this intended assault, was proportionate to the greatness of the offence; but no vigorous measures were taken. The Girondins injudiciously forbore to follow up this manifest advantage. It was in vain that the committee, who had projected these murders, was denounced as guilty of insurrection. "It is to be feared," said Vergniaud, a leading Girondin, at the conclusion of an eloquent speech on the growing tyranny of the Jacobins, "that the Revolution, like Saturn, may devour its own children, and engender despotism, with all its attendant calamities." These prophetic words produced some effect on the Assembly, and they finally agreed to form a commission of twelve persons to examine into the plots and machinations of the Jacobins. This commission made several important discoveries, laying open to the public view some of the projected atrocities of the Mountain party. Several Jacobins were arrested and thrown into prison, and the exasperation of their friends on learning this was extreme. On the night of the 27th of May the Convention received several threatening messages, demanding the abolition of the commission, and the freedom of the imprisoned Jacobins. To enforce this petition, the deputations entered the hall with their usual weapons—pistols and sabres—whilst their friends besieged from without the palace of the Tuileries, where the sittings of the Assembly were held. This may be said to have been the great turning-point of the Revolution. It was a bold attempt of the violent to crush the moderate party; and all depended on the moderates holding determinedly to constitutional rights. From what ensued, however, it will be seen that they quailed before the monsters who aimed at their overthrow; and from this moment law and justice were at an end.

As the armed wretches who had entered the Convention became more menacing, some of the members endeavoured to show that, by this outrageous proceeding, all freedom of action was gone. But this was denied by Garat, the Jacobin minister of the interior; and, in a fit of timidity, the Girondins assented to a decree for abolishing the commission, and liberating the prisoners. Their proper policy ought to have been to quit the Assembly, unless the officers of the Convention had protected them from insult. But for their apparent pusillanimity the poor Girondins are not without excuse. The principles of constitutional liberty were very imperfectly understood in France; and violence was continually mixed up with peaceful debate.

On hearing that their object was gained, the people immediately dispersed, a large number of them proceeding to free the prisoners, who were liberated in triumph, and who, on seeing what force had done, determined that it should also effect the utter ruin of the Girondins. But the Convention, indignant at what had passed, the next day re-established the commission of the twelve, whose members received orders to examine more strictly than ever into the machinations of the Mountain party.

The exasperation of the Jacobins on hearing this rose to a fearful height. As soon as the news was spread, they paraded the streets in gloomy silence, and with dark and threatening glances. The Girondins received several urgent warnings to be on their guard. In short, both parties were in such a state as when a conflict is daily to be expected. Such was the excitement of the people on the evening of the 30th of May (1793), that several Girondins spent the night in a lonely room, armed and prepared to make a desperate resistance. The sound of the tocsin awoke them in the morning. At six they left their asylum, and proceeded to the Convention. Several times they were on the point of being stopped by groups of ill-looking men, but their arms protected them. One of them, Rabaud St Etienne, a well-meaning, but somewhat timorous man, continually repeated as they went along, "*Illa suprema dies*"—"This is the last day!" The sentence was prophetic.

No disturbances occurred on the 1st of June; yet it was evident that this was but the calm of the coming storm. But on the 2d, threatening rumours were once more afloat. The drum and tocsin might be heard, armed men filled the streets, and it was now evident to all that the ruin of the Gironde party was at hand. Indeed, on the morning of that day the state of parties was such, both within and without the Convention, that a collision, and one fatal to the weaker Girondins, seemed inevitable. The adherents of the Jacobins armed themselves, and took oath that they would not rest till the accusation and arrest of certain obnoxious Girondins had been effected. Towards evening they gathered their arms and ammunition on the large place before the Hôtel de Ville, and were exhorted by Marat, then one of their leaders, to do their duty. Marat himself rang the great bell or tocsin of the Hôtel de Ville, and, when they had all met, proceeded with them to the Place du Carrousel, near the Tuileries, which they reached a little after ten o'clock at night. Meanwhile the Girondin members who had determined on going to the Convention, found, when they reached the Assembly, that they were much divided. Many, apparently in their interest, advised them to submit, and resign their seats; but this they indignantly rejected.

Lanjumais, one of their leaders, rose, and in an eloquent and vehement speech demanded by what right the Convention was thus insulted, and why the *générale*, or muster, might even then be heard in the streets, and under the very windows of the palace? He was frequently interrupted by loud cries; several of the Mountaineers rose to answer; but before they could speak, and when the last words had scarcely passed his lips, a tumultuous crowd of Jacobins entered the Convention. They demanded, with arms in their hands, and with threats in every word and look, that twenty-two of the Girondins should be accused and arrested. But the majority of the members, who felt that, if they yielded, all would be lost, resisted both their threats and petitions; and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. While the tumult was at its height, an armed mob of 20,000 men surrounded the hall, and by their menaces alarmed even the wretches who had stirred them into rebellion. To the disgrace of the Convention, it tampered with, and yielded to, this illegal force; and, according to order, passed a decree against the twenty-two Girondins. All of this ill-fated party who could be found were immediately arrested.

IMPRISONMENT OF MADAME ROLAND.

During the winter of 1792-3, M. Roland and his wife lived in constant apprehension of being assassinated. Along with all the other Girondins, they were viewed with suspicion, and it was evident that a crisis was approaching in their fate. An attempt was made, by a wretch called Viard, to implicate Madame Roland in a fabricated plot against the nation, said to have been got up in London. The subject being brought before the Convention, it was resolved that Madame Roland should appear at the bar. She readily obeyed the summons. On being asked her name, "Roland," she answered; "a name of which I am proud, for it is that of a good and honourable man." Several other questions were put to her; such as, "If she knew Viard? When she had seen him; and what had passed between them?" To this she calmly replied that Viard had twice written to her to obtain an interview; that she had seen him once; and after some conversation, having discovered him to be a spy, had dismissed him with the contempt he deserved. Such was the calm dignity of her behaviour, the simplicity of her answers, and the evident falsehood of Viard's accusation, that the president declared her to be entirely free from suspicion; and, amidst the applause of the greatest part of the members, decreed the honour of the sitting to belong to her. But as the public, which consisted chiefly of Jacobins, remained silent, Marat rose, and pointing to them, gloomily observed, "Look at the public; it is wiser than you are." But notwithstanding the efforts of her enemies, this attempt which they had made to bring her into disgrace and contempt, only added new lustre and honour to her untarnished fame.

Roland having resigned his office in January 1793, they lived from that time up to the month of May in retirement and comparative security; but when the ruin of the Girondins seemed unavoidable, they prepared themselves for the worst. It was towards half-past five o'clock on the memorable evening of the 31st of May, that six armed men came to arrest Roland, with an order of the revolutionary committee. Roland protested, and refused to recognise the authority of a body which had not yet received the sanction of law. The men hesitated, and departed without putting the order into execution. Though she was at that time seriously ill, Madame Roland, alarmed for her husband's safety, immediately resolved to go to the Convention, protest against this illegal proceeding of the Mountaineers, and ask for redress. This course was dangerous, but it was the only one which remained; and without even waiting to change her morning gown, merely throwing a shawl over her person, she hastened towards the Tuileries, threading her way through a crowd of armed men, by whom the palace was then surrounded. All her efforts were vain, and she could not succeed in gaining admittance. She hastened back to her husband: he had left the house by a back-door, and was now concealed at the abode of a friend. On consulting with him, she determined to go again to the Convention; but she found that the sitting was over. The people had conquered.

On returning home at midnight, although greatly fatigued by the exertion she had undergone in her weak state, her first care was to write a note to her husband, to be delivered to him early in the morning. She was hardly seated, when a knock was heard at the door: a deputation from the Commune had come to inquire after Roland. She refused to reveal his hiding-place; and they retired much dissatisfied, leaving a sentinel at the door of her apartment, and a body of guards below. Madame Roland now finished her note, confided it to a faithful female servant, and having taken a slight supper, retired to rest. She soon fell into a deep slumber; but had not slept above an hour, when her servant awoke her, announcing that several men wanted to speak to her. She appeared, and was immediately shown an illegal warrant for her arrest, and in which the cause of her apprehension was not even stated. She was, moreover, informed that the seal of the republic was to be affixed to every closet, cupboard, and piece of furniture in her apartment, the windows not excepted. In his blind zeal, one of the men even insisted on sealing up a pianoforte, and on being dissuaded from doing so, he began measuring it.

Although well aware of the illegality of the warrant, Madame Roland submitted, perceiving in this case the uselessness of resistance. She merely asked, and obtained leave, to take some of her wearing apparel with her, and to put aside some of her daughter's clothing. She was, meanwhile, much annoyed by the presence of all the idle loiterers of the neighbourhood, who, having found the door open, filled the apartment almost to suffocation. Surrounded by this rude crowd, she once more sat down to her desk, and began writing a letter to a friend to whom she meant to intrust her daughter. She was immediately asked for that person's name; but firmly refusing to tell it, she tore up the half-finished missive. At seven next morning she was informed that everything was in readiness, and that she was to be conducted to prison. She calmly bade her daughter and servants farewell, gently exhorting them, as they bitterly wept around her, to bear their affliction with patience and resignation. When she had left her apartment, and reached the street, she found a hackney-coach in waiting: she advanced towards it between two rows of armed men, who followed the coach when she was within.

With the exception of a few women, who cried out after her, "To the guillotine!" the crowd was silent. When they arrived at the prison—the Abbaye—Madame Roland was ushered into a dark room, occupied by several men lying on camp-beds, and from this she was made to ascend a narrow and dirty staircase to the porter's apartment. As there was yet no cell prepared for her, the porter's wife, a kind and compassionate woman, offered her the use of her own room for the day. The commissioners who had brought her, gave strict orders concerning the manner in which she was to be treated. But the porter and his wife, who were both good and considerate people, did not follow them very closely, the instructions being merely verbal. She was accordingly, after breakfast, allowed to write a letter to the National Assembly on her illegal arrest, and was promised the permission of seeing some of her friends. At ten that evening, her cell being ready, she entered it for the first time. It was a wide, but bare room, with four very dirty walls; it had a small chimney, and a window with double grating, which hardly admitted light; the bed was a mere pallet, with a pillow. Notwithstanding the dismal tolling of the tocsin, which might be heard during the whole night, she was so overpowered by fatigue, that she slept until twelve next day.

While in her prison, Madame Roland showed how much the horrors of such a confinement may be alleviated by a cheerful and contented spirit. Her first care on arising was to arrange her cell as comfortably as possible. She covered a small table with a white cloth, and placed it near the window, to serve as her writing-desk. To keep it clean, she resolved to take her meals on the stove. Two large hair-pins, which she fixed in a shelf, were used, instead of pegs, to hang her clothes on. And these preparations Madame Roland made as cheerfully as when superintending the arrangements of her splendid drawing-room in the minister's hotel. This being done, her next care was to get a few books. Thomson's Seasons, one of her favourite works, she already had with her; and she asked for Plutarch's Lives, Hume's History of England, and Sheridan's Dictionary. By thus reading, and writing her reflections on what she read, she contrived to pass her time much more agreeably than might be expected.

She could hear, even in her solitude, that Paris was far from being quiet; the drum, and sounds of tumult from without, constantly reached the prison, and proclaimed that the force of the popular insurrection was increasing. She dined for that day in the apartment of the porter's wife. On entering the room, she perceived her faithful female servant. On beholding her mistress, the poor girl burst into tears; nor could Madame Roland herself, notwithstanding her fortitude, behold her grief unmoved. The next day Madame Roland impatiently waited for the morning's paper. She knew, from the tumult which had taken place without, that something important had occurred, and she feared the worst. On reading the news of the decree of arrest against the twenty-two Girondins, she let the paper fall, exclaiming, in a mingled burst of grief and indignation, that the cause of freedom was now for ever lost. She thought more of France than of her own situation; and even the state of her country was forgotten when she remembered that her husband was now a houseless fugitive in the provinces, whilst for her daughter she had scarcely been able to procure an asylum. But these were thoughts which she strove to banish, and if possible to forget, in the steps which she now took to effect her liberation. Her mode of life in the prison was, after that, the next thing to consider. The regulations were severe enough: five livres (a sum equal to about four shillings) had formerly been allotted to every prisoner for his daily maintenance. When Roland was minister, he found this allowance much too high, and had it reduced to two livres (one-and-eightpence). As government provided the prisoner with nothing—his cell and some straw to lie on excepted—the porter of the prison received one livre a-day for whatever furniture he might put into the cell; another livre—namely, tenpence—remained for the prisoner's food. This was of course wholly insufficient; but the prisoners were allowed to provide themselves with whatever they chose from their own purse. Madame Roland, however, resolved, with that singular stoicism which led her to accustom herself at once to the worst of any position, to conform as much as possible to the prison allowance. She began by leaving off her breakfast of coffee and chocolate, instead of which she took bread and water. Her dinner consisted merely of the common prison fare—coarse meat and vegetables. That economy was not her object by this singular conduct, is proved by the fact, that the money she thus spared she caused to be distributed among the poorer prisoners. The only indulgence she allowed herself was what in childhood she had most loved, and which still continued to be her only solace—books and flowers.

Notwithstanding the active efforts of the few friends who still remained true to her in her misfortunes, the epoch of freedom seemed very distant. Her letter to the Assembly remained unanswered; similar applications to the minister of the interior, and to the sectional authorities of the neighbourhood to which she belonged, met with a like fate. She was therefore much surprised when, on the twenty-fourth day of her imprisonment, she was unexpectedly liberated. The order for her liberation stated that there was "nothing against her." Madame Roland immediately took a coach, and hastened to her house; but hardly had she passed the doorway, when two men once more arrested her in the name of the law. The cause of this cruel deception was, that her first apprehension being illegal, and her enemies more than usually anxious to secure her, had seen no better means of effecting this than by liberating her, and arresting her a second time. With a heavy heart she submitted, and was taken to the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where she often regretted her room of the Abbaye.

On reaching this new prison, she learned that she must either share the cell of some other prisoner, or be shut up in a room so small that she could hardly move in it. Even the large cell to which she was taken was only about twelve feet long and six wide. Two beds, two small tables, and two chairs, almost filled the apartment. She learned that government gave nothing towards the maintenance of the prisoners, with the exception of brown bread, and a dish of beans daily, either of which she found it impossible to eat. It is not to be supposed that the severe shock she had experienced on finding her dreams of freedom and happiness so suddenly destroyed, was without its effect upon even one of her firm and resigned spirit. Several days elapsed before she regained her wonted composure. When she was somewhat settled in her new dwelling, she resumed her usual occupations—

studying the English language, and practising drawing. Three sincere and devoted friends, Champagneux, Bosc, and Grandpré, visited her in her prison as often as prudence would allow. The first, who knew her privations and her pride, only occasionally ventured to make her small presents of fruit. Bosc more freely gave her beautiful plants and flowers, which he procured from the national garden of plants in Paris. But neither the kindness of her friends nor her own efforts succeeded in making her cell in Sainte-Pelagie tolerable; and after a time, the jailer's wife, taking pity on her, caused her removal to a better and more cheerful apartment, and even procured her a pianoforte, which afforded her many an hour of recreation during the tedious months of her imprisonment.

This change made Madame Roland as happy as she could be in a prison. There was little to remind her of her captivity; and instead of an ill-looking and rude jailer, the head jailer's wife, the gentle Madame Bonchaud, now daily visited her, attending to her wants with the kindest solicitude. Nay, such was the affection she had conceived for her prisoner, that she even offered to facilitate her escape. Although much moved at this proof of devotion, Madame Roland firmly refused; nor could the intreaties of her friend Champagneux, and of Madame Bonchaud herself, induce her to change her mind.

The indulgences which she owed to the kindness of Madame Bonchaud were not permitted her long; they reached the ears of those in power, who, deeming them incompatible with republican equality, severely reprimanded the jailer, ordered the pianoforte to be removed, and Madame Roland to be once more closely confined to her cell. This change she bore with her usual calm fortitude; nor was her resignation lessened by the prospect now held out of her speedy trial and condemnation. Miss H. M. Williams, an English lady then residing in France, thus mentions a visit which she paid to Madame Roland, with whom she was well acquainted.

" I visited her in the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where her soul, superior to circumstances, retained its accustomed serenity, and she conversed with the same animated cheerfulness in her little cell as she used to do in the hotel of the minister. She had provided herself with a few books, and I found her reading Plutarch. She told me that she expected to die; and the look of placid resignation with which she said it, convinced me that she was prepared to meet death with a firmness worthy of her exalted character. When I inquired after her daughter, an only child of thirteen years of age, she burst into tears; and at the overwhelming recollection of her husband and child, the courage of the victim of liberty was lost in the feelings of the wife and the mother."

During her stay in the Abbaye and in Sainte-Pelagie, Madame Roland wrote her admirable Memoirs and "Notes for History." The Memoirs she confided to her devoted friend Champagneux.

She also intrusted some papers to Miss Williams, who was unfortunately obliged to destroy them.

FATE OF THE TWENTY-TWO GIRONDINS.

Meanwhile, though a few of the Girondins had effected their escape, the rest were at first kept prisoners in their own houses, and afterwards removed to the Luxembourg, and thence to La Force. Two of them, on account of ill health, were allowed to remain in the Luxembourg, and there await their trial. These were La Source and Sillery. The first was a Protestant minister of Languedoc, and a member of the National Convention; the latter, a man of about sixty, and better known as the husband of the celebrated Madame de Sillery, Countess of Genlis, shared his captivity. Both were seen in that prison by Miss H. M. Williams (herself then a prisoner), authoress of the interesting "Letters from France," from which we extract the following abridged account:—

"Our apartment, with two others adjoining, was separated from the public room by a little passage and a door, which the officers carefully locked at night. It happened that these apartments were then occupied by two individuals, in whose society we had passed some of the most agreeable hours of our residence in France. These persons were Sillery and La Source, two of the members of the Convention, who had been long in close confinement, and who were now on the point of appearing before that sanguinary tribunal; whence, after the most shocking mockery of justice, they were inhumanly dragged to the scaffold. Sillery, on account of his infirmities, had with much difficulty obtained permission from the police for his servant to be admitted into the prison during the day, together with an old female friend who, on the plea of illness, had implored leave to attend as his nurse. Sillery's friend and his servant being allowed to go in and out of his apartment, the door was not constantly locked, although he and La Source were closely confined, and not permitted to have any communication with the other prisoners. The second night of our abode in the Luxembourg, when the prisoners had rétired to their respective chambers, and the keeper had locked the outer door which enclosed our three apartments, La Source entered our room. We were obliged to converse in whispers, whilst we kept watch successively at the outer door, that if any step approached, he might instantly fly to his chamber. He had much to ask, having been three months a close prisoner. In the solitude of his prison, no voice of friendship, no accents of pity, had reached his ear; and after our arrival, he used, through the lonely day, to count the hours till the prison gates were closed, till all was still within its walls, and no sound was heard without, except at intervals the hoarse cry of the sentinels, when he hastened to our apartment. La Source, at his second visit, was accompanied by Sillery, a man of about sixty years of age, but who had lived freely, like most men of his former rank in France; and from this dissipated life, had more the appearance of age than belonged to his years. The mind of Sillery was somewhat less fortified against his approaching fate than that of La Source. The old man often turned back on the past and wept; and sometimes inquired, with an anxious look, if we believed there was any chance of his deliverance. Alas! I have no words to paint the sensations of those moments. To know that the days of our fellow-captives were numbered—that they were doomed to perish—that the sanguinary tribunal before which they were going to appear was but the pathway to the scaffold—to have the painful task of smothering our feelings, while we endeavoured to soothe the weakness of humanity by hopes we knew were fallacious, was a species of misery almost insupportable. They had, however, in their calamity, that support which is of all others the most effectual under misfortune. Religion was in La Source a habit of the mind. Impressed with the most sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, he reposed, with unbounded confidence, in that Providence in whose hand are the issues of life and death. Sillery, who had a feeling heart, found devotion the most soothing refuge of affliction. He and La Source composed together a little hymn adapted to a sweet solemn air, which they called their evening service. Every night before we parted they sung this simple dirge in a low tone, to prevent their being heard in the other apartments, which made it seem more plaintive. Those mournful sounds, the knell of my departing friends, yet thrill upon my heart.

'Calm all the tumults that invade
Our souls, and lend thy powerful aid.
Oh! source of mercy, soothe our pains,
And break, O break, our cruel chains!
To thee the captive pours his cry,
To thee the mourner loves to fly;
The incense of our tears receive—
'Tis all the incense we can give.

Eternal power, our cause defend!
Oh God! of innocence the friend!
Near thee for ever she resides,
In thee for ever she confides.
Thou know'st the secrets of the breast,
Thou know'st the oppressor and the oppressed:
Do thou our wrongs with pity see,
Avert a doom offending thee.

But should the murderer's arm prevail;
Should tyranny our lives assail;
Unmoved, triumphant, scorning death,
We'll bless thee with our latest breath.
The hour, the glorious hour will come,
That consecrates the patriot's tomb;
And with the pang our memory claims,
Our country will avenge our names.'

"La Source often spoke of his wife with tender regret. He had been married only a week when he was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly, and was obliged to hasten to Paris, while his bride remained in Languedoc, to take care of an aged mother. When the Legislative Assembly was dissolved, La Source was immediately elected a member of the National Convention, and could find no interval in which to visit his native spot, or his wife, whom he saw no more. In his meditations on the chain of political events, he mentioned one little incident which seemed to hang on his mind with a sort of superstitious feeling. A few days after the 10th of August, he dined in the Fauxbourg St Antoine with several members of the Legislative Assembly, who were the most distinguished for their talents and patriotism. They were exulting in the birth of the new republic, and the glorious part they were to act as its founders, when a citizen of the Fauxbourg, who had been invited to partake of the repast, observed that he feared a different destiny awaited them. 'As you have been the founders of the republic,' said he, 'you will also be its victims. In a short time you will be obliged to impose restraints and duties on the people, to whom your enemies and theirs will represent you as having overthrown royal power only to establish your own. You will be accused of aristocracy; and I foresee,' he added with much perturbation, 'that you will perish on the scaffold.' The company smiled at this singular prediction; but during the ensuing winter, when the storm was gathering over the political horizon, La Source recalled the prophecy, and sometimes reminded Vergniaud of the man of the Fauxbourg St Antoine. Vergniaud had little heeded the augur; but a few days previous to the 31st of May, when the Convention was for the first time besieged, La Source said again to Vergniaud, 'Well, what think you of the prophet of the Fauxbourg St Antoine?' 'The prophet of the Fauxbourg St Antoine,' answered Vergniaud, 'was in the right.'

"The morning now arrived when La Source and Sillery, together with nineteen other members of the Convention, were led before the revolutionary tribunal. When the guards who were to conduct them arrived, the other prisoners crowded to the public room to see them pass, and we shut ourselves up in our own apartment. They returned about five in the evening, and we had no opportunity of seeing them till midnight, when they related to us what had passed. The conduct of the judges and the aspect of the jury were calculated to banish every gleam of hope from the bosoms of the prisoners. The judges permitted, with reluctance, anything to be urged in their defence; and the jury listened with impatience, casting upon their victims looks of atrocity, in which they might easily read their fate: yet, in spite of these unhappy omens, our friends returned from the tribunal with their minds much elevated.

"A few days before the sanguinary trial had ended," continues

Miss Williams, "the administration of the police sent orders that the English women confined in the Luxembourg should be removed the next day to a convent in the Fauxbourg St Antoine. With what keen regret La Source and Sillery received this intelligence! A thousand times they thanked us for the danger we had risked in receiving them, and for the sympathy which had soothed the last hours of their existence; a thousand times they declared, that if it were yet possible their lives might be preserved, they should consider themselves for ever bound to us by the most sacred ties of gratitude and friendship; but they felt, alas! how small was the chance that we should meet again in this world. Sillery cut off a lock of his white hair, which he begged I would preserve for his sake, and La Source gave me a similar relic. They embraced us with much emotion. They prayed that the blessing of God might be upon us. We mingled our tears together, and parted to meet no more."

The conduct of the Girondin prisoners confined in the Conciergerie, where they had been transferred from the Force, is not described as less noble or less resigned by the Baron H. de Riouffe, who also happened to be their fellow-prisoner, but who was fortunately forgotten by his enemies, and thus survived the Reign of Terror. They were calm and resigned: hope they had none. Brissot never betrayed the least anxiety for his own fate, but often mourned over that of France. He was thoughtful, but with a grave and dignified demeanour, worthy of the cause for which he had lived, and for which he was now called upon to suffer. Gensonné seemed to feel a noble disdain for the tyrants who oppressed his country: their names never once passed his lips. Vergniaud was the same as ever, grave and gay by turns. At times his fellow-prisoners would gather around him, listening to that impassioned eloquence with which he was gifted, and which was so soon to be lost to the world for ever. On other occasions he would divert their thoughts from their present situation by the inexhaustible fund of mirth and anecdote which he possessed. Valazé seemed to have lost every other feeling in that of the glorious martyrdom which awaited him.

But of all those heroic and hapless men, none excited deeper emotions of pity than the two brothers-in-law, Ducos and Fonfrède. Both had the full enjoyment of their liberty till the act of accusation appeared, in which they had not the least suspicion that they should be included. Ducos might have escaped, but he preferred sharing the fate and prison of his relative. Both calmly submitted to their fate; and yet, by losing life, they lost all that could endear it—an immense fortune, and beloved wives and children. Fonfrède, less resigned than his friend, took one of the other prisoners apart on the last day of their trial. He began speaking to him of his wife and children, and as he uttered the names of those he so tenderly loved, he could not refrain from shedding tears. Ducos saw him, and tenderly consoled him, not striving to disguise his own emotion. This happened twenty-four hours before their execution. For the two first sittings of their judges, the Girondins were allowed to speak in their defence, and the impassioned eloquence of Vergniaud had well-nigh won their cause, melting to tears even the fierce assassins present—the same who had taken a part in the massacres of September. This being perceived, he and the other prisoners were forbidden to speak, and, by a bitter perversion of all justice, were condemned unheard.

On hearing his sentence, La Source merely repeated those words of one of the ancients—"I die at a moment when the people have lost their reason, but you will die when they recover it." All behaved with remarkable firmness, embracing one another, and crying out—"Long live the Republic!" One alone amongst them, Valazé, swooned and fell. "Thou art afraid," said Gensonné, raising him up—he was dead! He had stabbed himself to the heart with a small dagger concealed amongst his papers. The court immediately ordered that the dead body should be conveyed on a car to the place of execution, and beheaded like the other prisoners. Vergniaud was provided with poison, but threw it away on hearing his doom, preferring to die with his friends Ducos and Fonfrède. They were condemned on the night of the 30th of October 1793. On their return to the Conciergerie, their fellow-prisoners, who were anxiously waiting to know the result of their trial, might hear the signal they had agreed upon in case they should be condemned—the patriotic songs with which they all at once filled their cell; and throughout the whole of that dreadful night did those songs of freedom break upon the silence of the dungeons of tyranny. They also spent part of the few hours now allotted them in conversing on the future destinies of France. They partook of a light supper, during which the servant of Duprat waited upon them. Duprat, seeing him weep, gently comforted him; thanking him with much kindness for his past services, and confiding his wife to his care. This servant afterwards sold a small annuity which he possessed to relieve the distress into which the wife of his former master had fallen.

The next day they were led to the guillotine. Sillery was executed first. He bowed gravely to the people, and behaved with great firmness. When they had reached the foot of the scaffold, the twenty-one Girondins embraced one another, once more singing the national anthem of the Marseilloise, and crying out aloud, "Long live the Republic!" In a few minutes they had perished; and of those heroic, eloquent, and noble-minded men, nothing now remained—nothing—but an immortal memory.

TRIAL OF MADAME ROLAND.

On the 31st of October 1793, the day of the execution of the twenty-two Girondins, Madame Roland was transferred from

Sainte-Pelagie to the Conciergerie, which her valued friends had just left for the scaffold. She was placed in a bare and miserable dungeon. The bed on which she lay she owed to the kindness of another prisoner, who gave it up to her. Although the weather was very cold, no covering was allowed her. The next day she underwent a long examination before Judge David. She was very strictly questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondins. Without concealing this well-known fact, she strove to clear herself from the calumnies cast upon her; but, not even waiting for her answer, they asked new questions, to which she found it very difficult to reply. This vexatious examination lasted three hours. Although she was obliged to undergo several other examinations like the first, neither her composure nor her resignation forsook her. She never showed or felt greater calmness of mind than at this trying epoch of her life; and the singular contrast which her womanly attractions and appearance offered to the heroic feelings by which she was now more than ever actuated, is eloquently described by Riouffe. Although past the prime of youth, she was still fascinating; her elegant figure had lost none of its dignity, and her large dark eyes were still full of expression and sweetness. She would often speak at the iron grating which divided the part of the prison in which men were confined from that which she inhabited; and the noble and heroic thoughts which then passed her lips, and above all, perhaps, the exquisite melody of her language, would draw the prisoners around her, making them listen, as though entranced by the touching instances of courage and womanly feeling which she daily and unconsciously offered. She often spoke of the Girondins, calling them *our friends;* but she mentioned their names without either sorrow or regret; for she was already purified by her approaching fate from almost every earthly feeling and weakness.

Occasionally her usual resignation failed her. The woman who waited on her one day said to Riouffe, "Before you, she appears strong; but when she is in her room, she will often stay for three hours at a time leaning against the window, and weeping." The prisoners themselves often beheld the traces of tears on her cheeks, although she strove to conceal them. She remained but a week in the Conciergerie, and already her gentleness had endeared her to all. The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau de la Garde, visited her to receive her last instructions. Madame Roland drew a ring from her finger, and said—"To-morrow I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance cannot avail aught for me, and would but endanger you, without saving my life. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard."

When led to the tribunal, she attired herself in white, as a symbol of her innocence. She had been refused the means of dressing her long dark hair, which fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders, increasing the more than common loveliness of her appearance. Her bearing before the tribunal was firm and full of dignity. Witnesses, by whom nothing could be proved, were called against her. One of these was a lady, her daughter's governess, who, greatly alarmed for her own life, consented to speak against Madame Roland, from whom, whilst attending her daughter's education, she had received every mark of kindness and attention, being, moreover, intrusted with a thousand francs a-month (£40) to distribute to the poor. What she said, although it tended to criminate Madame Roland, was vague and unsatisfactory. But a touching contrast to this base ingratitude was offered by the faithful female servant already alluded to, whom neither threats nor persuasions could induce to say anything prejudicial to her mistress.

Madame Roland's defence, which she composed herself, has been deservedly pronounced by Alison the historian one of the most touching things of the whole French Revolution. "The accusation against me," she remarked, "is founded wholly on the supposition of my being an accomplice with men called conspirators; yet although I cannot be called upon to give an account of my private affections, I may glory in them as I do in the whole course of my conduct, and I have nothing to conceal from the world." Alluding to her refusal to escape, she said, "I was earnestly conjured to escape from my prison, and received offers of assistance to convey me to whatever place I should think proper. I was deterred from accepting these offers from considerations both of duty and of honour. Of duty, because I would not injure those to whose care I was committed; of honour, since in all cases I should prefer exposing myself to the consequences of every possible vexation, rather than incur the appearances of guilt by a flight unworthy of my character. . . . It would have been easy for me to have avoided this trial, which I foresaw; but I thought it more becoming to meet it. I thought that I owed this example to my country. I thought that if I should be condemned, I should leave to my tyrants the odium of sacrificing a woman who had no other crime than perhaps some talents, of which she seldom availed herself; great zeal for the interests of mankind; courage to adhere to her unfortunate friends; and to render homage to truth at the hazard of her life. Those who have true greatness of soul throw away selfish feelings, remember that they belong only to the species, and look to futurity for their reward. . . . I await my sentence. When innocence mounts the scaffold, to which it is condemned by error or wickedness, it reaches the goal of triumph. May I be the last victim that shall be sacrificed! I shall leave with joy this unhappy land, which is destroying the good, and drinking in the blood of the just. . . . God of Heaven! enlighten this unhappy people, for whose liberty I breathe my warmest vows!

Liberty!—to those great souls it eminently belongs who despise death, and who can meet it with courage; but it was not formed for those weak minds who compound with crime, while they conceal their self-love and their cowardice under the name of prudence. It was not formed for those profligate men who, creeping forth from a sink of wretchedness, run and bathe in the blood that streams from the scaffold. But it is the guardian of a wise and humane people, who practise justice, despise flatterers, know their true friends, and revere truth."

The simple eloquent appeal from which the above passages are quoted, availed but little. It proved her innocence. The only crime imputed to her was her friendship for the Girondins—but this did not soften her obdurate tyrants. Finding she could not be implicated otherwise, the president asked her whether she was not aware of her husband's place of refuge. She replied that, whether she knew it or not, she would not reveal it; and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature. Upon this she was condemned. On her sentence being read to her, she rose and said, "You judge me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness upon the scaffold." On her return to the prison, she passed beneath the narrow portal with a rapidity which almost seemed to betoken joy; and, by a sign, she informed the other prisoners of her condemnation. The remainder of the day she spent in great composure and serenity of mind. She had opium in her possession; but although she might, by taking it, have escaped a fearful death on the scaffold, she nobly and rightly disdained to commit suicide, and resolved to submit to her fate, however bitter it might be. Her last-recorded thoughts are full of solemn grandeur and dignity. They conclude by a touching and final farewell to life, and all that she had most loved on earth. Besides this, she wrote several letters; one to her devoted servant, who, at the risk of life, still remained true to her mistress, and gave her the most touching proofs of affection; another to her daughter, and which, though short, is fraught with maternal tenderness and feeling. "Be worthy of thy parents," says she at the end of this letter; "they bequeath thee great examples, and if thou knowest how to profit by them, thine shall not be a useless life." This daughter having succeeded in escaping the notice of the revolutionary tyrants, subsequently married the son of Champagneux, the same who received from Madame Roland her Memoirs, and gave her in her prison every mark of attachment.

On being led to the scaffold, Madame Roland's firmness did not desert her, and she was called upon to give a singular proof of courage and generosity. She was accompanied to the place of execution by a man destined to share her fate, but who evinced an unutterable horror for the fearful death which awaited him.

In her attentions to this hapless man, and in her endeavour to inspire him with courage, Madame Roland was unremitting, and partly successful.

At the guillotine, when more than one person is executed, the first who dies is at least spared the fearful and lingering torture of beholding the death of the others. This was therefore considered a privilege, and had been granted to Madame Roland as a woman. But seeing the terror of her companion, she said to him, "Go first; let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood shed." She then turned to the executioner, and begged that this sad indulgence might be granted to her fellow-sufferer. The man hesitated, telling her that he had received orders that she should perish first. "But you cannot, I am sure," said she with a smile, "refuse the last request of a lady?" Her request was at once complied with. When her turn came to ascend the scaffold, Madame Roland gazed on the gigantic statue of Liberty, which, as though in bitter mockery, had been placed near the guillotine; and bowing gravely before it, pronounced the memorable words, "Ah, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Thus, on the 10th November 1793, died this heroic and hapless woman, worthy, by her talents and virtues, of a better fate. She perished, the victim of tyranny, at the age of thirty-nine, though she appeared much younger.

It is said that, when in the fatal cart, and on her way to the scaffold, such were the unusual emotions which filled her breast, that she asked for pens and paper to write. The request was refused; but Champagneux, who relates this anecdote, says he is convinced that, had it been granted, she would have written at the foot of the scaffold with as much composure and serenity of mind as in her study. Her death filled all those who had known her with deep grief. On learning it for the first time, Buzot the Girondin, and her intimate friend, was delirious for several days. Her faithful female servant presented herself before the revolutionary tribunal which had condemned her mistress, and asked to die on the same scaffold on which she had perished. Such were the transports of her grief, that the sanguinary jury, who daily doomed so many to death, declared that she was mad, and dismissed her as such. A man named Lecocq, who had been employed by Madame Roland in some menial capacity, and who had conceived the most devoted attachment for her, appeared also before the tribunal, and made the same application; but which in his case met with success. He was condemned, and immediately guillotined.

Madame Roland had foretold that her husband would not survive her; nor was she mistaken. He was, at the time of her death, concealed in the house of a friend near Rouen. The news of her fatal end filled him with grief and despair. He immediately resolved to die; nor could the persuasions and intreaties of his friends dissuade him from putting his project into execution. His first intention was to go immediately to Paris, appear in the Convention, and there, after solemnly upbraiding the Mountaineers with the murder of his wife, either perish by their hands, or die like her on the scaffold. But on reflecting that if he were judicially put to death, his property would become forfeited to the state, and his only child be left destitute, he resolved to perish by his own hand. Not to endanger the safety of those persons to whose kindness he owed his present asylum, he left their house, and, after bidding them a last and affectionate farewell, proceeded alone along the road which leads from Rouen to Paris. Some passengers found him the next morning seated at the foot of a tree, leaning against it, and quite dead. He had stabbed himself to the heart. So calm and composed were his look and attitude, that several persons had passed him, thinking him to be merely asleep. A strange chance ordained that, when he was found, Legendre the Mountaineer should be passing on his way to Rouen. This Legendre, although now a member of the National Convention, had, until lately, been a butcher; and it was in this capacity that he had first been known to Roland, who was one of his customers, and who treated him with great kindness, which several times showed itself by important services his high post left it in his power to render. But, far from feeling any gratitude for this kind behaviour, Legendre, who was a man of a low and sanguinary disposition, no sooner was a member of the National Convention, than he became one of Roland's bitterest enemies.

Instead of showing any feeling of compunction or pity on beholding the dead body of the man to whom he owed so much, he gave vent to the most shocking demonstrations of triumph and exultation. A curate of the neighbourhood, who happened to be present, declared that his actions and language were too fearful to relate. After despoiling the corpse of the unfortunate Roland of all the papers which he found upon him, Legendre went off in triumph. Amongst these papers, which have thus been lost, was a letter addressed by Roland to the persons who might find his body after death, and in which, besides stating that he had been unable to survive the murder of his wife, he earnestly conjured them to respect the last remains of a man who, although he thus now miserably perished, had devoted his life to the rigid exercise of every social duty, and, above all, to the good of his country.

Such was the end of Roland. Although, by committing suicide, it must be confessed that he rendered himself guilty of a highly reprehensible and criminal act, yet some excuse for him may be found in his despair on hearing of the death of his wife—whom he most tenderly loved—and in the excited, if not deranged state of mind, news so terrible might well bring on.

Having thus seen perish the unfortunate Madame Roland and the Girondins who had been arrested, we turn to an account of those who, having escaped from Paris, were wandering through the provinces in quest of places of security.

THE FUGITIVE GIRONDINS.

After the decree of accusation passed against the Girondins in consequence of the events of the 31st May 1793, those amongst them who had determined to effect their escape remained for some time concealed in Paris, but soon left it, to seek a refuge in the department of the Calvados (Normandy), which they reached after innumerable difficulties. Buzot, Barbaroux, and Gorsas, were now together at Caen, and might be considered chiefs of the insurrection which was preparing in that town, and by which it was hoped to overthrow the tyranny of the Mountaineers. Louvet, Pétion, and Guadet, joined them towards the end of June. Guadet arrived in Caen, disguised as an upholsterer's journeyman: he was greatly fatigued, having walked twenty-two leagues in one day, through fields and by-paths, and thus succeeded in eluding his pursuers.

A number of the departments of France coalesced in favour of the Girondins. They raised troops, and adopted vigorous measures to insure the success of their efforts against the Mountaineers. General Wimpfen was named commander-in-chief of the forces of Brittany and Normandy; but his inaction proved the ruin of the cause he had been chosen to defend. The shameful defeat of the officer Puysaye, who allowed himself to be beaten at Vernon by the Mountaineer forces, discouraged the troops, and it was resolved to disband them, and to discontinue a war in which there was little profit and less glory. This disappointment was not the only one the Girondins were to suffer. On returning one day from a disheartening interview with General Wimpfen, they found affixed to the gates of the Intendance—one of the public buildings of Caen in which they lodged—the decree passed against them on the 2d of June, and which declared them to be outlawed. The regiments of Brittany were then on the point of leaving Caen. They heard of the insult which the Girondins had received, and, thinking rightly that Caen was no longer a safe place for them, they immediately proposed that the Girondins should accompany them, as volunteers, to Brittany, whither they were then returning: an offer which was willingly accepted. They left Caen the next morning, divided into three troops, each of which accompanied one of the three battalions of the regiment. They walked with the soldiers, sharing their humble meals, and putting up, like them, calmly and cheerfully with the many inconveniences of a soldier's life. When they had reached Fougères, the three battalions were obliged to separate: each of them was anxious to keep their persecuted friends; but as this was impossible, the Girondins decided on following the fortunes of the battalion of the Finistèrre—a course which later events proved to have been the best they could adopt.

After a narrow escape in passing through the town of Dol, where they would undoubtedly have been seized but for the bravery of the battalion, they arrived safely at Dinan, where they were enthusiastically received. It may easily be imagined that, being little accustomed to such violent exercise as they had lately undergone, the Girondins slept soundly that night. They were awakened early in the morning by the noise of a quarrel which had arisen amongst the soldiers. The cause of it was this: some of the volunteers of the Finistèrre becoming alarmed for their own safety and that of their friends, declared to their companions that the Girondins must no longer accompany them; but the others, feeling all the odium which such conduct was likely to bring upon them, energetically refused to consent to this arrangement, and they were at the height of the altercation when the Girondins interfered. On learning the cause of the quarrel, they immediately and unanimously resolved to set out alone from Dinan; and no intreaties could make them change this resolution. All the Finistèrriens united in making them offers of service and money, which the Girondins, although destitute of means, refused to accept. The only offer to which they consented was that which was made for completing their equipment as volunteers; for as this was most essential to their safety, they agreed to it. The best arms of the whole battalion were given them; and they were, moreover, provided with six armed guides, and passes signed by one of the officers. All their arrangements being completed, they set out for Quimper,* a town forty leagues distant, and which they had to reach through bad roads and a tract of country full of Jacobins.

Their little troop now consisted, besides the six guides, of Pétion, Barbaroux, Salles, Buzot and his servant, Louvet, and several others—making nineteen in all. Those who had escaped from Paris, and who were not with them, were Lanjumais, Guadet (who, being a slow walker, and having remained behind, had not left Dinan with them, and proceeded alone to Quimper without being recognised), Valady, and a friend who afterwards joined them, and Duchâtel and Kerveglan, who had preceded them to Quimper, where they were to prepare lodgings for them.

After many vicissitudes and escapes, they approached Quimper, and were taken to a peasant's house in the neighbourhood of that town, where the refreshment they so much needed was procured for them; but as they could not stay in this place, Kerveglan's friend led them to the curate of the neighbourhood, with whom they remained concealed for that day. Towards evening they set out for Quimper, and separated, some of them never to meet again. Salles, Cussy, and Girey Duprez, went to Kerveglan's house; Buzot was concealed near the town; Pétion and Guadet somewhere in the country not far from Quimper; whilst Riouffe, Barbaroux, and Louvet entered the town, where they escaped observation until they luckily succeeded in procuring a small brig, the captain of which engaged to convey them along the coast privately, with several of their friends, to the department of the Gironde, where, as Guadet, who was a native of Saint Emilion, near Bordeaux, assured them, they could not fail of being enthusiastically received. Those who acceded to this plan were Barbaroux, Buzot, Guadet, Pétion, Salles, Louvet, Valady and his friend.

---

* Quimper is a seaport, situated at the juncture of the rivers Eir and Odet, near the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay.

The brig conveyed them to a place named Bec d'Ambès, in the Gironde, where a friend of Guadet then resided. They were no sooner landed than Guadet called at the house of his friend, who happened not to be at home. Whilst waiting, he proceeded with his companions to the next inn, and imprudently told his name. After taking some refreshment, they returned to the house, into which, being now admitted, they made themselves at home. But whilst at the inn, they had gathered information which, though Guadet declared that it could not be true, seriously alarmed them. It was confidently asserted that Bordeaux was in the power of the Jacobins, and that the town, in which they had hoped to be able to announce themselves openly, was so wholly submissive to the Mountaineers, that there was little if any chance of their finding in it a single place of refuge. Guadet, accompanied by Pétion, immediately resolved to go to Bordeaux, and examine into the truth of this report. He soon came back, to confess that the reality was even worse than they had imagined; but again left them to seek a refuge for all in Saint Emilion, where his family resided. It was agreed that his friends should remain at the country-house, and there wait till he sent for them.

It happened that the innkeeper, their neighbour, was a fierce Jacobin, who, guessing what they were, determined to betray them. The preparations made to arrest them could not escape their notice. They immediately barricaded themselves in their abode, resolved to resist to the utmost. They were six in number, and their arms consisted of fourteen pistols, five sabres, and one gun. The gun and pistols they loaded, and calmly awaited an attack. Louvet and Barbaroux kept watch the whole night, but without being disturbed. The next day passed off, to their great surprise, as peacefully; but towards evening a messenger from Guadet arrived, stating that he had found a hiding-place for *two* only, and inviting them to lose no time in deciding which of their number these two should be. All declared that they would not accept of safety which was not for the whole of them, and immediately resolved to leave the house, trusting to

Providence for the rest. They set out with a guide as secretly as possible, and as they reached the boat which was to convey them up the course of the Garonne, four hundred men, with two pieces of cannon, besieged the house they had just left, but found, to their great surprise and disappointment, that their intended captives had escaped.

When they fancied themselves far enough from their pursuers, the Girondins landed, and, after some consultation, separated. Louvet, Barbaroux, Valady and his friend, decided on going back to Paris; Pétion and Buzot trusted for their safety to chance; whilst Guadet and Salles wandered towards the Landes (broad sandy wastes), in the hope of finding some hiding-place. We will follow the first in their adventures.

They resolved to pass for tradesmen travelling on business; a pretence little likely to serve through a whole country which they had to cross, and where Barbaroux was well known by a countenance as remarkable as it was handsome. On the first night they lost their way, from a natural unwillingness for questioning strangers. Whilst they were in this dilemma, Barbaroux perceived a small parsonage, and immediately proposed to knock at the door, and inquire the road to the nearest town. The priest himself opened to them, and, after answering their questions, and looking at them attentively, said, "Come, confess it; you are good people in trouble?" It would have been useless to deny what there was little danger in acknowledging, and, without discovering themselves, they answered affirmatively. The worthy man immediately bade them enter, and when they were within, the tired wanderers experienced such a welcome as the traveller received of yore from the patriarchs. But on learning the names of his guests, both the joy and anxiety of their host increased. He was delighted that Barbaroux, with whose name he was familiar, was one of them; nor could he disguise his uneasiness, much more on their account than on his own. He determined, however, at all risks, to shelter them as long as possible. This, unfortunately, was only for a few days. The rumour that the priest had persons concealed in his house was spread in the village, and soon gained ground. To his grief, he was reluctantly compelled to dismiss his visitors; but, unwilling to do this without at the same time providing them with some other place of refuge, he found means, by interceding for them with a friend, to get them concealed in a hay-loft, which proved but an indifferent abode after the comforts of his own house.

This loft had a few days before been filled with new hay, and in this Louvet, Barbaroux, and Valady (Valady's friend had left them whilst they were at the priest's) were obliged to hide, without even being able to keep their heads free or uncovered; the loft being open to everybody, whilst two persons only were acquainted with the fact of their presence in it. The hay being newly mowed, it was intolerably warm, and the heat they were obliged to endure, although it was now October, was increased by the want of air. For three days the hapless Girondins were forgotten by their host, and being afraid to go out, they neither tasted any kind of food nor wetted their lips. At the end of the third day they were informed that their presence was suspected, and that they must leave the loft immediately. The night was both wet and cold, and they were obliged to pass it in a wood, where they were drenched to the skin. Early the next morning the good priest came to look for them, and, moved with compassion at the sight of their wretched state, insisted on taking them home with him, where he concealed them in another loft, from which they could easily escape into the fields.

Meanwhile Salles and Guadet, after having been thirty times refused an asylum, found one under the roof of Guadet's sister-in-law, Madame Bouquey, a lady who, with her husband, had left Paris on purpose to afford the fugitive Girondins a shelter. She lived in Saint Emilion, and her house communicated with the extensive caverns and grottos which abound in that place. In one of these grottos—which could only be reached by a kind of well thirty feet deep—Salles and Guadet were concealed. On hearing of the wretched state of Barbaroux, Louvet, and Valady, she immediately said, "Let them come." The only condition she imposed was, that they should not arrive till midnight. They accordingly left the good priest, and passed the night in the house of one of his friends, another priest, by whom they were most kindly received. Their feet, swollen with fatigue, were bathed in warm water; their hair and beards, which had grown long during their wanderings, trimmed and shaved; and instead of that which they had been compelled to wear for many a day, dry and clean linen was substituted, and every other kindness and attention shown to them.

From this house they proceeded to Madame Bouquey's, where they were no less kindly received. In a few days they learned that Buzot and Pétion had, within a fortnight, been compelled to change their asylum seven times. "Let them come," again exclaimed Madame Bouquey, whose generous feelings would never allow her to consider the risk she ran. They came, and once more the whole seven found themselves united. But notwithstanding the efforts of their kind hostess, they were but indifferently fed. She received, as her allowance, a pound of bread a-day, such being then the scarcity in France. They accordingly slept till twelve o'clock, to spare a breakfast, and their dinner consisted of a soup made of vegetables. The day they spent in the grottos; and it was only at night that this generous woman, who, with the exception of Guadet, hardly knew them, could admit them into her own house, then securely closed, and where they found everything which she could imagine to contribute to their comfort, after the cheerless day they had passed. Although surrounded with persons who were dreadfully alarmed at the proximity of the Girondins, and who earnestly urged her to forego her dangerous humanity, Madame Bouquey's generous purpose of saving them was not shaken.

But soon, and to her deep grief, this kind-hearted woman was compelled to part from her guests. The importunities of her family at length prevailed, and once more the wanderers were sent adrift. Buzot, in his memoirs, which he began at Madame Bouquey's house, and which have been preserved, describes their miserable condition. They were not only extremely poor, but were scarcely provided with clothes. Barbaroux, Buzot, and Pétion, went away together, they knew not whither; Guadet, Salles, Valady, and Louvet, were equally ignorant of their destination. Their parting, which many reasons contributed to render affecting, took place in November 1793, a few days after the death of Madame Roland. Soon afterwards Valady resolved to leave his companions, and to proceed alone on his journey. A melancholy foreboding seemed to hang over him. As he slowly departed, his friends often looked sadly back after him, until his form disappeared in the gloom of the night, and the sound of his distant footsteps might no longer be heard. In a few days he was taken, and executed.

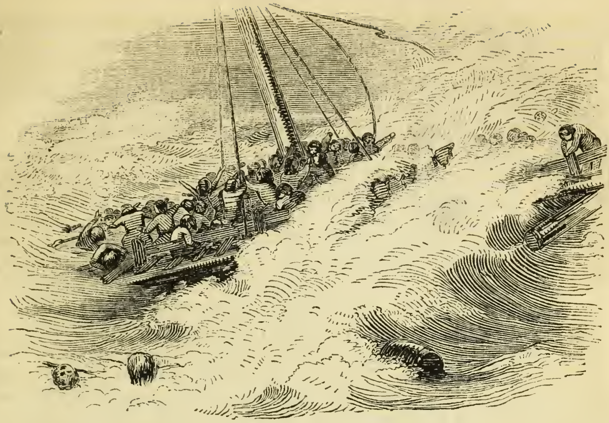
It was night, and the rain poured down in such torrents, that Louvet and his companions were soon wet through. Guadet then bethought him of a lady who was deeply indebted to him, and who had ever begged of him to consider her as his best friend. She lived not far off, and they immediately proceeded towards her house. When the servant opened the door to them, he feigned not to recognise Guadet, with whose person he was quite familiar. Guadet sent in his name; the lady refused to see him; he remonstrated, urging the almost fainting state of Louvet from a hurt leg, and begging to be at least admitted for a few hours, that they might warm their limbs. A refusal was once more returned. Louvet, whose anguish was increased by fatigue, now swooned away. Guadet knocked again at the inhospitable door, and in the name of humanity asked for some vinegar to restore his friend. It was also refused. Louvet at length recovered, and, after proceeding a little farther, declared that he would return to Paris, and no longer remain in the Gironde, where they were so ill-used; and all the intreaties of his friends could not change his resolution.

From this moment the fortunes of the Girondins were separated. Guadet, with his friend Salles, found a refuge in the house of his father, but only for a short time. It happened that three Girondins, Biroteau, Cussy, and Grangeneuve, had been arrested some time before in Bordeaux, and executed. This immediately led the revolutionary agents to suspect that the rest were concealed in Saint Emilion. They ordered a search in the grottos; and they had inhabitants of the place, and even dogs, to assist them; but their search proved ineffectual. They also examined the house of Guadet's father, and in doing this, had reason to suspect there was a hiding-place. The sound of the snapping of a pistol confirmed their suspicions. Further concealment was useless; and Guadet and Salles, who were hidden within, immediately cried out that they would surrender. They were at once arrested, and with them Guadet's father, his brother, and an old aunt who lived in the house. Guadet and Salles were guillotined the next day at Bordeaux. Salles's last letter to his wife, whom he left destitute, and with three children, dependant on the charity of a good priest of Brittany, is most touching, and breathes the tenderest affection. Both behaved with uncommon firmness. Guadet addressed the crowd; but the drums, which were purposely beaten, prevented him from being heard, with the exception of his last words—"Citizens, you behold the last of your faithful representatives." They died on the 19th of June 1794.

Buzot, Barbaroux, and Pétion, were meanwhile in the house of a priest of Saint Emilion; but he being unfortunately unable to conceal them long, sent word to Madame Bouquey that she must find some other hiding-place for her friends. The good lady was much perplexed, until she thought at last of a very humane and honest man, a hairdresser, in whom she knew she could confide. "I daresay," said she, "that Baptiste Troquart (such was his name) would keep them for some time." Guadet's brother—this was before the arrest of Salles and Guadet—broke the subject to the hairdresser, who instantly agreed to receive them. This worthy man readily undertook, without prospect of remuneration, to conceal and attend to the wants of the three fugitives. They remained three months with him, receiving during that time every mark of kindness and attention. After working all day, Troquart would go out at night to find food for them, which, on account of the great scarcity of provisions, was no easy task. After long escaping the vigilance of the local authorities, their host received notice of the death of Guadet and Salles, and of domiciliary visits which daily took place in the neighbourhood. In short, it soon became evident that if the Girondins valued their lives, or his safety, they had no time to lose in effecting their escape. They left his house at night, accepting from him a loaf of bread, which was all that he could give. With this they set forward, ignorant where to go, but resolved never to be taken alive. The next morning, when they were in the vicinity of Castillon, in a corn-field, they perceived a vast crowd, occasioned by a fair in the neighbourhood, but which, at a distance, they mistook for battalions sent to arrest them. Barbaroux immediately endeavoured to blow out his brains, but only wounded himself in the attempt. The sound of the report of the pistol drew a woman to the spot, who gave the alarm, and Barbaroux, still living, though insensible, was conveyed to Bordeaux, where, his identity having been ascertained before the revolutionary tribunal, he was immediately guillotined, 25th June 1794. Two days afterwards, the bodies of Pétion and Buzot were found in the corn-field, half devoured by dogs. It is gratifying to add that, a few weeks later, the Reign of Terror came to an end in the fall of Robespierre and his miserable companions. When this happy event took place, a general rejoicing prevailed throughout France. The prisons rang with songs, and people embraced each other in a species of intoxication. The activity of the guillotine was now suspended, and calm inquiry succeeded to a period of dire injustice and disorder. Those who had been in dread to speak their mind, even to their nearest relations, now commented freely on the state of public affairs. Unfortunately, before this resumption of reason and order, the excellent Madame Bouquey perished on the scaffold, with almost every member of her family. Her death, however, was to be attributed more to her relationship with Guadet, than to her hospitality towards his companions.

Such was the end of the Girondins. They almost all died on the scaffold: some of them betrayed by treacherous friends, like Rabaud St Etienne; and others, like Valady, through their own rashness. Several, amongst whom was Louvet, survived those eventful times; but few were ever afterwards concerned in public affairs.

The Gironde party became now, in every sense of the word, extinct. France was unworthy of them: it had not the intelligence or the heroism to defend them. Their fate has shown us the *utter folly of trusting to theories in a revolution.* Commencing with the best intentions, they hastened the fall of monarchy, and fanned a flame which finally and remorselessly devoured them. In proportion as the discord of the Revolution increased, their sentiments became more distasteful to the multitude, which, with passions aroused, could not appreciate principles of moderation. After their fall from power, and the execution of twenty-two of their number, the Dantonists, or party next moderate in degree, tried to quell the violence that had been produced; and they also fell, and were exterminated, leaving the Terrorists for a time in unquestioned authority; and it was only when the most extreme likewise perished, that, as above-mentioned, a public calm was restored. We know of no page in history so well calculated to render men patient under real or fancied wrongs, than that which recounts this ferocious struggle. What could afford a more striking lesson of the necessity for keeping in all cases within the bounds of constitutional moderation? Let us, with these remarks, draw a veil over the errors of the Girondins, whose heroic endurance of suffering in the day of adversity may be supposed to expiate failings which, arising from ignorance and good intention, are not without excuse.



SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

THE colony of Senegal, on the western coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815. As soon after this event as the state of affairs would admit, the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the newly appointed governor, M. Schmaltz, and other functionaries, civil and military, to take possession of and colonise the restored settlement. The squadron fitted out on this occasion consisted of four vessels—the Medusa, a frigate of forty-four guns, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette—the whole carrying upwards of six hundred individuals, of whom two hundred and fifty were soldiers. On board the Medusa, the chief vessel in the squadron, commanded by Captain Lachaumareys, were the governor and other principal functionaries, along with a considerable number of the soldiers, and a number of women and children: the entire number of individuals on board being four hundred.

Among this large body on board the Medusa, was a family to whom we shall have to advert more particularly in the sequel. It consisted of M. Picard, his wife, two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage, both accomplished young women, and several younger children, with a girl their cousin—the whole nine in number, the youngest of whom was an infant at the breast. M. Picard was by profession an attorney; he had been resident in Senegal previous to 1809, and now, on the resumption of French authority, he was returning, for the purpose of occupying a situation connected with the government of the colony. Provided with a small cabin on the main-deck of the Medusa, and with some valuable goods on board, the family formed a happy group, full of bright anticipations of the future, and having every reason to expect a prosperous voyage to the shores of Africa.

Setting out from the port of Rochefort, in the west of France, all the vessels of the expedition were under sail on the 17th of June 1816, and remained for several days together; at length, from the changeableness of the wind, they were separated, each pursuing its course alone, and the Echo only keeping in sight of the Medusa, as if to guide it on its route. Some fine weather which ensued served to confirm hopes of happiness in the Picards, and on the 28th of June they felt interested in contemplating the lofty peak of Teneriffe, which rose on the horizon. The satisfaction which the passengers now generally felt and expressed, was doomed to be of no long duration. Captain Lachaumareys was apparently so unfit for the trust reposed in him, not only from his ignorance of seamanship and general management, but as regards temper and humanity, that it is impossible to understand how he should have obtained the command of the vessel. One day, when the frigate was going before a fine breeze at the rate of nine knots an hour, a sailor boy fell overboard. Several persons were at the moment standing on the poop, witnessing the gambols of seals, but no effective measures were taken to save the poor boy's life. For some time the unfortunate lad kept hold of a rope which he had caught in his fall, but the vessel was making such way, that he soon lost his hold. A sailor now seized him by the arm, but for the same reason he was forced to let go. To communicate this accident to the Echo, a gun was ordered to be fired, but not a single piece was found charged; it required also a long time to lower the sails, when the more simple method would have been to put the helm about. It was at last thought of letting down a six-oared boat; into which, in the confusion and hurry, only three men entered. Every effort was unavailing; the boat returned, after rowing a short distance, without having even found the cork buoy which had been thrown overboard when the accident was first announced. The same want of foresight, promptitude, and regularity on the part of the captain and lieutenants, afterwards led to greater disasters.

On the first of July the Medusa entered the tropics, the seamen on the occasion performing the ceremonies which ordinarily take place in crossing the equinoctial line. In the midst of this fatal merriment the vessel was surrounded by dangers, of which those in command were insensible. For some days the captain had abandoned the entire guidance of the frigate to a person named Richfort, who pretended to a great knowledge of this part of the Atlantic. In vain the passengers remonstrated on this imprudent confidence in a stranger; the commander obstinately persisted in allowing him to steer the vessel in whatever direction he thought proper. Richfort appears to have been a fool as well as an impostor, for, while risking the lives of others, he also risked his own; and in the face of multiplying dangers, he continued his perilous course. In thus abandoning the ship to Richfort's direction, the captain transgressed the written instructions, which enjoined him to steer due west for sixty-six miles after making Cape Blanco, in order to clear the sand-bank of Arguin; instead of which, after proceeding about half that distance, the vessel's head was set to the southward. During the night which followed, the Echo hung out lanterns to warn her consort of her danger; but they were unavailing; the Medusa was kept on her course, and in the morning the Echo was out of sight.

On the morning of this memorable day, July 2, the sea assumed a sandy colour, and the more reflective passengers and naval officers became seriously alarmed; strong representations of the danger the frigate was in were again made to the captain, but with no better success than formerly. Such was his infatuation, that the vessel was at the time actually standing directly for the low sandy shore which it was his duty to avoid. At noon, the officer of the watch asserted that the vessel was getting near the edge of the bank; but no change was permitted in her course. This obstinacy caused a mournful presentiment among the passengers. A species of stupor, approaching to despair, overspread all their spirits. M. Picard, seated in the midst of his family, gave all up for lost; yet he durst not remonstrate; for already one of the officers had been put under arrest for daring to condemn the fallacy of Richfort's proceedings. In the meanwhile, the wind, blowing with violence, impelled the vessel nearer the danger which menaced it. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the lead showed that the frigate was in eighteen fathoms water. This startling intelligence for the first time roused the captain. He gave orders to change the ship's course, by coming closer to the wind. It was too late. The lead was again cast, and showed only six fathoms. The captain, now thoroughly terrified, gave orders to haul the wind as close as possible. It was useless. The frigate had touched the sandy bottom, and almost immediately struck with a strong concussion. This disastrous event took place at a quarter past three o'clock afternoon, in 19 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and 19 degrees 45 minutes west longitude. The vessel now lay at the mercy of the winds and waves, in less than four fathoms, and this was during high water; when the tide ebbed, the depth would become less.

When the concussion of striking was felt through the vessel, terror and consternation were immediately depicted on every countenance. The crew stood motionless; the passengers gave themselves up to despair. In the midst of this general panic, cries of vengeance were heard against the principal author of the misfortune, the greater number wishing to throw him overboard; but some, more generously disposed, endeavoured to calm the excitement, and pointed out how much more fitting it would be to adopt means of safety, than spend time in vengeful and useless criminations. To ease the pressure on the ship, the sails were hastily lowered, the top-gallant-mast and top-mast taken down, and some other means tried to get her off the bank. They were all, however, only half measures; they did little good; and when night came on, the efforts were suspended.

At dawn of day, July 3, new attempts were made to move the vessel. Anchors were carried, with vast trouble, in boats to a distance, and being dropped into the sea, cables from them were pulled at the capstan; but the anchors presented no sufficient resistance, and the effort proved fruitless. Masts, yards, and booms were now thrown overboard, and a number of casks of water emptied; still the frigate continued fixed. Many wished the cannon also to be tossed overboard; but this the captain refused to do, on the plea that they belonged to the king! There was a large stock of provision in barrels, which the frigate was carrying to Senegal; and these barrels the governor, with equal pertinacity, would not allow to be thrown overboard, on the ground that the colony was in want of provisions.

What was now to be done? All was clamour and confusion; in the midst of which the poor Picards shrunk into their little cabin, consumed with grief and apprehensions of a miserable death on the wreck. The superior officers felt the necessity for providing means of escape, in case all attempts to get off the ship should prove unavailing. A council was called. The lives of four hundred persons were to be saved; and there were only six boats, into which it would have been impossible to stow so many. In this dilemma M. Schmaltz, the governor, proposed to save a large portion of the passengers on a raft, of which he exhibited a plan. The raft was to be capable of carrying two hundred men, with provisions for all. The boats were to tow the raft, to which their crews were to come at meal times for their rations. The whole crew were to land in a body on the sandy shore of the desert, and, provided with arms and ammunition, which were to be taken from the vessel, were to form a caravan, and proceed to the town of Saint Louis in Senegal. All this, as events afterwards proved, was practicable; for the land, though not visible from the frigate, was only about forty-five miles distant; yet the plan, in the manner proposed, was not carried into execution.

Next day, the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour of high water, the frigate, being considerably lightened, was found nearly afloat; and it is believed that if the guns had now been thrown overboard, the Medusa would have been saved. Even a tow-line would have brought her round; but it was not thought of. When the tide ebbed, the unfortunate vessel again sank firmly into the sand, and the hope of getting her off was abandoned.

A raft was now begun to be constructed by means of masts, spars, planks, and cordage, which were thrown into the sea for the purpose: the whole being lashed together, formed a kind of platform, of about a foot and a half in thickness, buoyed up by empty barrels placed beneath the corners. Its length was sixty-five feet; its breadth above twenty. Each end terminated in a point; and these ends were very fragile. The only safe part was in the centre; but even that was sometimes under water.

Night came on while the raft was constructing, and the work ceased till next day. It was a night productive of dire anticipations. The sky became cloudy, the wind blew strong, and came from the sea, causing a great swell of the waves. The vessel now began to heel with violence, and it was every moment expected to see her planks start. This catastrophe at length to a certain extent ensued. The lower timbers bulged; the keel broke in two; the rudder was also unshipped, but still holding to the stern by the chains, it was dashed by the waves against the vessel. From this cause the captain's cabin was beat in, and the water entered in an alarming manner. In this emergency the captain could preserve neither order nor discipline; and indeed his incompetency and inhumanity rendered disobedience a duty. The general feeling throughout the ship was, every man for himself—a scramble for life. Towards midnight a large part of the crew and more active passengers were preparing to leave the vessel secretly in the boats. This selfish and perfidious conduct was, however, checked by the soldiers, who firmly declared they would fire upon whosoever attempted to quit the frigate clandestinely. The threats of these brave men alarmed the governor, who had already formed a scheme for himself. He therefore judged it proper to assemble a council, at which he endeavoured to allay the general distrust. He solemnly swore that, according to the plan which would be adopted, the boats would not abandon the raft, but would tow it to the shore of the desert, where all would travel in a body to Senegal. It was agreed that the embarkation should take place at six o'clock in the morning.

The treacherous promises of the governor, supported by Captain Lachaumareys, served to allay the apprehensions of the more timid passengers, including the unfortunate Picards. A number began to secure their more valuable articles about their persons, while part of the crew and soldiers broke into the cabins and store-rooms, appropriating the articles which struck their fancy, and drinking the wine and spirits, till they fell exhausted and insensible. Amidst an uproar of singing, shouting, groans, and imprecations, day broke, and all prepared to depart. A list had been made out, assigning each his proper place in the boats and raft; but this arrangement was now disregarded, and every one pursued the plan he deemed best for his own preservation. Few were inclined to go upon the raft, which heaved uneasily on the turbid waves. To compel obedience, an officer, armed with two pistols, stood by the bulwarks, and with furious language threatened to fire on whoever would not go upon it; and thus a miscellaneous crowd of persons were forced to place themselves on this floating tomb. To accommodate so large a number, and keep the raft from sinking, several barrels of provisions which had been placed on it the day before were thrown into the sea. The only provisions left for the support of the large number on it, consisted of a bag of twenty-five pounds of soaked biscuit, which, having been tossed from the vessel, fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered. There were also several casks of wine and of water. On the raft there were no charts, sails, oars, nor compass, everything proper being forgot in the confusion. In all, there were upon the raft one hundred and fifty persons, twenty-nine of whom were sailors; there was one woman, and all the remainder were soldiers. These latter were not allowed to take their muskets; but they retained their swords; besides which the officers saved their fowling-pieces and pistols.

The command of the raft had been assigned to M. Coudin, midshipman. This was not the least of the cruelties perpetrated by Lachaumareys. Coudin had received a severe bruise on his leg before the expedition had sailed from Rochefort, and he was now suffering so severely, that he was incapable of moving. Determined, however, not to flinch from a post which had been assigned to him on the ground of his being the senior midshipman in the vessel, he refused to allow one of his companions to take his place, and accordingly proceeded to the raft. The exertion, however, was almost too much for him: the pain of his wound, aggravated by the heaving of the raft, and the salt water which dashed upon him, rendered him nearly insensible. Information of his condition being communicated to the captain, a promise was made that he should be relieved, and taken into one of the boats; but this, like all other promises, was not fulfilled. The unfortunate Coudin was left on the raft.

The boats were in the meanwhile receiving their lading. The barge, which was commanded by a lieutenant, took the governor, with his wife, daughters, and friends, making in all thirty-five persons; it also received several trunks, and a stock of choice provisions and liquors. The captain's boat received twenty-eight persons, most of whom were sailors, good rowers. The shallop, commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the frigate, took forty-two passengers; the long-boat eighty-three; the pinnace thirty; and the yawl, the smallest of all the boats, fifteen. Such was the final arrangement; but before it was effected, there was much struggling and fighting, some gaining a place only by threatening the lives of the commanders. The boats were to all appearance filled, and putting to sea, without any one casting a thought on the poor Picards, who, less able to enforce attention than others, were about to be abandoned on the wreck. A place had been promised them in the pinnace; but that boat had put off, and its commander would not return to take the helpless family. Roused by the horrors of his situation, M. Picard lifted a musket from the deck, and hailing the yawl, which was near at hand, declared that he would shoot every one on board, if they would not carry himself and family to the pinnace. The sailors, murmuring, assented, and by this means the Picards reached the pinnace, on which they were, with affected politeness, taken on board.

When all had left the vessel who would go, there remained seventeen persons, some of whom were intoxicated, and incapable of providing for their safety.

For some time after quitting the wreck, five of the boats united in a line, towing the raft behind them by a rope; and as the wind was fortunately favourable, there can be no reasonable doubt that, had they continued to pull, the whole fleet would have reached the shore in from thirty to forty hours. To the everlasting disgrace of the French navy, the commanders of the boats changed altogether the plan to which they had engaged themselves to adhere, and, one and all dropping the tow-line, left their brethren on the raft to their fate. The immediate cause of this most dishonest and inhuman procedure, was an appeal made to them by M. Espiau in the yawl. This gentleman, the only officer who seemed to pity the unfortunates on the Medusa, was the last to quit the wreck, and, in compassion for those left behind, had taken more on board than his boat could well contain. Hastening after the boats in advance, he earnestly besought their commanders to relieve him of part of his crew; but all refused to assist him. In the desperation to which they were put, some of the crew in the yawl proposed swimming after the boats, and, if possible, working on the compassion of their commanders. One sailor put this proposal in practice. Plunging into the sea, he swam towards one of the leading and least-burdened boats; but on reaching, and endeavouring to climb into it, the officer in command pushed him back, and drawing his sword, threatened to cut off his hands if he did not let go. The poor wretch being thus compelled to desist from the attempt, next tried the pinnace; but here he met with no better success. Some of the party on board intreated the officer, M. Lapérère, to receive him; but he refused the request, and the man was left to his fate. M. Lapérère, it appears, got rid of the unhappy applicant for admission not only by refusing to take him in, but by hastening away from him. To put the boat beyond his reach, he caused the tug-line to be dropped, and so made off with all speed from the spot. The commanders of the other boats imitated this execrable example. Wishing to get beyond the reach of the unfortunate being who was floundering amidst the waves, and of the yawl from which he had precipitated himself, all dropped the towing-rope, and each boat made off precipitately from the dismal scene.

The raft was thus abandoned by all who had sworn to assist in towing it to land. A hundred and fifty fellow-creatures were unscrupulously left in the midst of the ocean—to perish. We question if the whole annals of shipwreck present a case of greater iniquity than this; it must for ever stand unparalleled for heartless inhumanity. At first, when the unfortunate individuals on the raft saw the boats break loose from the line they had been pursuing, they imagined that the towing-rope had snapped, and they raised their voices to make their companions aware of the fact. "The rope is broke—the rope is broke," burst from them with increasing intensity of agony. To their surprise no attention was paid to their cries, and for a moment they imagined that some new tactics advantageous to all were to be practised. Englishmen in such circumstances would most likely have awaited the result in silence. The French, with characteristic vivacity, raised the national flag on the raft, and united in the cry of *Vive le Roi;* trusting perhaps to awaken a sympathising feeling in the bosoms of their retreating companions, and so bring them back to a sense of humanity and duty. If such were their meaning, it signally failed. The commanders of the boats bombastically returned the cry; and Captain Lachaumareys, assuming a martial attitude, politely waved his hat in the air, as a parting testimony of regard. The wretched crew of the raft now too surely saw what was to be their doom. They perceived that, after being treacherously decoyed upon their floating prison, they were left with indifference to die of hunger, or to be drowned in the sea. Wild cries forthwith rent the air—cries of heart-rending despair—cries for justice and compassion—cries also of vengeance and contempt. All were alike unheeded. The boats hastened on their course.

From the narrative of Mademoiselle Picard, we learn that the cries on this melancholy occasion would have melted any but the most obdurate of hearts. "Alas! why do you leave us—why do you leave us?" was wafted to their ears. "I felt," says she, "my heart bursting with emotion. I believed that the waves would speedily overwhelm all these forlorn wretches, and I could not suppress the tears which burst from my eyes. My father, exasperated to excess, and bursting with indignation at seeing so much cowardice and inhumanity among the officers of the boats, began to express his regret for not having allowed himself to be placed on the raft along with the sufferers. 'At least,' he observed, 'we would have died with the brave, or we would have returned to the wreck of the Medusa, and been spared the disgrace of having saved ourselves with cowards.'"

Such is the account given by an eye-witness of this scene of disaster and disgrace. The history of the shipwreck now divides itself into three parts—the account of the boats and their crews, of the raft, and of the wreck of the Medusa. In the first place, we shall follow the account of

THE BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.

Among the six boats which left the Medusa, two only had a sufficient stock of provisions, and these made off with all despatch from their companions in misfortune. It had been arranged that they all should make for the nearest land; but these two boats taking the lead, proceeded, by orders of the governor, in the direction of Senegal. This unforeseen change of course surprised and alarmed the crews of the other boats; for none of them had provisions for more than one or two days; and to encounter a voyage of longer duration, was altogether hopeless. Undecided, however, they continued to move on in the wake of the boats which were in advance. The provisions on board the pinnace consisted of a barrel of biscuit and a tierce of water; but the biscuit had been soaked in the sea, and was little better than salted paste. A small portion of this nauseous biscuit, with a glass of water, formed the daily portion of each on board. The other boats were in some degree better provided, for they had a little wine.

During the night of the 5th, the day on which the raft had been abandoned, the boats lay to; and on the morning of the 6th, they were again under weigh. The pinnace, according to the account of Mademoiselle Picard, which we shall principally follow, now began to leak fearfully, and the holes in it were stuffed with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to provide. At noon the heat was intense; hot winds blew from the desert, and many thought their last moments were come. In the afternoon a distribution of a little water and biscuit was made; and hope revived of reaching Senegal on the morrow. As evening came on, the sky changed, and then a tempest of wind, thunder, and lightning, which threatened to overwhelm the boat. Again the leaks broke out, and there were stuffed into them old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shawls, anything that came to hand; and for six hours, every one momentarily anticipated death. Towards midnight the atmosphere tranquillised, and once more a gleam of hope passed through the minds of the forlorn crew.

In the morning of the 7th, the shores of the desert were again seen, and a number of the sailors murmuring, and wishing to land, the boat was directed towards the coast. On approaching the land, the hearts of the most courageous failed, on seeing the breakers which it would be necessary to pass through to the shore. Again the pinnace put to sea, and another day was spent under a burning sun, and in a state of intolerable thirst. The freshness of the night-wind revived the spirits of all on board;

but all were becoming excessively weak for want of nourishment; and on the morrow it was determined to attempt a landing. Early in the morning of the 8th, accordingly, after a scanty meal of a mouthful of biscuit and a few drops of water, the boats once more put in-shore, and being cheered with observing a group of persons from two of the boats already landed, they pushed towards a landing-place. It was a desperate struggle. The breakers overwhelmed the boat, and only after weltering in the waves, and being all thoroughly drenched, they got to dry land.

The crews of all the boats were here united, except those on board the governor's and captain's boats, both of which pursued their way to Senegal, which they reached next day, the 9th; that is, four days after quitting the wreck. As soon as they arrived a council was held, to concert measures necessary to be taken on the occasion. It will scarcely be credited that, notwithstanding this apparent activity, nothing was done for some days. At length a vessel, the Argus, was despatched in quest of the boats and of the raft, and what it achieved will appear in the sequel.

Returning, in the meanwhile, to the large party who had effected a landing from the boats—numbering about a hundred and seventy persons—we find them in a dismal plight, on the shore of a barren desert, without food or water, and many nearly naked. All, it appears, had got ashore without material injury, except one person, who had his legs broken, while landing, by a concussion from one of the boats. He was laid on the shore of the desert, and left to his fate, which would most likely be destruction by wild animals on the ensuing night. In this incident alone is seen an inhumanity for which there is no valid excuse.

Leaving the poor wretch on the sands, the party proceeded to consult on measures for proceeding to Senegal; but that involved a march of several days, and great fatigues and dangers, not to be contemplated without dismay. As remaining on the spot, however, would have been worse than madness, all prepared to set out. What ensued will be best told in the unaffected words of Mademoiselle Picard :—

"Shortly after landing, or about seven in the morning, a party was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. Some accordingly was found at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet, and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My stepmother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for

Senegal; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, as the general body was called, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during the night, without encountering anything but shells, which wounded our feet.

"Early on the morning of the 9th we saw an antelope on a little hill; it instantly disappeared, before any of the party had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which not a blade of verdure was seen. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the general body. It is true the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and cruelty. The dispute waxed warm. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene we threw ourselves between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were perhaps less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégnère, captain of infantry, who allayed the dispute by saying to his soldiers, 'My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them.' This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to quit us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us, on condition that we would walk a little quicker. M. Bégnère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

"About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating: nothing, however, was procured but poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The party rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They returned in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of a nauseous taste. After this truly frugal repast we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea-shore, we all ran and lay down among the surf. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards. Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day, we had the satisfaction of finding none missing."

At sunrise next morning the party resumed its march, holding a little towards the east, in the hope of finding water. In this they were disappointed; but were gratified in observing that the country was less arid, and possessed a species of vegetation. Some of the travellers having pushed forward to make observations, "they returned and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slightly rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand, very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to one of the officers, interpreted between us and the women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of three francs a handful: the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, for which twenty piastres were charged. We immediately killed them, and the Moorish women boiled them for us in a large kettle."

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. "We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and, discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water, free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep; because his religion would not allow him to lodge under the same roof with Christians."

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal; and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. "The vessel having approached sufficiently near to the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, pushing before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the Argus, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a cheese. Oh fortunate circumstance! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I, however, preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy whilst taking this repast is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long time of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to unwrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to revive from a state of melancholy and dejection.

"About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors, with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words:—'Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.' These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly calmed our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as bitter as the sea. Mr Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp."

The succeeding night passed over without any unpleasant event, and the party were again on the march along the shore at four in the morning. All were hungry, and Mr Carnet left them to procure some provisions. "At noon, the sun's heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves endured it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior; but how were we to reach them? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last moments were come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions, equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn; but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting that he could not drink it, and spilt it on the ground. Captain Bégnère, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome that must have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco; but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

"We were on the point of quitting this furnace, when we saw our English friend approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water; but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering we regained the shore, as well as our asses, which were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and, after a bath of half an hour, reposed ourselves upon the beach."

There was still another day's painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St Louis, the place of their destination. "During the day we quickened our march; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees, always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the promerops, and others, which flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our generous friend Mr Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted: he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate. Everything was done to relieve our necessities, and render us comfortable after our dangers and fatigues."

We now turn to the account of the raft, and the unfortunates who had been treacherously deserted on it.

THE RAFT.

Ruthlessly abandoned in the midst of the ocean, and at the distance of five or six miles from the wreck of the Medusa, the crew of the raft, numbering altogether a hundred and fifty individuals, gave themselves up to all the horrors of despair. This feeling, however, was less manifested by the officers than by their companions, who were principally soldiers and sailors. M. Coudin, the nominal commander, was unfit, from illness, to issue orders or exert his influence, and the duty of attending to the general wants and safety appears to have been assumed by M. Corréard and M. Savigny, with one or two other officers. These gentlemen, by putting on a countenance of greater fortitude than they really possessed, endeavoured to soothe the general apprehensions, and held out hopes of succour, of which they had but a feeble expectation.

When tranquillity was restored, and attention could be given to the more immediate condition of affairs, the first idea that occurred to the officers in command, was that of steering the raft by the aid of sails and compass. A search was now made for the chart, compass, and anchor, which, on quitting the wreck, were understood to have been placed on the raft; but they were nowhere to be found, and had never been embarked. In this emergency M. Corréard recollected that he had seen one of the sailors with a small pocket compass in his hands, and on inquiry, it was still fortunately in his possession. This was a piece of joyful intelligence. The compass was not larger than a crown-piece, and perhaps not very accurate; nevertheless, it would answer the purpose for which it was required, and was accordingly given to the chief in command. Alas! short-lived were the expectations which the possession of the compass had raised. From want of care, it dropped from the fingers of the commander, disappeared between the planks of the raft, and was irrecoverably lost. There was now no other guide across the deep than the rising and setting sun.

In the hurry of leaving the wreck, none had eaten anything, and in the course of the forenoon all began to feel severely the calls of hunger. A meal was now served, consisting of a little biscuit, mixed with three-quarters of a pint of wine. Bad as it was, it was the best meal distributed on the raft. The biscuit was all consumed, and there was nothing left but wine. After this repast, and while all were as yet able to form correct conclusions, it might be supposed that some definite plan would have been executed for navigating the raft, if not to the shore of the desert, at least back to the Medusa, where there were stores of many useful materials, and an abundance of provisions. Except the erecting of a very insufficient mast and sail, nothing of this kind appears to have been done. The raft lay a hulk on the water, at the mercy of every wave. A few of the better-disposed officers preserved a degree of order, and preached patience and hope; and this is the utmost that can be said in their favour. Others employed themselves in canvassing with the common soldiers and sailors plans for taking revenge on those who had deserted them when they should reach the land.

With the shades of evening a better spirit prevailed. To the first feeling of despair, there now ensued a degree of resignation; and religion, with its soothing influence, contributed to the general calm. At times a sanguine spirit would try to impart hopes of succour on the morrow. Perhaps the boats would land their crews on the island of Arguin, and return to carry away those on the raft; perhaps they might return after reaching the desert; perhaps they might give intelligence of their fate to one of the vessels of the squadron with which they might fall in. These attempts at comfort were only of momentary avail. Night set in, darkness enveloped the raft, the wind rose, and the agitated sea dashed its waves and spray over the cowering mass of sufferers. The uneasy motion of the raft, and the shifting of the spars, likewise added to the horrors of the scene. With feet entangled amidst the planks and cordage, many were thrown down, and deprived of the power of moving, by others falling above them. As the storm increased, numbers were obliged to lash themselves to the beams, to prevent the waves from washing them off. Cries of pain, of renewed despair, and of bitter lamentation, again rose on the blast. The faculties of many became temporarily impaired; they fancied that vessels were approaching, and, by way of holding out a signal, they fired off pistols, and set fire to small heaps of gunpowder. Amongst the whole on board during that awful night, there were few who did not expect that the raft would perish in the storm before morning. But these anticipations were not realised. The morning at length broke, and found the raft still buffeted on the surface of the water. It was reserved for greater horrors.

As the second day dawned, the storm gradually ceased, and the ocean calmed. When there was sufficient light, the spectacle which presented itself was most dismal. Wet, battered, sick, and wounded, the wretched sufferers were huddled confusedly together in heaps. On giving out rations of wine by way of a meal, it was found that twenty persons were missing; a greater number, however, were probably washed overboard during the night; for several, in order to increase their allowance, took rations for their dead companions. That twenty out of the hundred and fifty were gone, was at least certain. Death had taken his first instalment.

During the day, which continued fine throughout, tranquillity prevailed, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the boats would shortly appear; none of them, however, made their appearance, and hope once more gave way to gloomy despair. A mutiny now broke out; the orders of the officers were disregarded, and there was reason to expect that next night, for want of the precautions hitherto adopted, many lives would be sacrificed. Night at length came, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, there was every appearance of a fresh storm approaching. The sky became covered with heavy clouds, the wind, which had been rather high all day, now rose to a gale, and the waves, again excited, rolled upon the raft in continuous masses, driving it before them as if to immediate destruction.

In this dismal condition the hearts of the mutineers quailed, and all tried to seek safety in being calm. But rest was impossible. Terrified for the fury of the waves, the mass of sufferers clung to the centre of the raft, where some were actually stifled by the weight of their companions. Those who were outside, and exposed, were rolled over from side to side, and of these a number were swept into the sea. So little was the hope of surviving, that a body of sailors and soldiers resolved to drown the sense of their situation in wine, and so die while in a stupor of intoxication. The officers, clinging for safety to the mast, could offer no effectual opposition to this mad and cowardly scheme; and accordingly a wine cask was opened, and from it the mutineers drank a considerable quantity—and would have drunk more, had the sea-water not entered the cask by the opening which had been made in it, and caused them to desist. Now maddened with liquor, the folly of the mutineers knew no bounds; and they proceeded to cut the lashings that held the timbers of the raft together, in order to destroy all at a blow. Roused by the proposal, the officers endeavoured to avert their impending fate by more vigorous measures than they had hitherto dared to put in practice. When one of the ringleaders in the revolt made the first move to cut the ropes with a hatchet, the officers rushed upon him, and, after a desperate struggle, despatched him, and threw his body into the sea. He was an Asiatic, of extraordinary size; and, having been troublesome and overbearing in demeanour, few lamented his loss. There was now an expectation of a battle between the two parties. The mutineers drew their swords, and were on the point of commencing an attack, when another of their number was killed, and they retreated; only, however, to make a fresh attempt to cut the ropes. One of the officers succeeded in preventing this being done, and in a scuffle which ensued, struck down a soldier and sailor, whom he threw into the sea, where they were drowned. Their exasperated comrades now rushed to the mast, and began to cut down the ropes which supported it. The mast fell with a crash on the leg of an officer, which it nearly broke; and, far from pitying this misfortune, the enraged crowd threw the poor man into the sea, whence, however, his friends rescued him. No sooner was he on board the wretched raft, which, during the commotion, was tumbling about among the waves, than he was seized on a second time, and an attempt made to put out his eyes. Rendered desperate by these barbarous cruelties, the officers, and those who supported them, made a charge on their antagonists, and put a number of them to death.

While the combat still raged, some of the mutineers took occasion to throw into the sea, together with her husband, the unfortunate woman who was on board. M. Corréard, distressed at seeing two unoffending individuals perish, and affected by their cries for help, seized a large rope which he found on the fore part of the raft, fastened it round his waist, and plunged into the sea. He was thus able to save the female when she was in the act of disappearing below the water. Her husband was at the same time rescued by M. Lavillette. The two exhausted beings were laid on the dead bodies, and their backs were supported by a barrel: in this situation they shortly recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did, was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who had saved her from drowning, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding, doubtless, that her words but ill-expressed her feelings, she recollected she had in her pocket a small quantity of snuff, and instantly offered it to him—it was all she possessed. Touched with her gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, who derived a solacement from it for three or four days. It is impossible to describe a still more affecting incident—the joyful recognition of the husband and wife when they discovered that both were alive: they could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. This woman was quite a heroine of humble life. For twenty-four years she had travelled as a soldier's wife along with the French armies, in their campaigns in Italy and other places. In this vagrant life she acted as a suttler, supplying the men with articles; and often was exposed to the greatest dangers on the battle-field, in carrying assistance to the wounded soldiers. In telling her story to M. Corréard, she said—"Whether the men had money or not, I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories." Unfortunate woman, to have sailed in such a miserable expedition! Little was she aware of the fate that awaited her!

Returning to the position of affairs on the raft: the mutiny was quelled by the determined attitude of the officers; nor was the humanity shown to the woman and her husband without its effect in restoring better feelings. Overcome with a momentary sense of shame, the mutineers went the length of asking pardon on their knees for their conduct. This was granted; and the officers returned to their post at the centre of the raft, still, however, watchful of the movements of their infatuated companions. Towards midnight the old grudge again broke out with increased fury. Rushing on the officers, they attempted to kill them with their weapons; and those who had no arms, actually bit their adversaries in a shocking manner. One of their drunken delusions was, that Lieutenant Lozach, an officer on board, was a M. Danglas, who had deserted them on quitting the frigate; and this gentleman was with the greatest difficulty preserved from their fury. Brandishing their arms, reeling to and fro, and stumbling against each other, they continued to cry for Danglas to be delivered up to their vengeance, and by no power of reasoning could they be convinced that they were in error.

Defeated in getting hold of M. Lozach, the wretches now turned their rage upon the unfortunate M. Coudin, the wounded and distressed commander of the raft. Coudin appears to have been a young man worthy of a better fate than that of sailing among such a crew. During the scuffle we have been describing, he had seated himself on a small barrel, supporting in his arms a young sailor boy of twelve years of age, in whom he took an interest. Suddenly he was seized by the mutineers, who threw him into the sea, along with the barrel on which he sat, and the little boy whom he held in his arms. The other officers rushed to the rescue of their friend, and keeping off the mob with their swords, they fortunately got hold of him, and dragged him, still holding the little boy, on board. Towards morning the mutiny was finally quelled, the maddening effects of the liquor having worn off, and left the rioters dispirited.

Great suffering, and the hopelessness of their situation, had contributed, as well as wine, to render the men deranged during this eventful night. Even the strongest minded of the officers felt themselves affected with strange illusions. M. Savigny had visions of a most agreeable kind: he fancied himself in a rich cultivated country, surrounded by happy friends, and although reason ever and anon pointed out the fallacy, he could not divest himself of the impression. Some appeared full of hope, told their companions not to fear, and, saying that they were going to fetch succour, plunged headlong into the sea, and perished. Others thought that their companions mocked them, by holding out temptingly the wings of chickens and other delicacies, and for this they rushed on them with drawn swords. Some believed they were still in the frigate, and asked where was their hammock, for they wanted to go below to sleep. A few imagined they saw ships, or a harbour, with a noble city in the background. M. Corréard at one time was under the illusion of being in Italy; and another officer mentioned gravely that he had sent off a letter to the governor describing the state of affairs on the raft, and that he would certainly send boats in the morning to take every one ashore. Such were some of the fancies of which those on board the raft were the involuntary victims; and nothing could convey a more striking testimony of their bodily and mental sufferings.

When day returned, and a reckoning could be taken, it was found that sixty-five had perished, and that the entire number was now reduced to sixty. Of those who were missing, the greater number had fallen a sacrifice to intemperance, or to ill-regulated minds. The officers were surprised to find that only two of their number were gone; and this, on consideration, they could only attribute to the comparative strength of mind they had possessed. This circumstance is a proof of the power which every man has of resisting misfortune, if he remain temperate in habits, and do not give way to panic or despair.

With the return of daylight the storm abated as formerly, and when order was restored, and a reckoning of the numbers taken, attention was directed to the stock of provisions on board. It sent a shock of fresh despair into the bosoms of the more intelligent, when it was found that the mutineers had thrown overboard two casks of wine, and the only two casks of water which remained. The loss of the water was felt to be a calamity greater than that of the wine; and the distress on the occasion was augmented by the reflection, that it was a loss caused entirely by drunken folly. Nothing now remained but one cask of wine, and it was arranged that this should be carefully served out in half allowances. The sea being calm, the solitary mast and sail were again raised, and an attempt made to direct the raft towards land. The effort was not successful; the wind drove the unruly platform hither and thither as it listed, and it was impossible to say whether the raft approached or receded from the spot where land was believed to be.

During the day the gnawings of hunger suggested the idea of catching fish, and an attempt was forthwith made. Hooks made of tags from the soldiers' clothing were tied to lines, and with baits (it is not mentioned of what) were thrown into the sea; but the current drew them under the raft, where they got entangled. A bayonet was bent to catch sharks, but a shark bit at, and straightened it; so this also failed. Fishing, in short, proved an unavailing resource; and when it was abandoned as hopeless, some tried to feed on the dead bodies of their companions, while others gnawed the soldiers' belts and cartridge-boxes. Fortunately the day was calm. The sun shone placidly on the face of the deep. Amidst the torments of hunger, therefore, hope again stole across the minds of the most desponding. They expected to see the boats make their appearance on the horizon, and with fainting eyes they looked forth to catch the first token of deliverance. Noon passed, the sun sunk beneath the world of waters, and yet relief came not. The gloom and misery of another night presented themselves.

This night was less terrible than the preceding. The weather was calm, and there was no new mutiny on board. In the darkness, nothing was heard but the groans and sobs of the sufferers, intermingled with the gurgling of the sea between the planks. The silence, broken by such sounds, was perhaps more appalling than the raging of the tempest. When the morning of the fourth day dawned on the spectral scene, it showed the dead bodies of twelve persons, who had expired during the night; and all these, with the exception of one, were thrown into the sea. The number on board was now reduced to forty-eight.

This day passed like the preceding. The weather continued fine, and despondency again gave way to feelings of hope. About four o'clock in the afternoon a joyful event occurred. A shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft, and a great number got entangled in the spaces between the timbers. All threw themselves eagerly upon them, and captured about two hundred, which they placed in an empty cask, removing only the milts. These fish were about the size of a herring, and, to men who were famishing, they were delicious. Several of the party returned thanks to God for the relief. To render the fish fit for eating, an attempt was made to boil them by means of a barrel, which served as a pot; fire being procured by a flint, steel, and a little dried gunpowder. This was the last meal they were able to cook, for the barrel took fire; and though it was soon extinguished, they were not able to save as much of it as would answer the purpose again. There was also no more gunpowder.

Night again came on, the sun set, and still there was no appearance of relief. The calm having continued, there was a prospect of a little rest, even although the greater number stood or sat constantly in water. It is distressing to know that human passions again interfered to render the scene of misery a battle-field. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had hitherto taken no part with the mutineers, and who had been inclined to the side of the officers, formed a plot to throw all into the sea; the negroes persuading them that land was near, and that if once there, they could conduct them in safety through Africa. It is not improbable that a wish to get possession of a small bag of money, which was tied to the mast as a common fund, to be made use of on landing, tempted them to the crime. The officers, and some sailors who refused to join the conspirators, were now obliged to take arms. They seized the Spaniard who was the ringleader, and threw him into the sea; another, when he saw that all was discovered, plunged into the water, and was drowned. The remaining conspirators now rushed forward to revenge their comrades: a desperate combat ensued; and the raft was strewn with the dead and wounded. It was evident, during the fight, that the mutineers were affected by the same delusions as before; they were, in fact, partially deranged in mind. They called for Lieutenant Danglas, in order to kill him for having deserted them, and they could not be persuaded that that person was not on the raft. During the fray the woman was again thrown into the sea, but was a second time rescued by the intrepid Coudin, assisted by some workmen. At length the battle ceased; the mutineers were repulsed; and the remainder of the night was passed without disturbance.

The morning of the fifth day dawned, and revealed the slaughter that had taken place. Since the previous morning, eighteen had, by one means or other, perished, and their number was now reduced to thirty. Among the dead were five sailors, whom the officers deeply lamented, for they were trustworthy and tractable. Of the thirty who remained alive on the raft, only twenty could stand upright or move about. The sea-water had stripped the skin from the feet and legs of nearly the whole, and every one was in a state of deplorable emaciation. If no vessel came to their assistance, they did not expect to survive more than four days, for there was wine only for that time, and scarcely a dozen fish. The fifth day passed over in melancholy mood; night came, and still there was no relief. The sixth day passed, and so did the succeeding night, in a condition equally disconsolate.

The seventh day was more eventful. Two soldiers were discovered drinking wine clandestinely from the cask by means of a pipe. As this had been declared to be a crime punishable with death, they were immediately seized, and thrown into the sea. One of them was a sergeant, who had fomented the last conspiracy, and had contrived to escape detection; his fate, therefore, did not cause any regret. In the course of the day died also the young boy Leon, to whom M. Coudin had shown so much kindness. Exhausted from hunger, and delirious, he could no longer support the dreadful fatigues to which he was exposed. Before his death, his mind took the direction of his home in France; he thought his mother was near him, and till the last he cried to her for food and water. He died in the arms of his kind friend M. Coudin.

The party were now reduced to twenty-seven; of these, twelve were so ill, that there was no hope of their surviving even a few days; they had almost entirely lost their reason, and were covered with wounds; nevertheless an equal ration of the declining quantity of wine was served out to them. A consultation was now held respecting these unfortunate beings. It was represented that, as they could not possibly survive, and as their consumption of wine was daily diminishing the stock, already too low, it would be no crime to put an end to their sufferings by throwing them into the sea. This was a horrible and painful expedient, and such it was felt to be, for those who proposed and assented to it had not the cruelty to put it into execution or see it done. Three soldiers and a sailor were commissioned to act as executioners; and while they cleared the raft of their dying companions, the others turned their backs, not to witness the afflicting spectacle. Among those thrown overboard were the woman and her husband already mentioned. Both had been grievously wounded in the different combats. The woman had a thigh broken between the beams of the raft, and the stroke of a sabre had made a deep wound in the head of her husband. In terminating the existence of these hapless individuals, M. Corréard observes that all felt themselves to be under a terrible necessity which knew no law. "Ye," he continues, "who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, who had placed us in this awful situation." The expedient of throwing overboard their apparently dying comrades, reduced the number on the raft to fifteen, and gave the means of subsistence for a few additional days. When the dreadful sacrifice was completed, all cast their swords into the sea, reserving but one sabre, for cutting a piece of wood or cordage that might be necessary.

We have now the afflicting spectacle of fifteen wretched beings in the depth of despair on this floating tomb, seated or standing constantly in water, the sun beating down upon them with tropical intensity by day, and darkness enshrouding them by night. The eighth day passed, night came, and still no friendly sail rose on the horizon. Then came the ninth day, with its aggravated hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness. While hope was sunk in the feelings of the unhappy party, the eyes of all were startled on seeing a butterfly, of a kind common in France, fly over their heads and settle on the sail of the raft. This trifling incident once more raised a bright gleam of hope; the butterfly was accepted as a harbinger of deliverance, and was taken under the protection of the forlorn group. On the succeeding days more butterflies visited them, and gave rise to the belief that the land could not be far distant. While cheering with new hopes, these insects also roused the party to fresh exertions. "We had recourse," says M. Corréard, "to every expedient which might lessen the miseries of our situation. We detached some planks from the raft, and made a sort of platform, on which we might lie down; this raised us above the water, which had always been from one to two feet above the surface of the raft; the waves, however, still washed over us at intervals, and frequently covered us completely. Here we endeavoured to beguile the time, by recounting our different adventures. Lavillette related the various scenes he had passed through, which were indeed extraordinary; but none, he said, had brought with them such sufferings from fatigue and privation as those we now endured.

"Our situation was now most distressing: the waves, which almost constantly washed over us, caused intolerable pain; and our excessive thirst, which we felt was increased by the intense heat of a tropical sun. To relieve this thirst we tried several expedients; we bathed our hands, faces, and even hair in salt water, and some even drank considerable quantities of it. One means of slaking our thirst was never thought of by us, though it has often been adopted by persons in our situation with great success. When Captain Bligh made his perilous voyage in an open boat over three thousand miles of the ocean, he and his companions used to dip their clothes in the sea, and wear them damp; the pores of the body, it is supposed, imbibing part of the moisture, and thus allaying their desire for drink. Unfortunately, we had never heard of this expedient. An officer found a small lemon, which he resolved to keep for himself: for a long time he refused it to the intreaties of those around him, till their threats and rage obliged him to share it. We had also a serious dispute about thirty cloves of garlic, which had escaped notice in the bottom of a sack; at another time we contended for two small phials of a liquor for cleaning the teeth; we never came, however, to extremities. This liquor was husbanded with the greatest care, two drops of it producing a delightful sensation; indeed it is difficult to conceive the agreeable effect which the most trifling relief of this kind produced. One of us had found an empty bottle, which still retained some scent of the perfume it had formerly contained; to smell at this for an instant appeared the highest enjoyment. Some kept their wine, and sucked it slowly from the goblet through a quill; the intoxication, however, it produced upon their debilitated frames was remarkable, and often produced angry disputes, and sometimes was near causing more serious consequences. On the tenth day, for example, after the wine had been distributed, MM. Clairet, Coudin, Charlot, and two others, resolved, in a fit of intoxication, to destroy themselves, and were with considerable difficulty prevented by the intreaties of their companions. Perhaps all our arguments would have been unavailing, if a number of sharks had not surrounded the raft, and turned their attention to this new danger. They came so near, that we were enabled to strike at them with the sabre; but notwithstanding all the exertions of M. Lavillette, who gave them several blows, we could not kill one: the size of several appeared enormous, some of them being above thirty feet long.

"Three days now passed away in intolerable torments. We had become so careless of life, that we bathed even in the sight of the sharks, which were swimming round the raft; others were not afraid to place themselves naked on the fore-part of the machine, which was then entirely under water; and though it was exceedingly dangerous, it had the effect of taking away their thirst. On the 16th July, eight of us resolved on trying to reach the coast, to which we imagined ourselves to be now very near; for this purpose we nailed some boards across a few spars, which we separated from the raft, fitted it with a mast and a sail, and made oars of barrel staves; a certain portion of the wine remaining, which consisted but of fifteen bottles in all, was to be given to us, and our departure was fixed for the next day. Our machine being finished, however, it was necessary to try if she was able to bear us. A sailor went upon it, when it immediately upset, and showed us the rashness of our design; we therefore gave it up, resolving to wait upon the raft for the approach of death; which, unless we were immediately relieved, could not be very distant, our stock of wine being so low, and our disgust at the loathsome food we ate hourly increasing.

"On the morning of the 17th July the sun shone brightly, the sky appearing without a cloud; we addressed our prayers to God, and distributed the rations of wine. Whilst each person was taking his portion, a captain of infantry discovered a ship in the horizon, and with a shout of joy informed us of it. We saw that it was a brig, but at such a distance, that we could discern no more than the tops of her masts. It is impossible to describe the joy which we felt at the sight; each looked upon his delivery as certain, and returned repeated thanks to God. Still, in the midst of these hopes we were apprehensive that we should not be seen. We straightened some hoops, and fastened some handkerchiefs of different colours to the end. We then united our efforts, and raised a man to the top of the mast, who waved these flags. For half an hour we were suspended between hope and fear: some of us thought that the vessel was coming nearer, whilst others, with more accuracy, asserted that she was making sail away from us. In fact, in a short time the brig disappeared. We now resigned ourselves to despair; we even envied those whom death had taken away from the suffering we were now to undergo. We determined to seek consolation in sleep. The day before, we had suffered exceedingly from the rays of a burning sun; we now made an awning to screen us from the heat, and lay down beneath it. We agreed to carve our names on a plank, along with a short recital of our adventures, and to hang it to the mast, in the hope that it might reach our government and our families. We had passed two hours in these desponding reflections, when the master gunner went from under the awning, in order to go to the fore-part of the raft: he had scarcely, however, put his head out, when he turned towards us and uttered a loud cry. Joy was in his countenance, his hands were stretched out towards the sea, and he scarcely breathed: he could only utter, 'We are saved; the brig is near to us!' We rushed out, and found that she was in fact only a mile and a half distant, and was steering directly towards us under a press of sail. Joy now succeeded to despair; we embraced each other, and burst into tears. Even those whose wounds rendered them incapable of more exertion, dragged themselves along to the side of the raft, in order to enjoy the sight of the vessel which was to deliver them. Each laid hold on a handkerchief, or a piece of linen, to make signals to the brig, which neared us fast: a few returned thanks to Providence for their miraculous preservation. We now recognised the vessel to be the Argus, and soon after had the pleasure of seeing her shorten sail when she was within half pistol shot. The crew, dispersed through the shrouds and on the deck, waved their hats, to express their pleasure at having come to our relief. A boat was now lowered, commanded by M. Lemaigre, who ardently wished to be the person who should take us from the fatal raft. He removed the sick first, placed them beside him in his boat, and showed them all the care and attention which humanity could prompt. In a short time we were all in safety on board the brig, where we met some of our shipwrecked companions who had been saved in the boats.

"All were affected to see our miserable condition: ten out of the fifteen were scarcely able to move: the skin was stripped off our limbs, our eyes were sunk, our beards long, and we were in the most emaciated condition. As soon as we had been discovered, they prepared some excellent broth for us, and mixed in it some wine, to recruit our exhausted strength. Our wounds were dressed; and, in short, we received every attention which our miserable state required. Some became delirious; but the care of the surgeon, and the kind attention of every one on board, soon wrought in us the most favourable change."

The Argus, as has been already mentioned, had been, after some delay, sent from Senegal, with instructions to afford assistance to the crews of the boats, and afterwards to look for the raft. In her course she had become aware that the crews in the boats had been saved, and had rendered them some succour while coasting the desert. Her search for the raft was at first fruitless, and after cruising about for a number of days, she had turned helm to proceed to Senegal. It was while returning that the party on the raft had seen and lost sight of her. Having reached to within forty leagues of the river, the wind veered to the south-west, and the captain said that he would steer for a short time in that direction; he tacked accordingly, and was standing towards the raft for about two hours, when those on board descried the vessel on the horizon. This change of course, as we have seen, saved the fifteen unfortunate beings, who at the time did not expect they could hold out four-and-twenty hours longer; for the last two days had been spent without food, and only a small quantity of wine was left.

As soon as the party were removed to the Argus, that vessel steered for Senegal, which it reached next day. In the evening it moored close to the shore, and on the following morning, the 19th July, anchored in the roads of St Louis.

Thus were fifteen, all who remained alive out of a hundred and fifty individuals left on the wreck, rescued from the death which seemed to await them. Of the fifteen, five died in a short time of the injuries they had sustained; and the remainder carried on their wounded and emaciated bodies the lasting effects of their protracted sufferings on the raft.

THE WRECK.

It will be recollected that, at the disgraceful scramble in leaving the Medusa, seventeen persons, some of them in a state of intoxication, did not depart with their companions in the boats. Lachaumareys, on quitting the vessel at one of the port-holes, promised to send out succour to them as soon as he should reach the land. To fill up the measure of his depravity, the captain falsified this as well as all his other promises; and it is not less distressing to know that neither the party generally who escaped in the boats, nor those who afterwards were taken from the raft, gave themselves any concern about their less fortunate brethren in the wreck. It does not appear, from the narrative of M. Corréard, that they would have been thought of, but for the governor Schmaltz wishing to save the specie and provisions which were on board. To secure these articles, a schooner was fitted out, commanded by a lieutenant, and manned by some negro traders and a few passengers. She set sail from Senegal on the 26th of July, that is, seven days after the party saved from the raft had been landed, and seventeen from the time the governor and captain had reached Senegal; but having provisions for only eight days on board, she was obliged, when that stock was exhausted, to return without having got sight of the frigate: she was afterwards furnished with a sufficiency for twenty-five days, but, being ill-found, she returned into port a second time, after having been fifteen days at sea. A delay of ten days now occurred, when she made a third attempt, with a new set of sails, and reached the Medusa fifty-two days after it had been abandoned. From the time which had elapsed, it was confidently believed that all who had been left on board the frigate would be dead; what, therefore, was the astonishment of those in the schooner, to find that three of the miserable beings had outlived all their sufferings, and now appeared like spectres to welcome the approach of their countrymen.

The following is the account which these unfortunate men gave of what had occurred on the wreck. When the boats and the raft had left the frigate, the seventeen had collected a sufficient quantity of wine, biscuit, brandy, and bacon, for their subsistence during a certain number of days. Whilst this stock lasted they were quiet; but forty-two days having passed without the arrival of the expected succour, twelve of the most resolute constructed a raft, and, endeavouring to make the land without oars or sails, and but a small quantity of provisions, were drowned. That this was their fate there is no reason for doubting, as the shattered fragments of their raft were some time afterwards thrown on shore by the waves, and picked up by the Moors. Another seaman, who refused to trust for safety to the raft, adopted the strange resolution, a few days after, of placing himself on a hencoop, and in this way tried to reach the shore; at the distance of half a cable's length, however, the coop upset, and he was drowned.

Four now remained on the wreck, resolved to await death or succour, rather than brave dangers which appeared to them insurmountable. One of them had lately expired when the schooner arrived, and the others were so weak and emaciated, that in a very short time death would have put an end to all their sufferings. They lived in separate corners of the vessel, which they never quitted but to look for food, and this latterly consisted only of tallow and a little bacon. If on these occasions they accidentally met, they used to run at each other with drawn knives; so completely had selfishness and ferocity stifled that sympathy which fellow-sufferers are generally disposed to feel for one another. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, worthy of being made known, that as long as these men abstained from strong liquor, they were able to support the hardships of their situation in a surprising manner; but when they began to drink brandy, their strength daily and rapidly diminished. How these unfortunate beings should have been driven to extremities for food, is not easily accounted for. The Medusa contained a large cargo of provisions, and why this store was not reached, is not explained in the original narrative. Perhaps the men did not know of there being barrels of provisions on board; or they might not have possessed sufficient strength to reach them below other articles in the hold.

On being discovered and removed by the schooner, the three survivors received all the attention which their situation required. This having been attended to, the crew of the schooner proceeded to remove from the frigate everything that could be taken out; and after having loaded their own vessel with wine, flour, and everything else that was removable, whether public or private property, though without discovering the money, they returned to Senegal.

Those who had been rescued by the boats, and also from the raft, expected that the schooner, besides fetching the public property from the wreck, would bring many articles which they could claim as their own. The crew of the schooner, however, though in the service of the king of France, acted on this occasion the part of pirates: they not only kept and made sale, in the market of St Louis, of articles of value found in the wreck, but robbed the miserable victims whom they had rescued.

The report they gave of the state of the wreck, induced the governor to permit merchants to send vessels to bring off more of the goods on board—the proceeds to be equally divided between the government and the adventurers. Four vessels thus set sail, and in a short time brought back a great quantity of flour, salt provisions, brandy, cordage, and other articles, of which there was a fair division.

In concluding this melancholy recital, we almost feel it necessary to assure our readers that what we have been telling them is no dressed-up fiction, but a narrative drawn from authentic sources, and true in every particular. We need scarcely repeat, what must occur to every mind, that nothing in the whole annals of shipwreck equals in infamy the conduct of Lachaumareys, the captain of the Medusa, or of the governor Schmaltz, with whom he appears to have acted in concert. Neither, we believe, did ever any disaster by sea or land present such a series of blunders, such want of concert or management, or such a deficiency, among nearly all concerned, of the common feelings of humanity. Shortly after its occurrence, the shipwreck of the Medusa created a considerable sensation in Europe; and especially in France. The general feeling was that of horror; but in France, this sentiment was mingled with shame, and every effort was made to prevent the publication of the details by Corréard, as well as belief in them after publication. But all was unavailing. The narrative remains trustworthy in all respects—a sad memorial of human suffering and depravity.

THE PICARDS.

The account we have been presenting would be in some measure incomplete, without a notice of this unfortunate family; and this we are fortunately able to supply, from the account of the shipwreck written by Mademoiselle Picard. As soon as M.

Picard had recovered from the fatigues of his journey across the desert, he expected to be installed in the situation to which he had been appointed before leaving France. An unforeseen difficulty, however, now presented itself. The English resident governor had as yet received no intimation to give up the colony of Senegal to the French. This information distressed the Picards very much; and their affliction was at its height, when Schmaltz, the French governor in expectancy, ordered them to quit the colony, and go and reside at the French establishment at Cape Verd until further orders. From this indignity they were saved by the kindness of the English governor, who, pitying their misfortunes, permitted them to remain; whilst a number less fortunate proceeded to Cape Verd, and there miserably died.

In a short time the French authority was established, but with no advantage to Picard. Of warm and impetuous feelings, he had given deep offence to Schmaltz and other officers of the Medusa, by the freedom of his remarks on quitting the wreck. These sayings were now meanly remembered against him; and everything that a despicable nature could suggest was done to ruin his prospects. He was, in short, deprived of his situation; and, with barely the means of subsistence for his family, he took refuge in a small island, his own property, in the Senegal river, which he proposed to cultivate for the sake of a livelihood. The island was laid out chiefly in crops of cotton—an article more suitable to the climate than were the constitutions of this unfortunate family.

For the space of two or three years the Picards struggled manfully with their fate. Living in a wretched hut, in the midst of a tropical vegetation, they were exposed to continual irritations from insects, and to the more formidable attacks of snakes and wild beasts, which lurked about the neighbourhood. Towards the middle of July 1817 Madame Picard became alarmingly ill, and died. Mademoiselle Picard, who seems to have been a young woman of an energetic and persevering mind, was now the consoler and chief support of the miserable family: she was the educator of her young companions, the manager of the domestic establishment, in which she wrought with her own hands, and, in her father's frequent absence, superintended the labours of a few hired field negroes. Irksome as this mode of life was, mademoiselle did not repine; her principal distress was a severe headache, which she suffered almost daily from the great heat. At night, after the out-of-door labours of the day, she retired with her two younger brothers into the cottage, and the working negroes brought the cotton which had been collected during the day, after which she set about preparing supper. Assisted by the children, she lighted a fire in the middle of the hut, and kneaded the cakes of millet flour which were to be the family supper, as well as what were to be used next day.

These cakes were baked on an iron shovel, and were usually ready in half an hour: they were far from pleasant to persons who had been accustomed to better fare; but hunger rendered them palatable. Occasionally, they were eaten with a little butter or sour milk.

In the morning, all were early at work in the cotton-fields; and the only relaxation from toil was at noon, when the heat of the sun was greatest, also a short period in the evening. From this unvarying round of duties, it was delightful to find relief in the rest of Sunday. On this day all the family would assemble under the shade of a large baobab tree, while mademoiselle or her sister read a chapter from the evangelists, or from some book likely to inspire them with cheerfulness and resignation. At such times M. Picard almost forgot his misfortunes, and anticipations of brighter days yet in store would flit across his imagination. His daughters likewise were happy in these family reunions. They began to discover that every condition of life has its peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the week seemed long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed them by its calm and its recreations. If life was spent in rustic occupations, there was at least no struggle to keep up appearances: the labour of the fields, the simplicity of dress and manners, all seemed like a return to the primitive ages of the world.

But all this rural enjoyment, if so it might be called, came unexpectedly to an end. The plantation failed to realise the outlay upon it. Wild beasts carried off all the live stock in a single night; and various other losses occurred, sufficient to depress minds much more hopeful. To bring the family disasters towards a climax, the younger children fell victims to the climate; and this blow was succeeded by a still greater misfortune—the death of M. Picard. The remaining members of this ill-fated family were now only mademoiselle and her sister Caroline; their cousin having already returned to France. At this melancholy juncture M. Dard, a person who had done many acts of kindness to the Picards, and who had for some years followed the profession of a teacher in St Louis, with the greatest delicacy offered his hand and his fortune to mademoiselle; and this amiable young lady, who had been a pattern to daughters in affliction, was, in accepting his offer, rewarded for all her sufferings. Her sister Caroline afterwards married M. Richard, a botanist who was attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with her husband, Madame Dard arrived in France at the close of the year 1820. After a residence in Paris for two months, they reached M. Dard's native place at Bligny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Côte d'Or, where madame had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoled her in part for the loss of those whom death had taken from her in Africa.

VOLUNTARY DISTORTIONS—TIGHT LACING.

THE human form, at birth, may be said to come from the hand of God in a state progressive towards perfection; and to this desirable point it attains when fully matured in youth. The limbs are flexible and well-formed, the head elevated and round, the person at ease and erect, the feet expanded and suitable for freedom of movement, and if in a state of health, the whole internal parts of the system are performing their appointed functions. In general, unless the body is afflicted with age or disease, or injured by intemperance or excessive labour, it is pleasing in all its outlines. Nature has not done her work clumsily, or by halves; has not left anything to be desired in the way of personal change or improvement. Of course there are accidental malformations, but these are exceptions to a general rule, and do not here require to be taken into account. It may also be allowed that, by tastefulness in dressing, it is possible to remedy small defects in personal appearance; and every remedy of this kind we hold to be reasonable and legitimate. For example, nature has in some instances given a scanty and insufficient covering of hair to the head; and art, to supply the deficiency, has invented the peruke—the wearing of which is necessarily unobjectionable, if not commendable. So, likewise, when teeth decay, it is consistent with good taste to supply the defect by artificial means.

Improvements of appearance, therefore, when useful, and governed by good taste, can meet with no reprobation. The case, however, is very different when the effort to improve has a tendency to torture the frame, violently alter the shape, or impair the action of the muscles. Efforts of this kind can be spoken of as not less impious than fantastic and foolish. Yet, influenced by custom or fashion, and without one plea in point of taste, it is marvellous how universal have been the attempts to amend the shapes and appearances which nature, as well as judgment, have pronounced to be unimprovable.

Almost all dark-coloured nations puncture or tattoo the skin—some the face, others the arms and limbs, and many the whole body; the object being to impress indelible marks which shall render the individual conspicuous. The practice is attended with great pain, mars the functions of the skin, and renders the countenance hideous or ridiculous.

The Esquimaux wear heavy ornaments of wood, bone, or of walrus'-teeth, in the lower lip. For this purpose the lip is pierced, and the ornament, as it is thought to be, drags it down, so as to show the teeth and gums. The sight of this disfigurement, as may be supposed, is particularly offensive to a cultivated taste.

Many rude nations—the South Sea islanders among others—similarly disfigure their countenances by suspending bones, or other objects, from the cartilage of the nose. The ancient Syrians followed a practice of this barbarous kind.

Some of the African tribes file their teeth, so as to give them a jagged or scalloped appearance; their object being to make the teeth of the upper fall into those of the lower jaw, like the teeth of a rat-trap. The hideousness of this disfigurement, combined with the naturally thick and open lips of the negro, may easily be conceived.

Religious fanatics in India, under the notion of performing meritorious acts of piety and devotion, hold their hands above their head so long, that their arms stiffen in that position. Others close the hand, and hold it in that posture till the nails grow into the flesh, and the fingers become rigid. A third class consider it meritorious never to cut the nails of their hands or feet, but to let them grow like the talons of birds.

In China, long nails are a mark of high fashion; for they indicate that the party does not need to work for a livelihood. A similar folly seems to prevail in England, where many denizens of fashion pride themselves on the length of their nails, and the unserviceableness of their hands. Those who entertain such notions ought to be aware that the Chinese quite outdo them in these respects. The nails of the Chinese fop are suffered to grow to the length of five or six inches, and require to be supported by slips of bamboo projected from the ends of the fingers.

The tight strapping down of trousers among young men in France, and in our own country, is producing not only a stiff style of walking, but a greater evil. The knee and ankle joints not being fully exercised, become affected with *anchylosis,* or stiffness; which, though perhaps not troublesome at the time, may be painfully apparent in advanced years. Trouser straps, if worn at all, should be so easy, as not in the least to prevent the free action of the joints. Nature did not intend that the legs of young men should be inflexible stumps.

The easy motion and exercise of every muscle and joint, so conducive to health and vigour, are greatly impeded by military discipline. The stiff unnatural drill of soldiers gives them an unbending and bolt-upright gait, which is at variance with permanent activity. Retired military men can rarely cope in strength or agility with civilians of the same age. The "military air" is thus, to a certain extent, a deformity. Nature and good taste alike suggest an upright, but yet an easy, flexible carriage—the back ready to bend, and the head ready to turn gracefully and promptly on its pivot the neck.

The New Zealander, who ignorantly deforms his countenance with tattooing, on the supposition that he is making it beautiful, is less blameable than the educated European lady, who ruins her complexion and her health with the dangerous trash sold as cosmetics. It should be known, that every kind of eruptive mark on the skin is a symptom of some species of disorder in the system, of which nature takes this means of relieving itself. All attempts, therefore, to banish marks from the skin, are exceedingly hazardous to health, and cannot be sufficiently reprehended. The disorder, whatever it be, ought to fall under regular medical treatment. The powder called rouge, which some ladies employ to give a delicate red tinge to the complexion, is very injurious to the skin, and always leaves a haggard appearance.

The dyeing of the hair, with the view, generally, of concealing grayness, is scarcely less objectionable. The dye is a chemical drug, of a mineral basis, and invariably injures the hair it is designed to improve. Much good sense is beginning to be shown by ladies wearing their own gray hair, instead of resorting to injurious dyes.

From these miscellaneous deformities of the person and "human face divine," we turn to a class of voluntary distortions which demand a more detailed description; commencing with an account of the methods which have been adopted by certain nations to improve, as they imagine, the form of the head.

DISTORTION OF THE HEAD.

The head is naturally spherical. From the eyebrows, the skull rises with a roundish swell towards the crown. In some nations the brow recedes more than in others; but all participate in the general roundish character. According to the accounts of ancient authors, it appears that certain rude nations in western Asia were in the habit of compressing the skulls of their infants, in order to lengthen them in shape. Hippocrates, in speaking of a people living near the Euxine Sea, styles them *Macrocephali*, from the length of their heads. "At first," says he, "the length of their heads was owing to a law or custom, but now nature herself conforms to the usage, it being an opinion among them, that those who have the longest heads are the most noble. The custom stood thus: As soon as the child was born, they immediately fashioned its soft and tender head with their hands, and, by the use of bandages and proper arts, forced it to grow lengthwise, by which means the spherical figure of the head was perverted, and the length increased. This at first was the effect of custom, to make nature operate in this way; and in process of time it became so natural, as to render the practice useless."

Of the truth of the hypothesis, that nature in time sent the children into the world with long instead of round heads, we may be permitted to doubt; it is certain, however, as far as can be learned from concurrent testimony, that there were nations of antiquity with heads remarkably long in figure: such being the fashionable shape of the skull at the time.

When the Spaniards settled in the West India islands and

South America, they found that certain tribes and nations practised the unnatural custom of compressing and lengthening the head. A practice so cruel and barbarous shocked the Spanish ecclesiastics; and in one of the synods of the diocese of Lima, in Peru, a decree was passed prohibiting the custom, and inflicting punishments on those who should afterwards be found guilty of it. From the appearance of several skulls which have been found, it is put beyond a doubt that the custom was common in Peru previous to this ecclesiastical injunction.

In those parts of America not visited by the Spaniards, the practice continued longer in use; and till the present day, it is a universal usage among certain tribes of North American Indians. The district in which it is most common is within the Oregon territory, on the north-west coast, and in Vancouver's island. The tribes in this quarter have a great similarity in their habits, language, and appearance. Travellers describe them as living in miserable hovels, depending chiefly on fish for their food, and generally less bold and enterprising, though not less intelligent, than the tribes who inhabit the prairies.

In the course of a journey performed by Mr J. K. Townsend, an American naturalist, down the banks of the Columbia, in 1834, he visited a tribe of Klikatat Indians, who flatten the head in a very hideous manner. The following are his observations on this subject:—

"About two miles below the cataract [on the Columbia river] is a small village of Klikatat Indians. Their situation does not appear different from what we have been accustomed to see at the fort. They live in the same sort of miserable loose hovels, and are the same wretched, squalid-looking people. Although enjoying far more advantages, and having in a much greater degree the means of rendering themselves comfortable, yet their mode of living, their garments, their wigwams, and everything connected with them, is not much better than the Snakes and Bannecks, and very far inferior to that fine, noble-looking race, the Kayouse.

"A custom prevalent, and almost universal amongst these Indians, is that of flattening, or mashing in the whole front of the skull, from the superciliary ridge to the crown. The appearance produced by this unnatural operation is almost hideous, and one would suppose that the intellect would be materially affected by it. This, however, does not appear to be the case, as I have never seen (with a single exception, the Kayouse) a race of people who appeared more shrewd and intelligent. I had a conversation on this subject, a few days since, with a chief who speaks the English language. He said that he had exerted himself to abolish the practice in his own tribe; but although his people would listen patiently to his talk on most subjects, their ears were firmly closed when this was mentioned: 'they would leave the council fire, one by one, until none but a few squaws and children were left to drink in the words of the chief.' It is even considered among them a degradation to possess a round head; and one whose caput has happened to be neglected in his infancy, can never become even a subordinate chief in his tribe, and is treated with indifference and disdain, as one who is unworthy a place amongst them.

"The flattening of the head is practised by at least ten or twelve distinct tribes of the lower country: the Klikatats, Kalapooyahs, and Multnomahs, of the Wallammet and its vicinity; the Chinooks, Klatsaps, Klatstonis, Kowalitsks, Katlammets, Killemooks, and Chekalis, of the lower Columbia and its tributaries; and probably by others, both north and south. The tribe called Flat-heads, or *Salish,* who reside near the sources of the Oregon, have long since abolished this custom.

"The mode by which the flattening is effected, varies considerably with the different tribes. The Wallammet Indians place the infant, soon after birth, upon a board, to the edges of which are attached little loops of hempen cord or leather, and other similar cords are passed across and back, in a zig-zag manner, through these loops, enclosing the child, and binding it firmly down. To the upper edge of this board, in which is a depression to receive the back part of the head, another smaller one is attached by hinges of leather, and made to lie obliquely upon the forehead, the force of the pressure being regulated by several strings attached to its edge, which are passed through holes in the board upon which the infant is lying, and secured there.

"The mode of the Chinooks, and others near the sea, differs widely from that of the upper Indians, and appears somewhat less barbarous and cruel. A sort of cradle is formed by excavating a pine log to the depth of eight or ten inches. The child is placed in it on a bed of little grass mats, and bound down in the manner above described. A little boss of tightly-plaited and woven grass is then applied to the forehead, and secured by a cord to the loops at the side. The infant is thus suffered to remain from four to eight months, or until the sutures of the skull have in some measure united, and the bone become solid and firm. It is seldom or never taken from the cradle, except in case of severe illness, until the flattening process is completed.

"I saw to-day a young child from whose head the board had just been removed. It was, without exception, the most frightful and disgusting-looking object that I ever beheld. The whole front of the head was completely flattened, and the mass of brain being forced back, caused an enormous projection there. The poor little creature's eyes protruded to the distance of half an inch, and looked inflamed and discoloured, as did all the surrounding parts. Although I felt a kind of chill creep over me from the contemplation of such dire deformity, yet there was something so stark-staring and absolutely queer in the physiognomy, that I could not repress a smile; and when the mother amused the little object, and made it laugh, it looked so irresistibly, so terribly ludicrous, that I and those who were with me burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter, which frightened it, and made it cry, in which predicament it looked much less horrible than before."

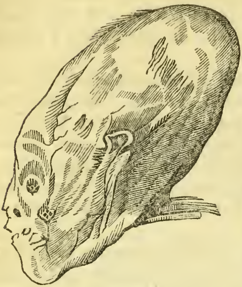


Fig. 1.

Dr Scouler, an eminent naturalist, who has devoted much attention to this subject, gives, in the Zoological Magazine for 1829, a similar account of the compression of skulls among the Oregon Indians. The annexed wood-engraving, fig. 1, is copied from a sketch which he offers of an infant skull compressed in the manner which has been described. What a melancholy picture of tasteless ignorance does it present!

DISTORTION OF THE FOOT.

The foot is composed of a number of small bones, united by joints and ligaments, and forming, from the heel to the ball of the great toe, a finely-shaped arch, which has an elastic motion in walking. Every time the foot is pressed to the ground, it is to a certain degree extended by the weight of the body and the force we employ in pushing ourselves forward. To prove that such is the case, first measure the length of the foot while sitting, and then measure it standing, keeping it, for instance, on a sheet of paper, which we can mark at toe and heel, and it will be found that the measure while standing is about half an inch longer than while sitting.

To accommodate this extension of the foot in walking, it is important that shoes should be sufficiently roomy and elastic. If space is not allowed by either of these plans, the foot is cramped in its motions, and great inconvenience and pain are felt. Young persons, from the vanity of wishing to have a neat foot, often do themselves serious injury by wearing boots or shoes which are too small. At one time there was a fashion among ladies of wearing shoes with very high heels, by which the weight was thrown forward on the front part of the foot, causing much unnecessary pain, besides an awkwardness in walking. This absurd practice is now fortunately gone, and the high heels are now only seen in the boots of a class of young men, much to the detriment of their gait. All such extravagant heightening of the heel is a violation of nature, which designed that the heel and the ball of the toe should be on a level; and, as in all violations of the natural economy, the transgression is sure to be visited with pain, distortion, or some other species of punishment.

In China, the feet of the women are distorted on a systematic principle. It appears that in that country the perfection of beauty in a female foot is a dumpy ball, not unlike a hoof. How such a horrible deformity should have come to be viewed as a trait of beauty, has never been explained. Like follies of fashion in our own country, it sets reason and investigation alike at defiance. All that can be learned of it is, that it is not of great antiquity. There was a time when the feet of the Chinese women were permitted to grow freely, like those of the other sex. Some place this period at the distance of eight or nine hundred years ago; and it is at least certain that the custom is several centuries old. As nearly all monstrosities of fashion originate in the court, it probably began with some peculiarity in the feet of a lady of fashion and influence at the court of the Chinese emperor; and, first followed from slavish adulation, it may have continued from a mere vitiation of taste.

When or how this custom commenced is of little consequence. It is sufficient for us to know that it exists as a wide-spread usage; and that, with the enduring nature of all Chinese customs, it is likely to continue long without abatement. The accounts presented by medical and other travellers of the process of distortion and its results, are almost too distressing for perusal.

Soon after the birth of a female infant of the higher ranks, the mother addresses herself to the duty of compressing the feet. This is done by folding the toes down on the sole of the foot, and binding them in this position by a strong band passed over them, which keeps the whole foot as in a vice. Every day the binding is renewed, but is never relaxed except at the moment of dressing with fresh bandages. The compression, of course, produces great agony, but that does not cause any intermission of the torture. The child may cry, faint, go into convulsions, or die; all, however, is unheeded. As the parts continue to grow, notwithstanding the pressure, the pain is not momentary, but lasting. For five or six years a torture is endured which tends to impair the temper of the child. In proportion as the foot ceases to grow, the pain diminishes; and when the mutilation in the fifth or sixth year is completed, the feet are found to be two crushed and wrinkled stumps. The toes are shrivelled and pressed into the sole; and the upper part of the foot—the top of the arch—is a soft mass, in which the leg seems to be inserted.

When the unfortunate female who has been so treated attains maturity, her feet are not longer than from three to five inches: she in fact walks, or rather waddles, on a pair of stumps. Feet of this small stumpy form are considered to be very beautiful. "A foot two inches in length," says a writer on this subject, "is the idol of a Chinaman, on which he lavishes the most precious epithets which nature and language can supply. But its beauties are altogether ideal; for, when stripped of its gay investments, it is a piteous mass of lifeless integument, which resembles the skin of a washerwoman's hand after it has undergone a maceration in soap and water. But fancy has played her part so well, that this piece of ruined nature, which is seldom or perhaps never seen by men, is treated as the prime essential element of all feminine beauty. 'The foot of a native woman,' said I to a Chinese acquaintance, 'is very handsome, so that it is a great pity to spoil it.' He smiled with much satisfaction at the compliment, but would only allow that it interfered with the gait. 'They cannot walk so well,' was the amount of his concession in my favour. He was so blessed as not to know the real state of this organ, and therefore his admiration had no alloy. To show that there is something like masonic secrecy about this small foot, I need only mention that on one occasion the servant, when her mistress proceeded to unwind the bandages, blushed, and turned her face to the wall. In walking, the body of females reels from side to side, so as never to appear upright. When seen in the streets, they are generally supported by a little girl, or have the assistance of a walking-stick."*

This odious custom of compressing the feet prevails principally among the higher classes in China. It is not followed by families of the Tartar race settled in the country; nor is it much practised by the lower order of people. In the middle and more humble classes, it is not unusual for one daughter of a family to be so treated, with the view of increasing her matrimonial value.

DISTORTION BY TIGHT LACING.

In one of the annual reports of the Registrar-General on births and deaths, the following passage occurs:—"In the year 1839, thirty-one thousand and ninety Englishwomen died of consumption. This high mortality is ascribed partly to the in-door life they lead, partly *to the compression preventing the free expansion of the chest* by costume." By this report, which is not inclusive of Scotland and Ireland, it would appear that perhaps not fewer than fifteen thousand lives are annually sacrificed amongst us through the agency of one distinct error in costume—*tight lacing.* In North America, this folly of fashion is carried by females to as great a height as it is in the United Kingdom; and this, we presume, will add a few more thousands of lives to the general sacrifice. No species of voluntary distortion that we are acquainted with, is productive of such a disastrous loss of health and life as is caused by this monstrous practice. The compression of the heads among the Indians is not usually injurious to health, however much it may add to hideousness of appearance. And the compression of the female feet in China, though causing fretfulness in infancy, is not said to impair the constitutional energy.

---

* Langdon's Ten Thousand Things Relating to China.

It has been left for Englishwomen to discover and practise the most deadly of all the means of personal discomfort and distortion.

The object of tight lacing is the same as that given for compressing the Chinese female foot—an idea of securing beauty in form. A small waist is thought beautiful, elegant, the perfection of figure. This idea originates in no correct perception of beauty, and is in violation of nature. It has its foundation in caprice and ignorance. In all probability it began with some fashionable lady of the court, whose waist was admired for its handsome shape; and, to have waists equally neat, all the other ladies would commence lacing and squeezing themselves, without any regard to proportion or bulk of figure. Be this as it may, tight lacing has been followed as a fashion by all classes of females, from the highest to the lowest; and now it may be spoken of as a universal frenzy, ruinous to comfort, and destructive of health. How it should be injurious, may be understood from the following explanations.

The interior of the body consists of two cavities, one above the other. In the uppermost, termed the chest, are contained the heart and lungs, as marked in the annexed engraving, fig. 2. H is the heart; R L the right lung; and L L the left lung. The use of the heart is to act as a force-pump for sending the blood through the various channels of the body. The lungs are the organs of breathing, and contain a vast number of minute cells and tubes, into which the air is drawn at every inspiration. The cavity of the chest is separated from the cavity beneath by the diaphragm, marked D D in the engraving. In the lower cavity are the stomach, marked Stm.; and the intestines, marked I I I; these constituting the alimentary organs, or organs for

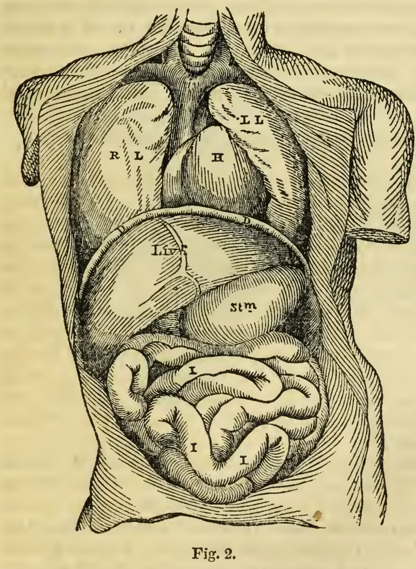


Fig. 2.

receiving and digesting the food. Immediately over the stomach is the liver, marked Liv.; and the duty of which is to secrete the bile. Within this cavity there are some other vital organs, not expressed in the engraving. The whole of this beautiful apparatus, for circulating the blood, inhaling and expiring air, receiving and digesting food, and otherwise keeping the animal economy in motion, may be observed to be neatly packed together, leaving no space unoccupied or to spare. Neither, however, is there any undue pressure of one part on another. All the parts are provided with exactly that degree of room which they require—no more, and no less. On considering this ingenious arrangement, the mind must be struck with the folly, if not impiety, of any kind of undue compression from without. We can see at a glance that pressure must have the effect of forcing the organs out of their proper place, and of crushing them on each other. This crushing of course prevents freedom of action; the heart cannot get properly wrought, the lungs cannot freely breathe, the blood does not circulate healthily, the stomach cannot rightly digest, and the liver and other viscera are put equally out of sorts—the whole machine is deranged.

The internal parts of the body, thus briefly referred to, are, as every one must know, sustained by a framework of bones—composed of the vertebræ or back-bone, the shoulder and breast bones, and the ribs. External compression, in the first place, discomposes and distorts this system of bones. In the annexed engravings, figures 3 and 4, are shown the appearance of the ribs and chest before and after compression. In fig. 3, which represents the frame in its natural state, it will be observed that the ribs increase in the bulge or expansion from the higher to the lower, affording room for the heart and lungs in the chest, and space beneath for the liver, stomach, and bowels. By lacing the waist tightly, we produce the effect observable in fig. 4. The

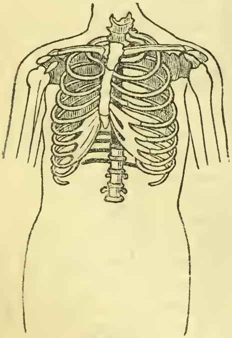


Fig. 3.

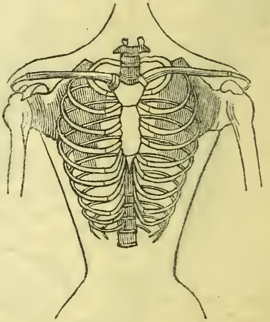


Fig. 4.

lower ribs are forced in upon the liver and stomach; and these members, to escape the torture imposed on them, press partly down upon the bowels, and partly up against the diaphragm, which in turn presses against the heart and lungs. Although the lacing may be relaxed at night, the repeated daily pressure gives a permanent set to the bones, and the ribs are found irrevocably distorted—tapering towards a point where they should bulge out, and bulging out where they should taper.

This alteration of shape in the ribs is the earliest and least distortion. Other and greater calamities to the bony structure ensue. Jammed out of their natural position, the heart and lungs press upon and make an effort to expand the chest and shoulder bones: this effort is partly restrained by the external pressure; and there are thus two pressures contending against each other. Nature outraged, has her revenge: *one shoulder becomes higher than the other, and the spine is bent.* Distortion is also going on beneath; very frequently *one hip becomes larger than the other.* The whole body is twisted. As our own testimony on this subject is of little value, we beg to present that of an able medical writer, Mr Samuel Hare.* "The usual mode of attack in this species of disease [spinal curvature, represented in fig. 5] is as follows:—After long-continued pressure upon the chest and abdomen, occasioned by the instrumentality of tight lacing, a perceptible deterioration of health ensues, the rapidity of which will depend much upon the previous state of the constitution. This derangement of health naturally produces a softening of the bones, accompanied frequently by disordered functions of the lungs, in which the heart and abdominal viscera participate; and unless arrested in its progress, deformity will be established, producing a scene which terminates in suffering and calamity, and, often through neglect, in premature dissolution. A very little reflection will show the reader the mode in which lateral curvature of the spine is generally produced. The upper part of the stays are brought close under the arms, and being

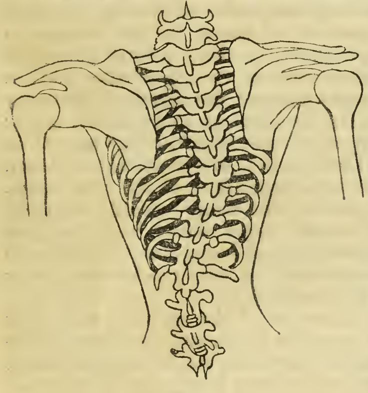


Fig. 5.

---

* Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvature of the Spine. By Samuel Hare, Surgeon. Longman and Co. 1838.

tightly girt behind, they cause excessive pressure on the scapulæ or shoulder-blades; these, in their turn, press upon the ribs and spinal column, and by this pressure the free use of the arms is obstructed. The various avocations of life unavoidably tend to a much greater use of the right hand and arm than of the left, by which means the former are enabled to emancipate themselves in some measure from the unnatural and disagreeable restraint in which they are held, whilst the latter continue comparatively motionless: this is the immediate and constant cause of that elevation of the right, and consequent depression of the left shoulder, so common amongst females in the middle and higher classes of society. The disproportion in the size of the shoulders, which is so evident, is not occasioned by any material enlargement of the right shoulder, in which little or no difference takes place; the disparity arises from the diminution in size of the left, occasioned by the injurious pressure and confinement to which it has been subject. This more frequent use of the right hand and arm, which custom has rendered almost universal, combined with the injurious effects of pressure by stays, the consequence of tight lacing, is productive of the general prevalence of lateral deformity in young females, especially when of delicate constitutions. By the general use of one arm and side, as already stated, and the feeble resistance offered by the other to the confinement and pressure of stays, the left scapula is forced against the ribs, and these, in turn, against the spinal column, which is thus pushed towards the right side; and, in severe and long-continued cases, some of the vertebræ, generally a part of the dorsal, are so far displaced, as to be driven under the heads of the ribs on the right side, which, being bent at an acute angle, form a ridge, that, upon a superficial examination, may easily be mistaken for the prominence of the true spine, more or less curved, the convex side being towards the right shoulder. In such instances the upper dorsal vertebræ give way so completely, as to become almost horizontal; the hips also appear exceedingly disproportioned in size, the left one being much more prominent than the other."

Distortion of the ribs, distortion of the shoulder and chest bones, distortion of the lower or hip bones, and distortion of the spine, are thus seen to be almost inevitable results of tight lacing. As these distortions are not, for the most part, very conspicuous, some may be inclined to doubt their existence; but the cause of their being generally concealed from observation, is the mode of fashionable dressing, in which, by means of padding, the balance of the figure is externally preserved.

Other bodily deformities, or at least unpleasant appearances, are known to arise from tight lacing. Among these may be mentioned the displacement of the breast, the shrinking and hardening of the nipples (which leads to very serious consequences), and the swelling and flushing of the neck. Sometimes this reddening appearance reaches the countenance, and imparts an inauspiciously glowing tinge to the point of the nose. Thick legs and swollen feet are also pretty common results.

The internal disorders caused by this pernicious practice are so numerous, that we could easily fill several pages with a mere catalogue of their names. From a list presented from different medical writers by Mr Coulson, in his popular work on the Deformities of the Spine,* we select the following complaints and diseases, all caused by tight lacing:—Headache, giddiness, pains in the eyes, earache, apoplexy, bleeding at the nose, inability to suckle, scirrhous and cancer in the breast, adhesion of the lungs to the diaphragm, asthma, spitting of blood, palpitation of the heart, water in the chest, cough, abscesses in the lungs, consumption, loss of appetite, squeamishness, flatulence, rupture, sickness, bad digestion, fistula, jaundice, calculi, diseases of the kidneys, hysteria, eruptions. To these consequences are added, in respect to mothers, unhealthy children, ugly children, and monstrosities, besides some other horrors; for which we must refer to Mr Coulson's summary.

The more common and obvious complaint of young females, subject to tight lacing, is derangement of appetite. The digestive organs being deprived of the due space required for the performance of their functions, the appetite for food fails, or becomes depressed, and occasional faintness ensues. A sickly fainting feeling is also caused by the loosening of the corsets at night. "For as soon as the thorax and abdomen are relaxed, by being deprived of their usual support, blood rushing downwards, in consequence of the diminished resistance to its motion, empties the vessels of the head, and thus occasions fainting."† The feelings of sickness, faintness, and general weakness, accompanied with lowness of spirits, so variously caused, too frequently tend to demoralise the mind. To restore and sustain nature, the young victim of fashion *has recourse to artificial stimulants.* By the connivance of domestics, she purchases brandy, laudanum, or opium, in which she secretly indulges, at once allaying the unnatural craving of the stomach, and throwing her into an agreeable fit of good spirits. In many instances eau de Cologne, and other distilled waters, are employed as stimulants, instead of drams of more vulgar materials. Habits of tippling may thus be added to the list of evils, individual and social, arising from tight lacing.

On the unfortunate young females who too often fall victims to this vicious practice, the blame ought, we believe, in few cases to fall. Mothers are, in most instances, the guilty cause of the desolation. Throughout British society, an insane anxiety is manifested in families about the marrying of daughters. There is a constant dread among mothers that their daughters will not get a good match; and to secure this important desideratum, they oblige them to submit to a variety of tortures, considered essential by that most senseless of all things—fashion.

---

* Longman and Co. London: 1839.

† Soemmering, a German medical writer.

First as to *carriage*. From some ill-defined notion, that nature is unable to impart that degree of straightness in the person, and ease in walking, which are consistent with gracefulness, the mother begins strapping up her daughter's shoulders, and binding her body with a harness of corsets; if these manœuvres fail, she causes her to lie, for a certain length of time daily, on a hard board, or to sit bolt upright on a form. If she allows her to sit on a chair, it is only under the express injunction that she shall not lean upon the back. All this must be charitably considered to arise from ignorance. Strength of frame cannot be secured by artifice. Nature has prescribed but one law for strengthening the muscular system, and that is contained in three words—AIR, EXERCISE, and DIET. To impart gracefulness in walking, cheerful sports and recreations are chiefly desirable. No man walks so gracefully or is so erect as the North American Indian; and he roams free as the antelope from childhood. The error in civilised society consists in first depriving nature of the exercise she demands, and then attempting to remedy the defect by artificial means.

Were mothers fully instructed, by previous education, in this law, they would probably give themselves much less trouble about the carriage and fine figure of their daughters. In some continental countries, the folly of attempting to supersede nature has been long exploded. "From 1760 to about 1770," says Soemmering, "it was the fashion in Berlin, and other parts of Germany, and also in Holland a few years before, to apply corsets to children. This practice fell into disuse, in consequence of its being observed that children who did not wear corsets grew up straight, while those who were treated with this extraordinary care got by it a high shoulder or a hunch. Many families might be named in which parental fondness selected the handsomest of several boys to put in corsets; and the result was, that these alone were hunched. The deformity was attributed at first to the improper mode of applying the corsets, till it was discovered that no child thus invested grew up straight; not to mention the risk of consumption and rupture which were likewise incurred by using them."

Not aware of these consequences, or defying them, the mother, as we have said, too often compels her child to submit to a constriction of the waist. If she happen to have two daughters, one more robust than the other, she endeavours to bring the robust one to the same degree of tenuity as her sister by the corset apparatus. Cries and tears are alike disregarded; the poor girl is forced to submit. In one instance within our knowledge, a mother violently beat her daughter to make her submit to this process of compression. The girl's health was ruined, and she became a habitual dram-drinker.

With respect to *beauty of form*, the greater number of women surely entertain very extraordinary opinions. The human figure, in its perfect models, has no great hollow at the waist, nor does it swell out to enormous proportions in the lower and upper parts. It is, in a word, not shaped like a wasp. In the adjoining cut, fig. 6, the female waist is represented according to the most perfect known model, that of the Venus de Medici; and in fig. 7, it is shown as fashion makes it. Perhaps, indeed, fig. 7 is not squeezed so tightly as it is occasionally seen in fashionable assemblies, where young ladies may sometimes be observed with waists of less than fifteen inches in circumference.

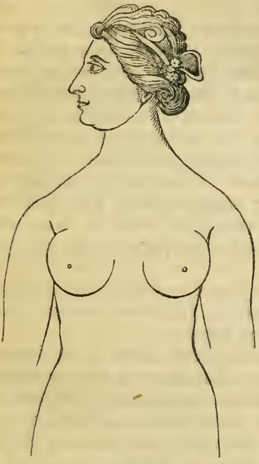


Fig. 6.

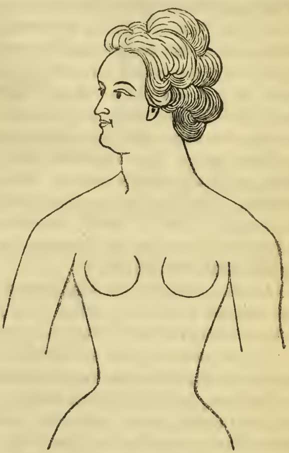


Fig. 7.

Enough has now been said on the dangers of tight lacing, and we conclude with the following practical observations on corsets.*

Corsets are designed partly as under-clothing, and partly to display the general contour of the figure, or, it may be said, to give effect to the bust. These legitimate objects of their use may be gained without recourse to tight lacing. The corsets should be composed of the smoothest and most elastic materials; should be accurately adapted to the individual wearer, so that no point may receive undue pressure; and should never be drawn so tight as to interfere with perfectly free breathing, or with graceful attitudes and movements. It is obvious that such corsets should be entirely destitute of steel and whalebone, or other barbarous inventions. By selecting a material proportioned, in its thickness and elasticity, to the size, age, &c. of the wearer, and by a proper employment of quilting and wadding, they may be made of any proper or allowable degree of stiffness. If it be then accurately fitted to the shape of the individual, and laced no tighter than to apply it comfortably, all the advantages of the corset may be fully obtained.

---

* The word corset is originally French, being from *corps*, the body, and *serrer*, to squeeze.

In the case of girls approaching their majority, the utmost care should be taken not to restrain the growth by corsets. If there be a tendency to obesity, it may be checked by air, exercise, and a simple kind of diet; and should these fail, violent compression must on no account be employed. So far from external pressure making a fine form, the tendency is directly the reverse, since the restraint of the corsets detrimentally interferes with the perfection of the frame. The muscles, being compressed, and held inactive, neither acquire their due size nor strength; and a stiff, awkward carriage, with a thin, flat, ungraceful, inelegant person, is the too frequent result of such injudicious treatment.

On the subject of *displaying the figure*, a writer in the Conversations Lexicon makes the following judicious observations, with which we may close the present tract:—

" A certain degree of display of the female form is not incompatible with correctness of manners. But there is a limit which, we believe, cannot be exceeded without immediate detriment to public morals, and positive offence to delicacy. There was a time when a mode of dressing to display every personal charm was peculiar to an unfortunate class of beings, regarded as lost to all the modesty and dignity of the sex; but it is a melancholy truth, that this distinction between the lost and the reputable no longer exists in our great cities, where leaders of fashion and celebrated beauties, claiming the highest rank and character, are most remarkable for the solicitude with which they prepare their lovely persons to be gazed at and admired, in all their proportions, by the passing crowd! We should not have alluded to this subject, did we not hope that a slight animadversion upon its evil tendency would help to produce its correction. It has an immediate influence in lowering the sex in the estimation of men, since it lessens their reverence for beings they would otherwise always look upon with deep respect; and surely the fair sex have not yet to learn, that modest reserve and retiring delicacy are among the most potent auxiliaries of their charms. That they should rush into the extreme we have deprecated, appears to result merely from inattention; and we sincerely hope that but a short time will elapse before they will strictly respect the boundaries established by good sense and good taste, united with the lovely purity inherent in their sex."

THE SCULPTOR OF THE BLACK FOREST.

I.

THE STORY BEGINS.

IN the upper part of the Rhine, on its eastern bank, lies the district of country called, from its woody character, the Black Forest, forming part of the grand-duchy of Baden. It is impossible to traverse this part of Germany without being struck with the peculiar character of the scenery. The wild abruptness of the mountain ridges contrasts effectively with the luxuriant softness of the lovely valleys that extend between them towards the Rhine; and the whole is characterised by such perfect harmony, that one might fancy it a vast park, planned out by God himself, and combining all that is beautiful in nature with every diversity of landscape. On the borders of the Black Forest, the scene becomes still more grand and impressive; for there the valleys contract themselves into narrow gorges; whilst the majestic forest itself, stretching far away in the distance, crowns the heights, and winds round the mountains, leaving here and there a bald summit, or a snow-capped peak, towering over the undulating expanse.

Within the Black Forest exist several interesting branches of manufacture, productive of comfort and a reasonable amount of wealth to the industrious and ingenious inhabitants. Wooden clocks are made, to a large extent, for the supply of neighbouring, as well as distant countries. Of toys there is likewise a large manufacture; these, like the clocks, being made from the native timber, and executed within the dwellings of the artist peasantry. The toys are carved with much neatness, and some degree of taste, and find a ready sale in all lands to which they are transported. The success of the meritorious workers in these articles affords a pleasing example of what may be done under great disadvantages as to means and situation. It shows that all difficulties melt away before a willing heart. Ever blessed and honoured be the spirit of honest industry, wherever it is found; but doubly blessed be the industry which bears up against the influence of untoward circumstances, such as those under which the poor peasantry of the Black Forest are known to labour! It is of one of these humble but ingenious sculptors in wood that we propose to tell a little story. The narrative, which is told very much as it was related by the pastor of Badenwiller, includes no mighty or moving incident; but it possesses the charm of truth, and, addressed to the young, it may not be without its moral.

In one of the wild mountain passes of the Black Forest lived, some years ago, Herman Cloffer, one of the most industrious and contented of the rustic manufacturers of the district. Herman was the son of a schoolmaster, who had communicated to him the little learning he possessed. He knew something of Latin, spoke the French language with ease, and could play tolerably well on the violin; and these advantages over the surrounding rustics procured him the appellation of Master Cloffer.

Like the other children of the forest, Herman had taken delight in carving rude forms from the wood of the fir-tree; and having produced some toys more highly-finished than those of his companions, he persevered in his attempts, until, from a mere childish amusement, it became a cherished pursuit, to which all his spare time was devoted. During a visit to Basle, in Switzerland, he happened to see some Gothic carving, which awakened him to a higher sense of the beautiful in art than he had hitherto enjoyed. Acute in observation, he perceived that the craft to which he had devoted himself was capable of producing objects of the greatest elegance in design. From the day on which Herman had feasted his eyes on the fine carvings at Basle, he was influenced with new feelings; and his future course was fixed.

Returning home to the parental cottage, he set about a species of work different from anything that had as yet been executed in the forest. Abandoning the toys that had hitherto amused him, he applied himself earnestly to the reproduction in wood of whatever object in nature struck his fancy, going into the most minute details; finishing to begin again, and beginning to finish more carefully; leaving no difficulty unconquered; and working with all the enthusiasm of a newly-awakened consciousness of talent. This unwearying application could not fail to produce the desired success. Herman's attempts, at first incorrect and unmeaning, soon became more true to nature, and his touch freer and bolder: the difficulties of execution vanished, to give place to those of art. He had succeeded in the form; he now sought to give life to his productions: he had attained to science; it remained to be proved whether he possessed genius: and then commenced for the young artist that struggle between the creative power and inert matter—a joyful struggle when the expressive feature and speaking attitude proclaim that it has been successful.

The wood seemed to obey all Herman's fancies; he moulded and fashioned it to his every wish. His whole soul was engrossed in the work, and he endeavoured to render it as beautiful as his imagination pictured it. It became, as it were, a portion of himself; animated by his hopes and aspirations, and a medium for the expression of his thoughts and feelings. Nothing was done systematically, or by previous arrangement: every stroke was the result of an impression.

His sculptures, which had at first been confounded with the ordinary products of the forest herdsmen, soon began to be noticed and admired. They first became in request at Baden, and ere long were eagerly sought after at Munich, Vienna, and Berlin. The dealer to whom he had sold the first for a mere trifle, urged the young man to supply him with more as fast as it was possible, promising him a better price; and Herman, who, since the death of his father, had been the sole support of his widowed mother, was overjoyed at the prospect of being able to secure to her an independent and comfortable old age. Their humble dwelling began to exhibit comforts and conveniences to which it had hitherto been a stranger; several articles of furniture were purchased; the holiday suit was more frequently renewed; and when a friend or neighbour dropped in at evening, some pleasant refection was generally produced. At such times Herman would take his violin, and accompany his mother in some of the old Suabian airs, or one of Schiller's ballads, which she had learned from his father the schoolmaster.

Thus the young sculptor's days passed tranquilly away, divided between his loved occupation and the innocent relaxations of their simple mode of life. Leaving to Dorothy, his mother, the care of all their little affairs, and undisturbed by any contact with the world, he retired into the sanctuary of his inspirations, as a saint in his holy meditation, and lived in an ideal world, from which at times no inducement could draw him.

One summer's evening he was sitting at the door, and passing his hand carelessly over the strings of his violin, when a stranger on horseback turned up the path leading to the cottage. He was apparently about forty years of age, and his stylish attire and easy address announced a man of the world. He stopped on seeing Herman, and asked him, in an almost unintelligible attempt at German, if he could direct him to the dwelling of Herman Cloffer the sculptor.

"I am he," said Herman, rising.

"You?" cried the stranger; "that is fortunate;" and quickly dismounting, he threw the bridle to a servant in livery who had followed him.

"I have been seeking you, Master Cloffer," he resumed in a familiar tone; "I am a Frenchman, as no doubt you have perceived by my pronunciation of German. I have seen your sculptures, and I wish to purchase some."

Herman, in polite consideration of the stranger's difficulty in speaking German, replied to him in French, and invited him to enter the cottage.

Much pleased, the stranger entered, but started with surprise on glancing round the humble apartment, which served for kitchen and parlour, as well as work-room, to the artist.

"Is it possible that you work here?" he asked, on looking round the smoky walls.

"Near that window," replied Herman, pointing to a long table, on which were several sculptures in various stages of progress; underneath were piled up prepared blocks of fir; the finer tools were hung against the wall.

"And you have no other work-room?"

"No, monsieur."

"Wonderful!" he muttered; "to produce such masterpieces of art in a hovel like this. But, Master Cloffer," he continued aloud, "do you know that you lack everything here? You can have no incentives—no encouragement."

"I endeavour to imitate what I see in the best possible manner," replied Herman simply. "Here are some goats, copied from nature; a bull, and a child."

"Exquisite!" exclaimed the Frenchman, taking the figures presented to him. "What delicacy! what expression! I must have them: what is your price?"

Herman mentioned it.

"Agreed," said he, surprised at the sculptor's moderation. "Do you know, Master Cloffer," he continued, "that I have had the greatest possible difficulty in finding you? Those who sell your productions in Germany are ignorant of your name, or conceal it designedly, and I could never discover the few who purchase from yourself. I was obliged at length to apply to our ambassador at Vienna, who discovered your name and residence by means of the police; and as I had occasion to pass through Badenwiller, I resolved to come and see you."

Herman bowed for the compliment.

"You can form no idea," continued he, "of the fame you have already acquired in Germany; your sculptures are in demand everywhere. I have seen some even in Prince Metternich's cabinet. Of course you do not intend remaining here?"

"Pardon me, monsieur; I have no intention of quitting the forest."

"But are you aware that, by continuing to vegetate here, you sacrifice all your future prospects—fortune, fame, everything in short?"

"I am happy and contented, monsieur."

"Happy!" repeated the Frenchman, glancing at Herman's coarse attire; "that is a proof of your philosophy, but not of your taste. Why, you have not even a work-room, but are obliged to carve within three steps of the fireplace, where your smoked bacon is cooked. No other than a German could lead such a life, and call himself happy."

"What should I gain by a change?" asked Herman.

"In the first place, celebrity; for though your works are admired and valued, you yourself are unknown. You must take your standing in society; and, what is of more importance, you must make your fortune."

"My fortune!" exclaimed Herman; "and pray by what means?"

"By means of those figures of yours to be sure. The artists of our day live like lords, and you also must advance with the age. Come with me to Paris; I will introduce you to a society of journalists, who will represent you as a Michael Angelo in miniature; and I venture to predict that, in less than two years, you will ride in your own carriage."

"Is this possible?" murmured Herman.

"Certain, Master Cloffer; and since we have chanced to meet, you shall be a gainer by it. Your light must no longer be hid under a bushel. Believe me, and come to Paris."

"I must not think of it," said the young sculptor, shaking his head mournfully. "I should have to change my habits, to leave my friends, and, above all, to part from my mother."

"The pleasures of Paris will more than compensate for all you leave behind."

"Never."

"Consider," said the stranger—who, in endeavouring to persuade Cloffer, had himself become convinced—"consider that if you remain here you will never be anything but an obscure rustic. You appear to me like a prince who has been brought up in retirement, and who is ignorant that a crown awaits him elsewhere. I offer you this crown: you have only to exchange your coarse coat for a better, and forsake your old roof, and you may obtain fame, pleasure, and wealth."

Herman hesitated, and was just about to reply, when, raising his eyes, he saw his mother gazing earnestly at him; she had entered some minutes before, and though she could not understand the language in which they spoke, the unusual emotion displayed by Herman gave the alarm to her maternal feelings.

"What does the stranger say to thee, my son?" she asked in German.

"He is telling me about his country."

"And he wishes thee to accompany him thither, doth he not?"

Herman nodded affirmatively.

"Remember," said she earnestly, "that all who love you are here."

"I shall not forget it," he replied.

"Well, what is your decision?" asked the stranger, who had vainly endeavoured to understand their discourse.

"I cannot leave my mother," replied Herman gravely; and seeing the Frenchman was about to remonstrate, he added, "I have determined; nothing shall make me change."

"Well, please yourself," he said, shrugging his shoulders; "but you sacrifice your fortune. At all events you will not refuse to accompany me to Badenwiller? I left some ladies there who were too much fatigued to come farther, but who will gladly purchase some of your sculptures. Bring all you have; we shall still be in time for dinner."

II.

SOARING IDEAS.

Herman accepted the invitation of the stranger. Taking with him what sculptures he had finished, he went to the inn, where he was received with the greatest attention by the party who were waiting for his arrival. He was invited to dine, and during the repast was charmed with the discourse of his new acquaintances. Everything they said was so new and piquant, that it stimulated his wonder, and served to undermine his previous notions. What the stranger had at first told him, was now confirmed by others. One of the party, a lady, did more; she cited her own case as an example of rising in the world. Poor and unknown as Herman a very few years before, she was now in the possession of fame, wealth, and every luxury; and all this she owed to the exercise of her vocal powers. "I receive," said she, "a thousand francs for singing a single song. All Paris is in raptures when I open my mouth. Nor is my case at all singular. Another lady, at one time living as obscurely as I did, who has a faculty for dancing, receives as much for cutting a few capers on the stage as I do for singing. This accomplished danseuse makes more money by a single night's dancing, than is the annual stipend of any of your German clergy!" Gossip of this kind opened up to Herman a new view of human affairs. He would not consent to the Frenchman's proposition to quit his native valley in search of the fortune said to be awaiting him in the great city; but he was dazzled and bewildered, and returned to his mother's cottage in a far from enviable state of feeling. To his mother's anxious questions he replied briefly, and with evident impatience; and, pleading fatigue, retired immediately to rest.

It was Herman's custom to rise early, and, after a short devotional exercise, commence his cheerful labours, the sun shining blithely into his cottage window, while his mother busied herself with preparations for the morning meal. This morning he resumed his occupation with a sad and heavy heart; he scarcely spoke during the day; and instead of his usual pleasant chat, and the cheerful songs that enlivened the cottage, a vacant look, or an abstracted reply, was all that his mother could obtain from him. She hoped that, as the impression of the stranger's visit wore off, his sadness would disappear; but, on the contrary, it appeared to increase. The peaceful serenity of his mind was gone for ever; the stranger's words had sunk deep into his heart, and effected a revolution in his thoughts and desires. Whilst he had only associated with the neighbouring peasants, knowing nothing better, he was content to live as they did—devoid of ambition, and limiting his wishes to the simple and innocent enjoyments within his reach; but now that other modes of life had been unfolded to his view, and allurements held out to him of which he had never even dreamt, the pleasures of those around him became insipid and wearisome, and their retired life dull and monotonous. In vain a still small voice within warned him against giving way to these seductions. All the passions that had hitherto lain dormant within him were roused into activity. "Thou shalt have riches and fame!" seemed to be continually whispered in his ear. Paris, of which he had heard such flattering accounts, was always before his eyes, like a dark cloud interposing between him and the sunbeams of cheerfulness and content. His once beloved occupation became distasteful to him; he commenced fifty things, and flung them away in disgust. At length his health failed under this constant feverish irritation of mind, and a slow fever gradually undermined his constitution. Until now, his mother had observed it all in silence; but when she saw her son sinking into a state of languor far worse than despair, she hesitated no longer.

Finding, from pressing inquiries, the nature of the communication that had been made to him, she endeavoured to represent the danger which might lurk under the prospects held out to his eager fancy. "These strangers," said she, "showed you only one side of the picture; they kept the other in concealment. They did not tell you of the cares which beset a course of ambition. You should remember the old proverb, 'High soar, great fall;' and, if possible, forget all the tempting offers that were deceitfully placed within your grasp." With such-like homely wisdom, Dorothy tried to reason her son out of his dream of greatness. It was all in vain. Herman allowed that what she said was not without force; still his imagination brooded over the splendours which he might secure.

Observing that he became daily more moody and restless, the good mother addressed him in language of the warmest affection, and bade him no longer hesitate. "May God forgive those strangers for the harm they have done thee!" said she to him. "The evil is done now—thou canst not remain here; go then, my son, since we no longer possess that which will render thee happy."

Herman made some objections, which were at once overruled by his mother with that courageous self-denial which women often show us, but cannot teach us. She immediately began to busy herself in preparations for his departure; washed and repaired his linen, and put all his things in such order, that it might be long before he felt the need of a mother's care. She then gave him the best part of their little savings, enjoining him not to impose any privation on himself. "The remainder is equally yours," she added; "send for it if you require it, and be happy if you can; I have no other wish."

Herman was grateful for her kindness and attention to his comfort; but the joy he could not contain at the thoughts of going, struck her to the heart. His health and spirits improved rapidly, his cheerfulness returned, and his favourite ballads were once more gaily sung, as he resumed his work with renewed ardour. He would not go to Paris empty-handed, he said; and he exhausted his art on the production of a group of children he wished to take with him as a specimen of his powers.

The day of departure arrived, and a sad parting it was between the widow and her only son. Twice did Herman fling away his staff, and declare he would remain; but his mother restrained her grief, to lessen his regret, and with forced composure bade him go, and prosper.

The novel scenes that surrounded him, and the incidents of travel, soon banished the last traces of sorrow from his mind. With a stout oaken staff, and a wallet flung over his shoulder, he pursued his way with diligence, asking, at the close of each day, how far he was from Paris. The journey was a long one; but he felt no fatigue, no weariness. The bright future of his anticipations cheered and inspired him; and he went on, building one air-castle after another, with all the enthusiasm and sanguine expectations of youth and conscious talent. If a splendid carriage, drawn by swift horses, rolled rapidly past, he would say to himself, "Ere long, I shall travel in the same manner:" if he saw a pleasant country mansion, half buried in the acacias, he would murmur, "Yet a little while, and I shall take my mother to such a home." And thus he journeyed on, happy in his joyous anticipations—the imaginary possessor of everything desirable that attracted his attention.

At the close of the twentieth day he saw a mass of white buildings lying in the broad valley of the Seine. It was Paris—the goal of all his hopes. On entering the city, how his eyes were ravished with the height and beauty of the structures, the handsome colonnades, the elegant fountains, and the concourse of carriages which rolled along the streets! "Some of these things will soon be mine," said he to himself, as he toiled along, staff in hand: "I am glad I resolved to come to Paris!"

III.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GREAT WORLD.

When the stranger parted from Herman at Badenwiller, he gave him his address, telling him to make use of it if ever he came to Paris; accordingly, the young German hastened to the Rue St Lazare, where Monsieur de Riol dwelt.

"You here, Master Cloffer!" exclaimed the latter in amazement. "Has your mountain tumbled into the valley? Have the charcoal-burners of the forest set fire to your dwelling? Or have you been constrained to flee from political motives?"

"My cottage stands securely in its place," said Herman, smiling; "and the duke has not a more loyal subject than myself."

"What, then, has worked such a miracle?"

"Your own words, monsieur, and the hopes you held out to me." And he told the astonished Parisian all that had taken place since his departure.

"In short, Master Cloffer," said De Riol, when Herman had finished—"in short, you are come to Paris to make your fortune?"

"I am come to make myself known."

"It is the same thing. Well, I shall do what I can to help you. In the first place, you must be introduced to our artists; several of them will dine here to-morrow: will you join us? But come late; for we dine at the hour you Germans sup."

"At seven to-morrow then?" said Herman.

"Exactly; and bring a specimen of your work with you."

From thence Herman went to seek a lodging, and afterwards found his way to the public gardens, where the monuments and statuary struck him with rapture and amazement. The following day he was punctual to his engagement, and found Monsieur de Riol surrounded by about a dozen gentlemen, to whom he was presented as a brother artist. His group of children, which he had brought with him, was warmly praised and admired. An artist said it might be the work of Benvenuto himself; a sculptor compared him to Domenichino; and a journalist, shaking hands with him, said he would introduce him to the public as the Canova of the Black Forest. At table the conversation turned chiefly upon painting and sculpture, and Herman was strangely surprised at all he heard. The artists, with one voice, complained of the decline of art, and of the general want of taste, which obliged them to pursue a false path. "If the old masters were so great whilst we are so little," said they, "the fault is not in us, but in the difference of the times. Genius is no longer understood or appreciated, and talent is crushed in the bud." And all repeated in melancholy tones, as they tossed off the sparkling champagne, "Art is dying! art is dead!" As for the causes of this lamentable decline, some found them in civilisation, others in a constitutional form of government, and a few in the public journals.

"It is only themselves they will not accuse," said the journalist in a low tone to Herman. "They forget that the taste of the public is formed upon what is supplied to it; and if it is indeed so bad, whose fault is it but theirs, whose duty it is to guide and elevate it? You would imagine that all those who discourse so fluently of art, are its fervent followers and worshippers, when, in fact, not one of them would become a Corregio with the condition of working and dying as did that great painter. If art is so much on the decline, it is because artists no longer live for it, and with it; because they have more vanity and ambition than true enthusiasm; and because they have sacrificed the beautiful to the useful."

On returning to the drawing-room, Herman's group was once more examined and commended; but all regretted he had not chosen a different subject. Children, they said, were no longer in fashion; there had been some recent successes in that way, which precluded all hope of competition; and Herman was advised to represent some scene from the old ballads of his country.

"This surprises you?" said the journalist with a smile.

"It does indeed," said Cloffer; "until now, I thought it was perfection that gave value to a work of art."

"That is a notion of the Black Forest, Master Cloffer; we are in advance of you, you see. It is no longer perfection that stamps its value on any production; it is public caprice. Ten years ago, an artist acquired celebrity by painting a hat upon a rock in the form of a cheese. It was most absurd; but people ran to see it; and the artist's fortune was made."

"In that case, art need not be studied so much as the caprice of the public?"

"Exactly so; painters, sculptors, authors, are nothing but venders of novelties. If their style take, their fortune is made; if not, they must try something else."

"Alas! that is not what I had been led to expect," said Herman; and he returned to his lodgings much disappointed and discouraged.

Monsieur de Riol kept his word. He introduced the young German everywhere, and brought him into contact with dealers and collectors, who gave him large and profitable orders. Herman had never been so rich; but his riches cost him his freedom. Until now he had followed the wanderings of his fancy, portraying with the chisel the impressions of the moment; producing, without knowing it, the reflection of his thoughts and feelings, and seeking only to give expression to that which was within him. Like a bird on the wing, he had been free to fly wherever he would; and now he must submit to keep within a fixed and narrow circle, till his once-loved pursuit was looked upon as a wearisome task.

IV.

A CUSTOMER APPEARS.

One morning, as Herman was busy finishing a small figure which had been ordered, Charles Duvert, the young journalist with whom he had become acquainted at Monsieur de Riol's, called on him, bringing the paper which contained the article he had promised him.

"I do not know if you will be pleased with it," said he, "but it has created a great sensation."

"I feel curious to know what you can have said of a poor carver of fir like me," replied Herman, as he unfolded the paper.

"I think I have placed you in a good light at all events; but read, and judge for yourself."

Herman went to the window, and glanced rapidly over the article in question. It was a fanciful composition, in which, under pretence of accounting for the young sculptor's rare and peculiar talent, his life was represented as a complete romance, full of extraordinary and improbable adventures, as new to Herman as they were to the public. Charles Duvert saw the young man's astonishment, and said laughingly, "You did not expect such a biography, I am sure. I have made a hero of you after Hoffman's manner."

"You have indeed; and I cannot imagine why you have done this."

"It was absolutely necessary, my great man, to suit the fancy or folly of the public, who like nothing so well as fairy tales. No one would give themselves the least concern about an artist whose life resembled that of everybody's else; he must have a story that will interest and amuse, if he wishes to be noticed. If I were to begin the world again, I would give myself out as a Gaspard Hausser, or as an Orinoco savage, rather than as the son of my father. Think of Paganini's success: of the thousands that followed him, scarce one-third went to hear the musician, the rest flocked to see a man whose marvellous adventures filled all the papers, and whose genius was said to be the result of a contract with Satan."

"I am then to understand," said Herman, "that a sacrifice of truth is the first step to glory?"

"To celebrity, Master Cloffer; glory is a seeker who does not need all this noise; she can discover a great man in the most obscure retreat, or even in the grave. She might have passed by your forest to-morrow, or a hundred years hence, and would perhaps have inscribed your name on her tablets. But it is present success and fortune that we want; we make a traffic of art as well as of other things; and a seller's first care is to display such a sign as will be most likely to attract buyers: the effect of yours will soon appear."

They were interrupted by the porter of the hotel, who came to say that Monsieur Lorieux wished to see the sculptor. "Lorieux!" repeated Duvert; "it is as I said; he has seen my article, and is come to order something."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it; but mind your interest: the more you make him pay, the better opinion he will have of your talent."

The dealer was introduced. He had come with the intention of purchasing or ordering some of Herman's sculptures; but the sight of his modest apartment and simple furniture seemed to give him an unfavourable impression. He looked carelessly at the figures Cloffer presented to him, and was about to withdraw, when Duvert, who had read his thoughts, said, "It is a pity you show those things here, Master Cloffer; the light is so bad that it is impossible to judge of the delicacy of the work. You had better take the gentleman to your studio."

"Oh, Master Cloffer has another place?" observed the dealer.

"Yes, but it is not quite ready yet; and that is the reason he works in this miserable hole. In a few days, however, he will be more splendidly lodged than any artist in Paris: quite an Italian gallery, opening on a garden. The rent is most extravagant; but artists live like princes now-a-days."

"And we are their bankers," said the dealer with a coarse laugh.

"Their stewards—their brokers rather, monsieur; for, in passing through your hands, their productions enrich you. But excuse me. Master Cloffer, we must not forget our engagement; you had better finish your business with monsieur."

All this had been said with so much ease, that Herman had listened like one in a dream. The dealer, whose manner had undergone a complete change, made his proposals, which were accepted, and he withdrew with obsequious politeness. No sooner had he disappeared, than Duvert threw himself into a chair, laughing heartily.

"What on earth can you mean by joking in this way?" asked Herman, much hurt.

"I was not joking," replied the journalist; "for if you have not the studio I described, you must find one without delay."

"And why so?"

"Did you not perceive the effect your apartment produced on the honest dealer's mind? Seeing you so poorly lodged, he was on the point of leaving without giving you the order he intended."

"But what has the lodging to do with it? He saw my sculptures: could he not judge of their merit?"

"My dear Cloffer, you really are too German in your notions. Do you not see that this man wants judgment and taste to understand and appreciate works of art? Talent is nothing to him; all he wants is the sculptor most in vogue, whose productions will be the most profitable; and in our day, the best criterion of an artist's success is his wealth. You forget you are no longer in the Black Forest, following your own wild fancies; but at Paris, where you must work to suit the fancies of others."

"It is true," said Herman with a sigh.

"This is only your apprenticeship," pursued Duvert; "and let me tell you, that it will not do for you to lead such a solitary life; you must be seen in the world. One evening passed in certain drawing-rooms will do more for your fame than the production of a masterpiece."

"Is it not enough that I have lost the freedom of my inspirations?" said Herman bitterly. "Must I also renounce the manner of life most congenial to my taste?"

"You must be successful," returned Duvert; "everything depends upon that; and the aim and end of all your exertions must be to acquire a name in the world."

V.

THE STRUGGLE.

Herman followed Duvert's advice, and found he was right. In the course of a few months his fame increased beyond his most sanguine hopes, and the price of his sculptures rose accordingly. Duvert's article had been received as a true history of the young German, whose name and romantic adventures were thenceforth in everybody's mouth. Whenever he appeared in public, he was pointed out as an extraordinary man, and his peculiar talent and imputed opinions formed the chief topic of conversation; and Herman suffered himself to be thus gently borne along the stream of public favour, with little or no exertion on his part. The latent pride that had so long lain dormant within him was gradually roused, he heard his genius and talents so highly extolled, that at length he believed it all, and received the admiration of the crowd as an homage due to his superior merit.

But his rapid success had raised up enemies as well as friends; envy and jealousy soon took up arms against him: until now, he had only tasted the sweets of success; he was about to experience all its bitterness. An article, inserted in a rival paper to that conducted by Duvert, commenced the attack by a pretended criticism of the young German's works. Those he had produced since his arrival in Paris were, for the most part, wanting in that artless simplicity of nature which had made the first so valuable. Shackled in his conceptions, obeying the necessity of gain, distracted by the interruptions and exigencies of the world, he worked rapidly, but without his former enthusiastic devotion; and this was lamented by his enemies with hypocritical regret; the faults of these hasty productions were exposed one after another, and attributed to the sculptor's eagerness for gain.

Herman felt these accusations most acutely, and his enemies knew it; for they renewed their virulent attacks monthly, weekly, and at length daily. He could not glance at the journal which was their vehicle without seeing his name coupled with some poignant satire: the most absurd opinions and actions were attributed to him; and even a caricature of his person was exposed to public derision. Almost beside himself at the persecution of which he was the object, he wished to retaliate; but Duvert advised him to take no notice of it, observing quietly, that it was one of the sides of success. Why should he be surprised that those who envied him took the same means to destroy his reputation that his friends had taken to acquire it? It was merely the consequence of success.

Herman was too little accustomed to the ways of the world—which leaves the artist and his works at the mercy of criticism—to be satisfied with such cold consolation; and he felt, moreover, that, mixed up with the galling raillery that pursued him, there were some just, though greatly-exaggerated reproaches. Jealousy had made his detractors keen-sighted, and they knew how to wound him to the quick.

He struggled for some time against the attacks that, like wasps, assailed and stung him on every side; but he had been too deeply wounded, and a severe and protracted illness was the consequence. All the skill of his medical attendants scarcely availed to save him; and as several months of convalescence were still requisite to restore his strength, De Riol advised him to spend the winter in Italy; which he did.

Renewed in health and spirits, and with a measure of his early enthusiasm restored, he returned to Paris, eagerly longing to resume his occupation; and called, nothing doubting, upon the dealers who had formerly vied with each other in obtaining his sculptures; but they seemed scarcely to recognise him. A modeller of burnt clay had recently arrived from Florence, and had become quite the rage. Herman next visited his friend Duvert, to whom he complained of the change he had found. The journalist replied, with a shrug, "It cannot be helped, Master Cloffer. Success is like fortune; it must be taken at the tide: six months' absence is enough to cause any man to be forgotten: you were wrong in leaving Paris."

"My health required a change."

"A man in vogue cannot afford to be ill. Society is a medley, and whoever leaves his place but for a moment, is sure to lose it."

"But cannot I regain my former position?"

Duvert shook his head doubtfully. "Your person and name are known; your talent has no longer the charm of novelty; you can never again excite that curious interest which in the world takes the place of admiration. You are already spoken of as one dead."

"This is dreadful," cried Herman. "One short year has deprived me——"

"Of what one short year had given you," interrupted Duvert.

"But what is to become of me?"

"Try something else. Become a poet, a painter, or an actor; it will be a transformation; and perhaps fortune will again favour you."

Herman quitted the journalist with the impression that he had greatly exaggerated his position; but he found that he had said no more than the truth. After enjoying the intoxication of triumph, he found that he must descend to the painful solicitation of a beginner, and submit to be ofttimes repulsed with harshness and contempt. He struggled a while with his altered circumstances; but they proved too strong for him. He felt that he could no longer maintain the contest, and prepared to abandon a position for which he confessed himself to be unfitted. The great fortunes which had been alluringly held out as a bait, he now saw were not, for the most part, obtained without undergoing vast labour, submitting to many contumelies, and resorting to numerous underhand practices, at which his courage and integrity alike revolted. "My poor mother was right," thought he; "I did not know the cares which beset an ambitious career. I now know what these are. I am not fitted to shine in this dissolute capital. I will return to the forest." Having made this resolution, he hastened to his studio, sent for a dealer, to whom he disposed of his effects; and after paying his debts, he took down his staff from the mantelpiece, where he had suspended it as a memorial, and quitted Paris by the same gate that he had entered it four years previously. But in what a different frame of mind! He had entered it with youth, health, and glowing anticipations; he quitted it despairing, enfeebled, and heart-stricken!

VI.

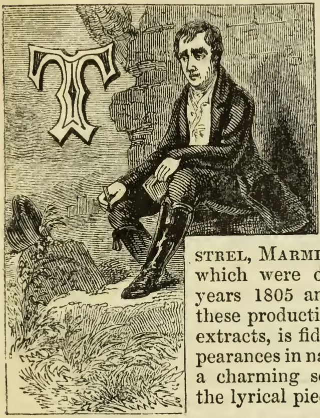
HIGH SOAR, GREAT FALL.

Dorothy's joy was great at the receipt of the letter which announced her son's return; but when, a short time afterwards, he arrived, she was struck with dismay at his altered appearance, and felt that his return was less owing to filial affection than to disappointment and despair. She, however, asked him no questions—for he had said to her on entering the cottage, "Here I am, mother; I shall never leave you again"—but busied herself in doing everything she thought would make him comfortable, and restore his tranquillity of mind.

With the ingenious tenderness of a woman and a mother, she surrounded him with all the loved and familiar objects of his earlier days: a small chamber was prepared for his sole use, and furnished with every comfort within her means; and she requested all his old friends to visit him frequently. In the evening she often assembled the young girls of the hamlet around her hearth, hoping that their songs and merry chat would rouse him from his profound melancholy. It was all in vain; the simple pleasures of the mountaineers had lost their charms for him; his thoughts ever turned towards the gay tumult of Parisian life, and those brilliant assemblies in which his name had so often resounded; and he compared the momentary splendour he had enjoyed whilst his fame was at its zenith, with the obscurity to which he had returned. His mind had lost its simplicity as well as its peace; and though undeceived with regard to the false pleasures of the world, he could not return to the innocent enjoyments of home.

Dorothy, perceiving that his melancholy and weakness increased, and that he was sinking so fast as to be no longer able to leave the cottage, requested the pastor to visit him. He came next day, as if to order some piece of sculpture; but the young man smiled sadly, for he knew that he was dying, and that his visitor was also aware of it. He opened his heart to him, and told the story of his disappointments, as we have related it. The pastor endeavoured to console him, but Herman interrupted him. "My grief is cured, sir," he said with emotion. "At the point of death, truth has unveiled herself to me. I wished to exchange the pure enjoyments of art for the temporary advantages of fortune and the vanity of fame. I sacrificed my happiness and my affections to ambition, and sooner or later, I must have felt the consequences of my folly. May my fate be a warning to others! When you see a young man, tempted by empty promises and allurements, about to quit our hills and valleys for the city, tell him my story; tell him what success costs; tell him to cultivate his mind and talents from a sense of duty, but not for gain; for happiness belongs only to the simple-hearted."

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.



THE following pieces have been selected, with some degree of care, from the various poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, with the view of placing in the hands of the less opulent classes a pleasing specimen of productions once so deservedly popular, and still highly esteemed for their beauty of language and sentiment. The works principally selected from are the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, and the Lady of the Lake, which were originally published between the years 1805 and 1810. The leading quality of these productions, as may be observed from our extracts, is fidelity in describing objects and appearances in nature and rural imagery, along with a charming softness of versification. Some of the lyrical pieces are also much admired.

SCOTLAND—MY NATIVE LAND.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!

Oh Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
  Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
  An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
  The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
  Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
  And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
  With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
  Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
  And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
  When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
  To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
  In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
  A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
  The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn:
No censer round our altar beams,
  And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
  The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
  Are mine accepted sacrifice.

MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

TIME.

[From "The Antiquary."]

Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
  Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
  Or ponder how it passed away?

"Knowest thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried,
  "So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
  Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
  Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
  Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
  While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
  When Time and thou shall part for ever!"

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

My wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
  Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
  Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
  So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
  But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
  My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word or feigned tear,
  By gesture, look, or smile;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
  Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
  I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy,
  In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
  As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart
  That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
  And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out;
  The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about;
  The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
  And glowed a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
  I'll darkling dwell alone.

Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
  With dyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
  Shall 'tangle me again;
No more I'll pay so dear for wit;
  I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
  I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
   Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
   To be so strangely crost.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
   The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
   I'll rather dwell alone.

LOVE.

And said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
   And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
   So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

DEATH OF A POET.

   Call it not vain—they do not err
      Who say that, when the poet dies,
   Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
      And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail

Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier;
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

SONG OF ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
  The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
  For Love will still be lord of all!

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
  When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
But they were sad ere day was done,
  Though Love was still the lord of all!

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
  For ire that Love was lord of all!

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
  A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well,
  The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
  For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall!
So perish all would true love part,
  That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
  Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine;
  So Love was still the lord of all!

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
  The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
Pray for their souls who died for love,
  For Love shall still be lord of all!

BALLAD OF ROSABELLE.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay!
  No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
  That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
  And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
  Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white;
  To inch* and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
  Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view
  A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
  Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
  To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my Ladye-mother there
  Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
  And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
  If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

---

* Isle.

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
  A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
  And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
  It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
  And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
  Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
  Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
  Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
  And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
  Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
  The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
  Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
  But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St Clair was buried there,
  With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
  The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

NOVEMBER—ETTRICK FOREST.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,

And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath passed the heather-bell,
That bloomed so rich on Neidpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

ST MARY'S LAKE.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,

Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in its gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone St Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though these steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye,
  Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
  And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
  Sae comely to be seen."
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
  For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen."
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen!
She's o'er the border, and awa
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

THE SCOTTISH SHEPHERD IN WINTER.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal, and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes in vain
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid:

His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep:
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain:
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their wo,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek, to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's loud revelry,
His native hill notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM BRAID HILL.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreathes, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

LOCHINVAR.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,

And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;

Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists, may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But O! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

DEATH OF MARMION.

Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured—"Is there none,
  Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
  To slake my dying thirst!"

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
  To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
  Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
  But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
  Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
  A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
  In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
"Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!—
By many a deathbed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted—"Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" . . .
Were the last words of Marmion.

THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,

Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,

Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

ELLEN.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown—

The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served, too, in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
Oh need I tell that passion's name?

HIGHLAND BOAT SONG.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
  Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
  Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane then
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banachar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
Oh that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

LOCH KATRINE—MORNING.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;

In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SERENADE.

[From "The Pirate."]

  Love wakes and weeps
  While Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
  To prompt a theme
  For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

  Through groves of palm
  Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
  While through the gloom
  Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

  O wake and live!
  No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
  No longer sleep,
  From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling!

THE LAST MINSTREL.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;

For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

* * *

Hushed is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung on Hare-head shaw,
And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

HELLVELLYN.*

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
  Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
  And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
  When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark-green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
  Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay;
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
  Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
  And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
  When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
  Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
  Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
  The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
  And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming—
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming—
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
  Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
  To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
  And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

---

* In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE LADY'S ISLE.

The Stranger viewed the shore around:
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground:
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared;
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed,
And gaily to the stranger said,
" On Heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

* * *

For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otters' fur and seals' unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
  From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing,
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,*
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

---

* Or *corri.* The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
  Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
  It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
  And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
  His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
  Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
  To my young bride and me, Mary!

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good green wood,
  When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
  And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"Oh, Alice Brand! my native land
  Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
  As outlaws wont to do.

Oh, Alice! 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
  And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
  Thy brother bold I slew.

Now must I teach to hew the beech,
  The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
  And stakes to fence our cave.

And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
  That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
  To keep the cold away."

"Oh, Richard! if my brother died,
  'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
  And fortune sped the lance.

If pall and vair no more I wear,
  Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
  As gay the forest green.

And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
  And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
  And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
  So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and the oak's brown side,
  Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody elfin king,
  Who woned within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
  His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
  Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
  Beloved of our elfin queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
  The fairy's fatal green?

Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
  For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
  For muttered word or ban.

Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands!"

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood—
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in fairy land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

And gaily shines the fairy land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sank down in a sinful fray,'
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless elfin bower.

But wist I of a woman bold
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once, she crossed him twice,
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold:
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE LOWLAND MAID.

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But wo betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And wo betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle grayhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet;
While fled the eve on wing of glee—
That life is lost to love and me!

ON THE SETTING SUN.

[Written at thirteen years of age.]

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
    Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
    To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
  And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
  Who tinged these clouds with gold.

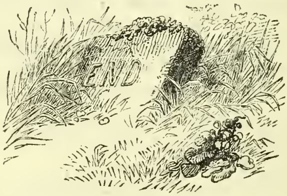
FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
  On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark;
  The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way;
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire;
'Tis now the brush of fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare-thee-well!



DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38-293

TUFTS UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
3 9090 013 807 330